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THEODORE AUBANEL: A MODERN PROVENÇAL POET.

THE ideal Mutual Admiration Society has its head-quarters in the south of France. Such clumsy indorsements as people with a common literary cause elsewhere afford one another are contemptible indeed beside the fervent felicitations, the ascriptions of honor, the prayers for a common immortality, the vows of eternal faith and mutual self-abasement, to which the *Felibres* of the *Bouches-du-Rhône* are treated among themselves. The *Felibres* are the whole school of modern Provençal poets of which Joseph Roumanille is founder and master, and Frédéric Mistral *facile princeps*, and no Gentile seems to know precisely why they are called or call themselves by this name. The very etymology of the word is disputed; some asserting that it means merely *qui facit libros*, others that it is *homme de foi libre*, and that the word, from being applied to the apostles in ancient prayers, has been adopted by the apostles of the Provençal revival as indicating the breadth of their own views, and the novelty—if the word may be pardoned—of their literary and perhaps political departure. It should be said, however, that this last is not the explanation of a friend, but of a deserter, M. Eugene Garcin, who is the author of a very curious and not very amiable little book entitled *Les Français du Nord et*

du Midi, and whom M. Mistral himself does not hesitate to call "the Judas of our little church." The etymology is not perhaps of very much account. These men are self-styled *felibres*, and the *felibre* Anselme Matthieu sings to the *felibre* Joseph Roumanille, and the *felibre* Theodore Aubanel to the *felibre* Jan Brunet, and all together, as well they may, hymn the praises of M. Mistral, who, in his turn, invokes them all (and the faithless Garcin among them) like a choir of masculine Muses, in the fifth canto of *Mirèio*; while to one of them, Theodore Aubanel, who forms the subject of this article, and who undoubtedly ranks next to Mistral in originality and beauty of gifts, the latter has furnished a more formal and very characteristic introduction to the world. Nor, with the glowing pages before me of Mistral's fanciful preface to Aubanel's poems, can I bring myself to preface the versions which I have made from the less famous minstrel by any dry record of the few known facts of his history. I prefer to let the one poet present the other, as he did to the French public, and must beg the kindly reader to regard this new candidate for favor, and his sad and simple story, less through the dim medium of my own translations than by the rose light of the generous praises of his enthusiastic superior. Aubanel's

book is called *La Miongrano Entredouberto: The Opening — or Half Open — Pomegranate*. The coincidence of the name with that of one of Browning's early volumes, and of Mistral's interpretation of it with Miss Barrett's of the latter, is a little singular. This is the *Avant-propos*.

I.

"The pomegranate is by nature wilder than other trees. It loves to grow in the broad sunshine among heaps of stones, afar from men and near to God. There, solitary as a hermit and brown with the sun, it shyly unfolds its blood-red flowers. Love and sunlight fertilize the blossoms, and in their rosy cups mature a thousand coral seeds, a thousand pretty sisters nestling under the same coverlet.

"The swollen pomegranate keeps concealed, as long as may be, under its rind the beautiful, rosy grains, — the beautiful, bashful sisters. But the wild birds of the oak-barrens cry to the pomegranate-tree, 'What wilt thou do with thy seeds? Autumn and winter will soon be here to drive us across the hills and over the sea. Shall it be said, thou wild pomegranate-tree, that we left Provence without seeing the birth of thy coral seeds, the eyes of thy bashful daughters?'

"Then the pomegranate-tree, to satisfy the eager birds, slowly opens its fruit. The vermillion grains flash in the sun; the timid girls with their rosy cheeks peep out of the window. The giddy birds assemble in flocks and gayly feast upon the fair coral seeds; the giddy suitors devour with kisses the fair, bashful maidens."

II.

"Theodore Aubanel — and when you have read his book you will say the same — is a wild pomegranate-tree. The Provençal public, which liked his earliest songs so well, has been saying of late, 'What is our Aubanel doing, that we no longer hear his voice?'

"Aubanel was singing in secret. Love, that sacred bee, whose honey is so sweet in its own time and place, and

which, when crossed, can sting so sharply, — love had buried in his heart a keen and pitiless arrow. The unhappy passion of our friend was hopeless; his malady without remedy. His beloved, the maiden who had crossed the clear heaven of his youth, — alas, she had become a nun!

"The poor soul wept seven years for his lady and is not yet consoled.

"To drive away the fever which consumed him, he left Avignon, committing himself to God. He saw Rome; he saw Paris; with the barb still in his side, he came back to Provence. He climbed mountains — Sainte Baume, Ventour, the Alps, the Alpilles. But his rose had shed its leaves; thorns only remained, and none might strip them off."

III.

"Nevertheless, from time to time the swellings of his passion overflowed in poesy. He had taken for his motto, —

"*Quau canto
Soun mau encanto.*"¹

And whenever he felt a stab of regret the poor child gave a cry.

"And these plaints, these cries of love, at the earnest instance of us his friends, the birds of the oak-barrens. Theodore Aubanel has consented to publish under the charming title of the *Book of Love*.

"The *Book of Love* is thus, strange to say, a song in good faith, a genuine flame. The story, as I have said, is perfectly simple. It is that of a youth who loves, who languishes afar from his beloved, who suffers, who weeps, who makes his moan to God. Holding his story sacred, he has not changed it. All is here as it happened, or better than so, for from his virgin passion, his weariness and despondency, his weeping and his cries, a book all nature has arisen, living, youthful, exquisite."

IV.

"If ever in April you have passed along the hedge-rows, you know the odor

¹ He who sings enchants or charms away his sorrow.

of the hawthorn. It is both sweet and bitter.

"If ever in early May you have scented the evening coolness under the light green trees, you know the song of the nightingale. It is clear and vivid, impassioned and pure, plaintive but full of power.

"If ever in June you have seen the sun set from the ramparts of Avignon, you know how the Rhone shines under the old bridge of Saint Bénézet. It is like the mantle of a prince, red and radiant, torn with lances, — it floats, it flames.

"I can think of no better comparison for the Book of Love. Nor do I think it too much to say that the coral seeds of the opening pomegranate will henceforth be the lover's chaplet in Provençe."

V.

"After the Book of Love comes the Intergleam.

"It is quite natural. If you have a hedge of roses, lilacs, or myrtle, it is hardly possible but that it should be interspersed with shoots of blackthorn, periwinkle, and honeysuckle. And observe the sea, when it is beaten and churned and tormented by the north wind; there will be found, amid the tumultuous billows, bright ripples which reflect the sun.

"So amid the impassioned love-songs of Theodore Aubanel there are a few pleasant, peaceful, consoling strains. So in the tempest of his emotions there are transient gleams of fair weather.

"Truly the lucid interval is short. But the more severe the attack, the more vigorous the reaction. The strain is broken; or at least the young man believes for an instant that it is so, and lo, with what ardor he drinks at the cool springs of serene, majestic nature! He quaffs the sunshine like a lizard; his nostrils expand to the soft breathings of the forest airs. Does he sing of reap-

ers? He seems himself to grasp the sickle. Of fishermen? 'Tis he who flings the net. And if he celebrates nuptials, he fairly leaps with joy. You would say that he was himself the bridegroom."

VI.

"But the lightning of the storm cloud is only temporary. The trouble of the heart again makes darkness in the soul.

"When Raimbaud de Vacqueiras was so madly enamored of Beatrix, the sister of Marquis Boniface de Montferrat, and dared not tell her so; this is the song which he made in his despair: —

"No m'agrad Iverns ni pascors
Ni clar tèms, ni folh de garrics;
Car mos enans mi par destrics;
E tota miei major gautz dolors;
E son maltrach tut miei legèr
E deesperat miei espèr;
Qu' aisei m' sol amor e domnès
Tener gal coma l'aiga l' pèis:
E pois d'andui me sol partits
Com hom eissilhats e marrits
Tot altra bida m' sèmba morts
E tot autre jol desconorts."

"So might Aubanel of Avignon have said. When Zani, the brunette, fled from Avignon as the tender and virginal snow vanishes from the hill before the breath of the fine days, fled in fear from the burning breath of her felibre, his heart fainted within him. And now, if you care to know, all sunshine became heavy mist to him, all merriment sad, all life, death. Then in the gloom of his spirit, tear by tear, he wrote the Book of Death. The seven sorrows are there; the seven knives of the Pieta have pierced the pages. All that suffers is as his own soul; all that causes suffering, his mortal horror. And so harrowing, so harsh, so real are the pictures which he paints, that it would seem as if the poet, violently robbed of his love (like a tree whose spring buds have been torn away), had resolved to be avenged for his cruel fate, by chastising all the instruments of cruelty, all the tyrannies in the world."

¹ Neither winter nor Easter pleases me, nor clear weather nor foliage of the oak. For my gains seem to me crosses, and all my greatest joys pains. And all my idle hours are anguish, and all my hopes,

despair. Ordinarily love and gallantry are to me as the water to the fish. But now, since I have lost these two, like a miserable and exiled man, I find all other life, death, and all other joy, desolation

VII.

"So much by way of explaining the principle on which this volume is divided. I have not taken my place upon the threshold to say 'Come and see!' nor to laud that which can speak for itself. And we poets are neither gold nor silver; it is impossible that we should please all. I would merely point the way of refreshment to those who thirst." (Frédéric Mistral.)

And now for some specimens of the Book of Love. Each song has a motto from some old poet, usually Provençal or Italian. A line from Countess Die heads the first: "E membre nos qual fo l'comensamens de nostr' amor." ¹

Hast thou, like me, the thought before thee
Forever of a morning fair,
When, by a wayside oratory,
Thou didst put up thy simple prayer

A prayer of faith and sweetness olden,
And I, who chanced to pass that way,
Unto thy angel voice beholden,
Was fain, heart-full, my steps to stay?

Here, by the quiet water kneeling,
Where the old willow leans to drink,
"Fair cross and dear," thou saidst, appealing,—
The place is vocal yet, I think!

"O sacred rock of ours,
Fair cross and dear,
Are not the wild-wood flowers
All offered here?

"Wilt thou not, Jesus, hear
The song-bird small?
Thou whose blood runneth clear,
Like brooks, for all?

"Thou who didst overcome
Dark purgatory,
Lead us into thy home!
Lead us thy glory!"

This was the end. Then I, heart-laden
And fearful, drew the cross anigh.
"That was a lovely prayer, O maiden,
Wilt thou not teach it me?" said I.

And, lady, thou didst not repel me,
But straightway turned with aspect sweet,
Thy simple orison to tell me,
As a bird doth its song repeat.

An ancient prayer, and good! Ah, surely
The men of old were holiest!
I say it oft, I say it purely,
I think of thee, and I am blest!

There follow a few happy little lyrics,
one rapturous, another dreamy. The

¹ Remember how our love began.

poet sings of his lady's smile; he sings of her quiet grace in the dance; he sings, with a touch of awe, of her readiness for all good works, as in this peculiar and lingering stanza:—

This is a sorry world, and some are tired of living;
So may the dear Lord go with thee
Wherever mourners are! Thou dost assuage their
grieving,
Thou lovest all in misery.

The old and gray who travel wearily,
All who lack bread, and all who strive and sigh,
Each motherless little one,
Mothers whose little ones are in the sky,—
No pain is pain the while that thou art by!
Thou sayest "Poor dear!" in such a tone!

Then the poet's key changes, and he suddenly breaks into passion in a song beginning, "Thy little warm, brown hand—give it me!" and furnished with a motto from that fiery and ill-fated troubadour, Guillaume de Cabestan. But equally abrupt is the ensuing transition. The next motto is that line from the *Inferno* which we all know: "We read no more that day." And this is the number:—

"T is the last time!" "What meanest thou?"
"I must go!" . . .
"Whither?" "Ah yes, I am to be a nun."
"What sayest thou, dear? Why dost thou fright
me so?
Thou must be ill! Thy youth is scarce begun!
Beware of thy own heart, my little one!
Thou art not ill? Then thou hast struck me
dead!"

'T was our last day indeed, and this is all we said."

And now the songs of sorrow begin; at first fragmentary and bewildered, and afterwards either fierce in their resistance to pain, or breathing a deep and quiet despondency like the following:—

Far, far away across the sea,
In the still hours when I sit dreaming,
Often and often I voyage in seeming;
And sad is the heart I bear with me,
Far, far away across the sea.

Yonder, toward the Dardanelles
I follow the vessels disappearing,
Slender masts to the sky uprearing;
Follow her whom I love so well,
Yonder toward the Dardanelles.

With the great clouds I go astray;
These by the shepherd wind are driven
Across the shining stars of heaven
In snowy flocks, and go their way,
And with the clouds I go astray.

I take the pinions of the swallow,
For the fair weather ever yearning
And swiftly to the sun returning;

So swiftly I my darling follow
Upon the pinions of the swallow.

Homesickness hath my heart possessed,
For now she treads an alien strand;
And for that unknown fatherland
I long, as a bird for her nest.
Homesickness hath my heart possessed.

From wave to wave the salt sea over,
Like a pale corpse I alway seem.
On floating, in a deathlike dream,
Even to the feet of my sweet lover,
From wave to wave the salt sea over.

Now am I lying on the shore
Till my love lifts me mutely weeping,
And takes me in her tender keeping,
And lays her hand my still heart o'er,
And calls me from the dead once more.

I clasp her close and hold her long.
"Oh, I have suffered sore," I cry,
"But now we will no longer die!"
Like drowning men's my grasp is strong;
I clasp her close and hold her long.

Far, far away across the sea,
In the still hours when I sit dreaming,
Often and often I voyage in seeming;
And sad is the heart I bear with me,
Far, far away across the sea.

Twice the poet makes his way into chambers which his lady has inhabited at different times before she forsook the world. In one he beseeches the little mirror to show him once more the pictures it has reflected so often: his lady at her toilette, at her prayers, "reading in the old prayer-book of her grandfather until she marks the place with a blessed spray and kneels and talks a long while to God," plaiting her abundant hair, or in all the simple glories of her gala-day dress. Upon the wall of the other he leaves this verse inscribed:

Ah, chamber poor and small!
How ever canst thou hold so many memories?
Passing thy sill, each pulse within me cries,
"They come! those two bright girls men used to call
Julia and Zani!" Then my heart replies
"Nay, all is over—all!
Here never more sleep lights on their young eyes,
For heaven hides one—and one, a convent wall."

Presently other troubles overtake the poet. The home of his boyhood is desolated by his mother's death, and he sets forth on a series of aimless journeyings, from the record of which I quote:

Aye since my mother died and Zani went away,
I wander high and low, I wander all the day,
No comrade at my side, my own sad whim to guide,
Until Avignon's towers once more I have descried.

Then turn I, smitten by a sudden bitterness.
Why should I seek again the home of my distress,
Now I can pass no more before my darling's door,
Nor feel my mother's arms around me as of yore?
I'll seek some other land, if one perchance there be,
Whose children do not mourn eternally.

So ever since the dawn thou hast traveled heedless on.
And at eventide thou comest unto a hamlet lone,
Deep in some unknown valley, very green and fair,
Already, through the dusk, tremble the stars in air,
The dog begins to bay, and the homely fowl to talk;
And the house-mother yonder beside the garden-walk,
Tying her golden lettuce, pauses and lifts her eyes.
"Give thee good even, friend!" and "Good even!" she replies.
"Whither so late?" "I'm weary, and have missed my road," thou sayest;
"Might I rest under thy roof?" "Ay, surely, that thou mayest!
Enter, and sit thee down!" Then she heaps the hearth with boughs,
And a garment of red firelight makes merry all the house.

"Yon whistle is my man's! He will soon be coming up
From the plowing; wherefore, friend, we will together sup!"
She scans her stew, and cuts her loaf, and makes all haste to bring,
In her goodly copper jug, fresh water from the spring,
Calling her scattered brood ere the door-sill she has crossed.
They come. The soup is poured, and while it cools, the kindly host
Brings thee his home-made wine. Then offers each his plate,
Sire, grandsire, mother, child—and thou sharest their estate,
Eatest their bread, and art no longer desolate!

Sleep lies in wait for all or ever the meal is o'er.
So the housewife lights a lamp and brings thee, from her store,
A sheet of fair white linen,—sweet and coarse and clean.
The languor of the limbs is the spirit's balm, I ween;
Oh, good it is to sleep in the sheep-fold on the ground,
Dreamless under the leaves, with the dreamless flock around,
Until the goat-bells call thee! Then to live as shepherds do,
And smell the mint all day as thou leest under the blue.

But if the poet found temporary rest of body and soul by the homely, hospitable firesides of his native land, it was far otherwise when he had extended his wanderings to foreign countries and stood awe-stricken amid the ruins of the Eternal City. Then his heart-sick-

ness returned upon him overpoweringly,
and he sang, —

Rome, with thine old red palaces arow,
And the great sunlight on thy highways beating,
Gay folk, and ladies at the windows sitting —
They may be fair — I am too sad to know!

I have climbed Trajan's column, and saw thence
The Quirinal here, and there the Vatican,
The Pope's green gardens, how the Tiber ran
Yellow under its bridges, far, far hence,

And, lifted mountain-like the pines above,
Saint Peter's awful dome — ah me, ah me!
Saint Peter of Arignon I would see
Blossom with slender spire from out its grove!

Here were Rome's ancient ramparts, — quarried stone
Crumbling, fire-scarred, with brambles matted thick;
There, the huge Coliseum's tawny brick,
The twin arcs hand in hand. But there is one

In mine own country, I saw clearer yet.
Thou art the Arles arena in my eyes,
Great ruin! And my homesick spirit cries
For one I love, nor ever can forget.

And still, as from my watch-tower I discerned,
Out in the waste Campagna, errant flocks
Of horned bulls tossing their fierce, black locks
As in our own Camargue, the thought returned,

Why dost thou not forget? Thou thought'st to leave
By land, by sea, some portion of thy woe;
But time is wasting, and thy life wears low,
And ever more and more thou seem'st to grieve.

With the first return of spring after
his misfortunes, the poet finds himself
back in Provence, lying by a brookside,
while there rings in his ears that charm-
ing verse from the Rouman de Jaufré
in which the birds "warble above the
young verdure, and make merry in their
Latin:"

Violets tint the meadows o'er,
Swallows have come back once more,
And spring sunshine like the former,
But rosier, warmer;
Leafage fair the plane-tree decking,
Shadows all the wood-ways flocking:
Mirth unrecking,
Heavy heart,
Here hast thou no part!

On the green bank of the river
Low I lie, while o'er me quiver
Lights and odors, leaves and wings,
All glad things.
Blossoms every bough are haunting,
Everywhere is laughing, chanting,
No joy wanting:
Heavy heart,
Here hast thou no part!

In and out each rustic porch,
Flocks of maidens, fair and arch,
Full as nightingales of song,
Flutter, throng,
Chase each other, pull the clover;

Each hath tales of her own lover,
To tell over:
Heavy heart,
Here hast thou no part!

Now, for very mirth of soul,
They will dance the *garandole*.
Dance on, mad-caps, never noting
Hair loose floating;
Rosy-faced your races run
Through the dwarf-oaks in the sun:
Heed not one,
Heavy heart,
That hath here no part.

Two and two, with hands entwining,
Dance, until the moon is shining!
I and mine dance never more.
That is o'er,
Oh, my God, the sweet brown face!
Shall you dreary convent-place
Quench its grace?
Heavy heart,
Here hast thou no part!

And so on, for more pages than one
cares to quote, or even to read consecu-
tively, tuneful though they are. The
fancies are infinite, but the mode never
changes, nor the theme. Quaint little
pictures of Provençal life keep flitting
across the background of Aubanel's sor-
row, their brightness intensified by the
surrounding gloom, — as when the sun-
shine falls on a landscape from behind
a storm cloud. At last there comes a
motto from the Imitation, *Quia sine do-
lore, non vivitur in amore*, followed by a
sort of prayer recording the poet's rath-
er forlorn endeavor to reconcile himself
to the strange system of chastening and
disappointment which he finds prevail-
ing in the world. And so ends the Book
of Love.

In the series of twelve poems which
M. Mistral has rather fantastically
christened the *Entrelusado* or *Inter-
gleam*, or *Lucid Interval*, the poet tells
us little about himself, but we learn to
love him better perhaps than before,
for the real breadth and warmth of his
human sympathies. Some of his themes
are homely almost to the verge of
coarseness, and treated with a frank-
ness quite troublesome to reproduce.
The attempt is made with two of them.
The first is called

THE TWINS.

What sayest thou? there are two more now,
And we were beggars before? Hey-day!
'T is God hath sent the twain, I trow,
And shall they not be welcome, pray?

Two boys! But 'tis a pretty brood!
 Observe how sweet they are! Ah, well,
 Soon as the birdling breaks the shell
 The mother still must give it food!
 Come, babies, one to either side:
 Mother can bear it,
 Never fear it!
 Her boys shall aye be satisfied!

There 'll never be too many here;
 I'd rather count my flock by pairs!
 I always find it time of cheer
 When a new baby hither fares.
 Two? Why, of course! I ask you whether
 My pair the cradle more than fills?
 And, by and by, if God so wills,
 Can they not go to school together?
 Come, babies, etc.

My man 's a fisher. He and I
 Have had seven children. And, indeed,
 God helps poor folk amazingly —
 Not one has ever died of need!
 And now, what do you think? Our kids
 Have only had those fishing-nets
 Out yonder, of my Benezet's,
 And my own milk, for all their needs.
 Come, babies, etc.

Sometimes the blessed nets will break;
 God sends too many fish, I say.
 And then must I my needle take
 And mend, some livelong, leisure day.
 He sells them living, then. Such freaks!
 They fairly leap the basket out!
 And this is why, beyond a doubt,
 My young ones have such rosy cheeks.
 Come, babies, etc.

In summer, when the streams are low,
 And naught to catch, the Rhone along,
 My man outstrips them all who row
 From Barthelasse to Avignon;
 And makes our living thus, instead;
 There is no wolf beside our door,
 But in the cupboard aye a store,
 And every hungry mouth is fed.
 Come, babies, etc.

Are they so marvelous, my twins?
 Is one by one the usual way
 With mothers? Well, that only means
 I am of better race than they!
 Two in ten months! Come, Benezet,
 Here 's work for thee, my brave old man.
 What I have done, not many can;
 So haste and fill the blessed net!
 Come, babies, etc.

My gossips murmur solemnly,
 "Nora, thou canst not rear them both.
 They 'll drain thy life, as thou wilt see;
 Put one away, however loath!"
 Put one away! That would be fine!
 I will not, — so! Come, dearies, come;
 In mother's arms there aye is room,
 Her life 's your living, lambskins mine!
 Come, babies, etc.

The other, which is addressed to
 Mme. Cecile Brunet, the wife of one of
 the sacred felibres, is, in the original,
 wonderfully like a Nativity by some in-
 nocent old master. It seems a Nativity

of the Dutch school, however, and the
 wonder is that the author of the sad and
 tender lyrics in the Book of Love can
 write of anything with so small an ad-
 mixture of sentiment. In this case only
 I have departed from the metre of the
 original to the extent of shortening each
 line by one foot. I did not know how
 else to indicate, in our comparatively
 stiff and sober tongue, the *babyishness*,
 the nursery-rhyme character, of the orig-
 inal.

Room for this tiny creature!
 Ere any neighbor goes,
 Let her scan each pretty feature,
 Wee mouth and comic nose.

Take, grandame, the new-comer,
 And strike it to bring its breath!
 He's red as plums in summer,
 But a lusty cry he hath!

The mother is glad and weak;
 She smiles amid her pain.
 Lay the babe against her cheek;
 It will make her well again!

And where is the father? Fle!
 A man with bearded lips
 To hide him away and cry!
 But 'tis for joy he weeps.

And tears are good, I know;
 And laughter is good. By these
 We stay life's overflow,
 The full heart getteth ease.

Here comes a maiden small,
 Would kiss her baby brother;
 But the cradle is too tall —
 Ay, let her have it, mother!

The house, from sill to loft,
 Is full of merry din,
 And the dresser, scoured so oft,
 And the old falence, shine clean.

And every way at once,
 None kinder and none sweeter,
 Our busy Mary runs;
 Joy makes her footsteps fleet.

Till the guests are gathered all,
 Kinsmen and sponsors twain,
 And for Saint Agricol
 Departs our happy train.

Choos, maids, your gallants brave!
 Be ready, lads, I pray!
 That clerk nor chaplain grave
 May wait for us to-day.

State-robed in nurse's arms,
 Baby before us goes.
 Oh, scan his infant charms,
 Wee mouth and comic nose!

Equally artless and realistic, and
 wholly local in their coloring, are a
 Song of the Silk-Spinners, and a Song

of the Reapers, — the latter dedicated to M. Mistral. There is also a picture of a Provençal *salon*, which is rendered quite as much for its indirect interest as for its intrinsic grace. Observe the essentially musical manner in which the two phrases of the simple theme are repeated and varied.

TO MADAME ———.

I.

O lady, many a time, at sober eventide,
In yon cosy bower of thine, the blazing hearth be-
side,
Thou hast given me a place. And sure, no other-
where
Are kinder folk or brighter fires than there!

And at five of summer morns I have risen many a
time
With thee the airy heights of Font Segune to
climb;
Of fairy Font Segune, delightful castle, hung,
High like a linnet's nest, the trees among.

And so, when winter reigned, I have warmed me
at thy blaze;
And so, when summer burned, I have walked thy
shady ways;
And oft beside thy board, with those little ones of
thine,
I have eaten of thy bread and drunk thy wine.

II.

And were the nights not fair with wit,
When those same crackling boughs were lit?
And thou, my lady, thou didst sit
Queen of the home and of us all?
There flashed the needle's tiny steel,
There was there laughter, peal on peal,
And Jules replied to Roumanille,
And Aubanel did challenge Paul.

There gentle damsels came and lent
The graces of their merriment;
Their beauty made our hearts content, —
The angel of the hearth, Clarice,
The angel of the poor, Fifine,
Whose white hands tend the peasant's wean,
And make the beds all cool and clean,
Where little sufferers lie at ease.

Oh sweet, under the foliage,
When tropic heats of summer rage,
Of birds to list the gossip sage,
To list the laughing fountain's tune;
And when the glowing day is dead,
And dusky forest ways we tread,
With the full moonshine overhead,
Still is it fair at Font Segune.

And yet I reckon this the best,
To sit thine honored table guest;
And, 'mid the fire of friendly jest,
To click the glass of good old wine;
To take the bread thy friendly hand
Hath cut; and half to understand,

¹ The two shining and sonorous membranes
under the abdomen of the cicada, which produce

That cordial eyes on every hand
Do brighter for my coming shine.

III.

So all that helps us live, and tunes our courage
higher,
Sweet looks of kindest charity,
Good shade, good hope, good faith, good cheer,
good fire,
Dear lady, I have found with thee!

It were not easy then to tell the whole,
If but my lips could sing, as can my soul!

Upon the serenity of these domestic
and rural pictures descend, or are
made to descend, abruptly, the chills
and terrors of the Book of Death. In
this final section is undoubtedly in-
cluded the most powerful writing of
our author. It opens with a wild and
dreary song entitled *All-Saints Day*,
which is interesting as presenting an
almost unique picture of late autumn in
the South.

Withered fields and wailing cry
Of poplars high,
Wildly flinging their leaves around,
While the fierce mistral bends like a withe
The stem so lithe,
And the tempest mutters along the ground.

Not a spear of golden grain
On all the plain!
Ants are in their holes once more.
Even the snail draws in his horns,
And returns
To his house, and shuts the door.

On the holm-oak, no cicala
Holdeth gals!
Dim with frost his mirrors¹ now;
Little rustics make their moan,
For mulberries gone,
And birds' nests vanished from the bough.

Sudden flights of larks are loud
In the cloud,
Muttering terror and dismay.
Huntsmen's echoing shots resound
All around,
And their dogs forever bay.

On the hillock there is ruin
Past undoing.
Axes ringing on the oak:
While the charcoal-burner's fire
Mounteth higher,
As the north wind lifts the smoke

Lambs to highland pasture straying,
Or delaying
In the mead, are met no more.
Covered are they from the cold
In the fold,
And the shepherd props the door.

the noise known as its song, are called in Provençal
miras or mirrors.

Thrifty men ply hammer and plane,
Else they drain,
By the ingle, many a flask.
Girls, under the grain-stack's lee,
Busily
Braid the garlic, for their task.

All the woods are sere and dun,
Where the sun
Sinks the leafless boughs behind.
Where the vineyard's prunings lie
Silently,
Tolling women *agots* bind.

But the poor are they who gather
Dead wood, rather,
Or for bark the forest range;
Else in scanty rags and dreary,
Barefoot, weary,
Stroll the hamlet, haunt the grange.

Comes a little shivering maid,
Half afraid,
Opes a pallid hand and thin.
She's an orphan, and, indeed,
Faint for need.
Drop, I pray, an alms therein!

When beside the oven bright,
Leaves are white,
Think of her whose man is dead,
Who hath bolted flour no more
In her store,
Nay, whose oven hath no bread.

Southward, hark, the floods are falling,
Thunder calling;
Swells the Rhone in the black weather.
Hark! the footfall of Death's feet,
Coming fleet,
Young and old to reap together!

After this ominous and melancholy prelude, comes a poem entitled *The Famine*, a plaintive but somewhat monotonous dialogue between two hungry babies and the mother who is vainly trying to hush them asleep without their supper. The next, *The Lamp*, is the watch of a mother by her dead child. The next is very curious in its solemnity. It is called *Lou Tregen*.

THIRTEEN.

"Touch, for your life, no single viand costly!
Taste not a drop of liquor where it shines!
Be here but as the cat who lingers ghostly
About the flesh upon the spit, and whines;
Ay, let the banquet freeze or perish wholly,
Or ever a morsel pass your lips between!
For I have counted you, my comrades jolly,
Ye are thirteen, all told, — I say *thirteen*!"

"Well, what of that?" the messmates answered lightly;

"So be it then! We are as well content!
The longer table means, if we guess rightly,
Space for more jesters, broader merriment."

"Tis I will wake the wit and spice the folly!
The haughtiest answer when I speak, I ween.

And I have counted you, my comrades jolly!
Ye are thirteen, all told, — I say *thirteen*!"

"So ho! thou thinkest then to quench our laughter!

Thou art a gloomy presence, verily!
We wager that we know what thou art after!
Come, then, a drink! and bid thy vapors fly!
Thou shalt not taint us with thy melancholy!" —
"Nay, 'tis not thirst gives me this haggard mien.

Laugh to your hearts' content, my comrades jolly;
Still I have counted, and ye are *thirteen*!"

"Who art thou then, thou kill-joy? What's thy nature,
And what thy name, and what thy business here?"

"My name is Death! Observe my every feature!
I waken longing and I carry fear.
Sovereign am I of mourners and of jesters;
Behind the living still I walk unseen,
And evermore make one among the feasters
When all their tale is told, and they *thirteen*."

"H! art thou Death? I am well pleased to know thee."

A gallant cried, and held his glass aloft;
"Their scarecrow tales, O Death, small justice do thee;

Where are the terrors thou hast vaunted oft?
Come, feast with me as often as they bid thee!
Our friendly plates be laid with none between."

"Silence!" cried Death, "and follow where I lead thee,
For thou art he who makest us *thirteen*."

Sudden, as a grape-cluster, when dissevered
By the sharp knife, drops from the parent bough,
The crimson wine-glass of the gallant wavered
And fell; chill moisture started to his brow.
Death, crying, "Thou canst not walk, but I can carry,"

Shouldered his burden with a ghastly grin,
And to the stricken feasters said, "Be wary!
I make my count oft as ye make *thirteen*."

It is but just to Aubanel to say that the tinge of burlesque which all our efforts have hardly been equal to excluding from this imperfect version, is nowhere in the original, which is of a truly childlike gravity and intensity. It seems always difficult for one who uses our language to depict superstition pure and simple with entire seriousness; and this is perhaps especially true of the American. The most ardent advocates among us of the various forms of "spiritualism" in religion, and quackery in medicine, are ever driven to make a show of supporting their vagaries by a vast pretense of scientific arguments, very falsely so called. We are as a nation woefully wanting in the grace of credulity, which few men can make more engaging than the Provençal poets. I have space

for but two more of our author's efforts, or rather for my own inadequate reproduction of them. The first shall be the famous *Neuf Thermidor*. Famous it may fairly be called, since every one of the author's European critics singles it out for mention, some of them in terms of extravagant praise. It is easier, however, to account for its fascination to a Gaul, than to approach in English its very ghastly *naïveté*.

THE NINTH OF THERMIDOR.

- "Thou with the big knife, whither away?"
"Headsman am I, with folk to slay!"
- "But all thy vest is dabbled with gore,
And thy hands — O headsman, wash them,
pray."
"Wherefore? I shall not have done to-day!
I have heads to sever, a many more!"
- "Thou with the big knife, whither away?"
"Headsman am I, with folk to slay!"
- "Ay, ay! but thou art a sire as well!
Hast fuddled a babe, and dost not shrink,
Nor need so much as a maddening drink,
Mother and child at a stroke to fell?"
- "Thou with the big knife, whither away?"
"Headsman am I, with folk to slay!"
- "But all the square with dead is strewn,
And the living remnant kneel and sue!
Art a man or a devil? Tell us true!"
"I've a stint to finish! Let me alone!"
- "Thou with the big knife, whither away?"
"Headsman am I, with folk to slay!"
- "Oh, what is the flavor of thy wine?
And why is the foam on thy goblet red?
And tell us, when thou bukest thy bread
Dost thou the savor of flesh divine?"
- "Thou with the big knife, whither away?"
"Headsman am I, with folk to slay!"
- "Dost thou sweat? Art thou tired? Why, rest a
bit!
Let not thy shuddering prey go free!
For we have no notched knife like thee,
And this is a woman! Prithce, sit!"
- "Thou with the big knife, whither away?"
"Headsman am I, with folk to slay!"
- "Ha! she is off! And the turn's thine own!
On the wooden pillow, musty and black,

Thy cheek shall lie, and thy sinews crack,
And thy head — why, headsman, it hath flown!"

"Sharpen the notched knife anew!
Sever the head of the headsman too!"

There is a long and somewhat elaborate trilogy concerning the Massacre of the Innocents, of which the numbers are entitled *Saint Joseph's Day*, *The Massacre*, and *The Lamentations*, which I leave untouched; and the last specimen selected shall be the poem with which this strange little volume concludes, and where the singer finds again something of the pious and plaintive sweetness of his earlier notes. It is an invocation to an African Madonna, dedicated to Mgr. Pavy, the Bishop of Algiers, and records the fulfillment (perhaps by way of contributions to the Algerian chapel) of some vow once made with reference to the poet's unhappy passion. The metre is interesting, as presenting two among the many varieties attempted by the Provençals on the original strophe of *Miréio*, that most rich and musical stanza so singularly adapted to the genius of the modern *Langue d'oc*.¹

OUR LADY OF AFRICA.

- Oh, long with life-blood waterlòd,
Old Afric, soon or late that seed shall fructify;
Saints' blood and warriors' bath for aye
Made roses beautiful and red,
That ever blow God's altar by.
- O Rose of Afric, Lady blessed,
Have pity on our souls distressed!
Our land is parched and dead. Ah! *beauteous Rose*
of ours,
In tender showers impart
The dew-drops of thy heart,
The perfume of thy flowers!
- A chapel we have builded thee
Aloft: oh, let it be a signal and a star!
Where lonely Arab riders are,
Where women battle with the sea,
Its rays of comfort shine afar!
- O Rose of Afric, Lady blessed, etc.
- And ye, under the blinding glow
Of desert suns, who toll onward through desert
sands,

¹ Dr. Edward Böhrer, Professor of the Romance Languages in the University of Halle, in a small volume entitled *The Provençal Poetry of the Present*, and full of genial and intelligent criticism, says: "This strophe of *Mistral's* is not entirely his own invention. The number of lines, the succession of rhymes, and the relative position of the masculines and feminines, are to be found in the *Paouro Janeto* of the *Marquis de la Fère-Alais*, and in a poem by the same, addressed to *Jasmin*, as the last part of a

longer strophe, whose feminine lines are of the same length as *Mistral's*. The latter lengthened both the masculine verses to Alexandrines, and thus gave epic repose to the energetic and impetuous movement of the verse." (*Provençalische Poesie der Gegenwart*, p. 36.) The reader is referred to the preface to the American edition of *Miréio* for an attempt to imitate this stanza in English, and to Dr. Böhrer's volume for another, hardly more successful, to render it into German.

O caravans in weary lands,
Make halt where Mary's roses blow,
Seek shade and solace at her hands!

O Rose of Afric, Lady blessèd, etc.

Of costly stones and marble all,
Stately and strong the chapel we have reared so
high;
Thither as to a home we fly.
May Afric's rose grow fair and tall,
Till on our fane its shadow fall!

O Rose of Afric, Lady blessèd, etc.

My vow is paid; my love of yore,
Virgin, in thy gold censer quite consumed away.
Now heal my heart and save, I pray,
All those who sail the waters o'er
From my Provence to Afric's shore.

O Rose of Afric, Lady blessèd, etc.

And last I lay this book of mine
Before thy feet, who art love, life, and hope; and
pray
Thou wilt accept the untaught lay,
And in some sacred wreath of thine
My flower of youth and honor twine.

I have adhered to M. Mistral's arrangement of his friend's verses, but cannot refrain from expressing my own conviction that, however picturesque, it is a somewhat artificial one, and furnishes but an imperfect clew to the chronological order of the poems. In Theodore Aubanel, who is, in many ways, a perfectly representative child of the South and descendant of the Troubadours, qualities meet which we are not used to see associated. He is both soft and fierce. He loves with a devotion and also with a delicacy, as rare as it is affecting. He mourns with infantine des-

peration. He hates with a peculiar and almost gamesome zest. As compared with Mistral, he has less power, whether descriptive or dramatic, but more grace, of a certain wild, faun-like character, while he shows barely a trace of the training of the schools. Mistral's simplicity is often studied. The ideals of Greek and Roman antiquity are ever present to his imagination, and he avows himself a "humble scholar of the great Homer." Many of his critics have noted the Homeric character of the refrains in the ninth canto of *Mirèio*, but this is only one among many instances. The charming description of the cup of carved wood which Alari offered to *Mirèio*, is obviously imitated from Virgil's third Eclogue. It is greatly enriched indeed, but some, even of the details, are precisely similar, as for example, the fact that neither cup had yet been used for drinking:—

Sentié 'ncaro lou nou, l'avié panca begu.

and:—

Nedum illis labra admovi, sed condita servo.

And the same is true of the descriptions of the public games in *Calendau*. But Theodore Aubanel is purely indigenous, and need not be other than he is, if Greece and Rome had never existed. The antecedents of his genius are the love-songs and *sirventes* of the Troubadours, and the silence of the last few hundred years.

Harriet W. Preston.

TROUTING.

WITH slender pole, and line, and reel,
And feather-fly with sting of steel,
Whipping the brooks down sunlit glades,
Wading the streams in woodland shades,
I come to the trout's paradise:
The flashing fins leap twice or thrice:
Then idle on this gray boulder lie
My crinkled line and colored fly,
While in the foam-flecked, glossy pool
The shy trout lurk secure and cool.

A rock-lined, wood-embosomed nook —
Dim cloister of the chanting brook!
A chamber within the channeled hills,
Where the cold crystal brims and spills,
By dark-browed caverns blackly flows,
Falls from the cleft like crumbling snows,
And purls and plashes, breathing round
A soft, suffusing mist of sound.

Under a narrow belt of sky
Great boulders in the torrent lie,
Huge stepping-stones where Titans cross!
Quaint broideries of vines and moss,
Of every loveliest hue and shape,
With tangle and braid and tassel drape
The beetling rocks, and veil the ledge,
And trail long fringe from the cataract's edge.
A hundred rills of nectar drip
From that Olympian beard and lip.

And, see! far on, it seems as if
In every crevice along the cliff
Some wild plant grew: the eye discerns
An ivied castle: feathery ferns
Nod from the frieze, and tuft the tall,
Dismantled turret and ruined wall.

Strange gusts from deeper solitudes
Waft pungent odors of the woods.
The small, bee-haunted basswood-blooms
Drop in the gorge their faint perfumes.
Here all the wildwood flowers encamp,
That love the dimness and the damp.

High overhead the morning shines;
The glad breeze swings in the singing pines.
Somewhere aloft in the boughs is heard
The fine note of the Phœbe-bird.
In the alders, dank with noonday dews,
A restless cat-bird darts and mews.

Dear world! let summer tourists range
Your great highways in quest of change,
Go seek Niagara and the sea, —
This little nook sufficeth me!

So wild, so fresh, so solitary —
I muse in its green sanctuary,
And breathe into my inmost sense
A pure, sweet, thrilling influence,
A bliss even innocent sport would stain,
And dear old Walton's art, profane.

Here, lying beneath this leaning tree,
 On the soft bank, it seems to me
 The winds that visit this lonely glen
 Should soothe the souls of sorrowing men —
 The waters over these ledges curled
 Might cool the heart of a fevered world!

J. T. Trowbridge.

EUGENE PICKERING.

IN TWO PARTS. PART I.

It was at Homburg, several years ago, before the play had been suppressed. The evening was very warm, and all the world was gathered on the terrace of the Kursaal and the esplanade below it, to listen to the excellent orchestra; or half the world, rather, for the crowd was equally dense in the gaming rooms, around the tables. Everywhere the crowd was great. The night was perfect, the season was at its height, the open windows of the Kursaal sent long shafts of unnatural light into the dusky woods, and now and then, in the intervals of the music, one might almost hear the clink of the napoleons and the metallic call of the *croupiers* rise above the witching silence of the saloons. I had been strolling with a friend, and we at last prepared to sit down. Chairs, however, were scarce. I had captured one, but it seemed no easy matter to find a mate for it. I was on the point of giving up in despair and proposing an adjournment to the damask divans of the Kursaal, when I observed a young man lounging back on one of the objects of my quest, with his feet supported on the rounds of another. This was more than his share of luxury, and I promptly approached him. He evidently belonged to the race which has the credit of knowing best, at home and abroad, how to make itself comfortable; but something in his appearance suggested that his present attitude was the result of inadvertence rather than of egotism. He was staring at the conductor of the

orchestra and listening intently to the music. His hands were locked round his long legs, and his mouth was half open, with rather a foolish air. "There are so few chairs," I said, "that I must beg you to surrender this second one." He started, stared, blushed, pushed the chair away with awkward alacrity, and murmured something about not having noticed that he had it.

"What an odd-looking youth!" said my companion, who had watched me, as I seated myself beside her.

"Yes, he's odd-looking; but what is odder still is that I've seen him before, that his face is familiar to me, and yet that I can't place him." The orchestra was playing the Prayer from *Der Freischütz*, but Weber's lovely music only deepened the blank of memory. Who the deuce was he? where, when, how, had I known him? It seemed extraordinary that a face should be at once so familiar and so strange. We had our backs turned to him, so that I could not look at him again. When the music ceased, we left our places and I went to consign my friend to her mamma on the terrace. In passing, I saw that my young man had departed; I concluded that he only strikingly resembled some one I knew. But who in the world was it he resembled? The ladies went off to their lodgings, which were near by, and I turned into the gaming rooms and hovered about the circle at *roulette*. Gradually, I filtered through to the inner edge, near the table, and, looking round, saw my puzzling friend

stationed opposite to me. He was watching the game, with his hands in his pockets; but singularly enough, now that I observed him at my leisure, the look of familiarity quite faded from his face. What had made us call his appearance odd was his great length and leanness of limb, his long, white neck, his blue, prominent eyes, and his ingenuous, unconscious absorption in the scene before him. He was not handsome, certainly, but he looked peculiarly amiable, and if his overt wonderment savored a trifle of rurality, it was an agreeable contrast to the hard, inexpressive masks about him. He was the verdant offshoot, I said to myself, of some ancient, rigid stem; he had been brought up in the quietest of homes, and was having his first glimpse of life. I was curious to see whether he would put anything on the table; he evidently felt the temptation, but he seemed paralyzed by chronic embarrassment. He stood gazing at the rattling cross-fire of losses and gains, shaking his loose gold in his pocket, and every now and then passing his hand nervously over his eyes.

Most of the spectators were too attentive to the play to have many thoughts for each other; but before long I noticed a lady who evidently had an eye for her neighbors as well as for the table. She was seated about half-way between my friend and me, and I presently observed that she was trying to catch his eye. Though at Homburg, as people said, "one could never be sure," I yet doubted whether this lady was one of those whose especial vocation it was to catch a gentleman's eye. She was youthful rather than elderly, and pretty rather than plain; indeed, a few minutes later, when I saw her smile, I thought her wonderfully pretty. She had a charming gray eye and a good deal of blonde hair, disposed in picturesque disorder; and though her features were meagre and her complexion faded, she gave one a sense of sentimental, artificial gracefulness. She was dressed in white muslin very much puffed and frilled, but a trifle the worse for wear,

relieved here and there by a pale blue ribbon. I used to flatter myself on guessing at people's nationality by their faces, and, as a rule, I guessed aright. This faded, crumpled, vaporous beauty, I conceived, was a German—such a German, somehow, as I had seen imaged in literature. Was she not a friend of poets, a correspondent of philosophers, a muse, a priestess of æsthetics—something in the way of a Bettina, a Rachel? My conjectures, however, were speedily merged in wonderment as to what my diffident friend was making of her. She caught his eye at last, and raising an ungloved hand, covered altogether with blue-gemmed rings,—turquoises, sapphires, and lapis,—she beckoned him to come to her. The gesture was executed with a sort of practiced coolness and accompanied with an appealing smile. He stared a moment, rather blankly, unable to suppose that the invitation was addressed to him; then, as it was immediately repeated, with a good deal of intensity, he blushed to the roots of his hair, wavered awkwardly, and at last made his way to the lady's chair. By the time he reached it he was crimson and wiping his forehead with his pocket-handkerchief. She tilted back, looked up at him with the same smile, laid two fingers on his sleeve, and said something, interrogatively, to which he replied by a shake of the head. She was asking him, evidently, if he had ever played, and he was saying no. Old players have a fancy that when luck has turned her back on them, they can put her into good humor again by having their stakes placed by an absolute novice. Our young man's physiognomy had seemed to his new acquaintance to express the perfection of inexperience, and, like a practical woman, she had determined to make him serve her turn. Unlike most of her neighbors, she had no little pile of gold before her, but she drew from her pocket a double napoleon, put it into his hand, and bade him place it on a number of his own choosing. He was evidently filled with a sort of delightful trouble; he enjoyed the adventure, but

he shrank from the hazard. I would have staked the coin on its being his companion's last; for although she still smiled, intently, as she watched his hesitation, there was anything but indifference in her pale, pretty face. Suddenly, in desperation, he reached over and laid the piece on the table. My attention was diverted at this moment by my having to make way for a lady with a great many flourishes, before me, to give up her chair to a rustling friend to whom she had promised it; when I again looked across at the lady in white muslin, she was drawing in a very goodly pile of gold with her little blue-gemmed claw. Good luck and bad, at the Homburg tables, were equally undemonstrative, and this fair adventuress rewarded her young friend for the sacrifice of his innocence with a single, rapid, upward smile. He had innocence enough left, however, to look round the table with a gleeful, conscious laugh, in the midst of which his eyes encountered my own. Then, suddenly, the familiar look which had vanished from his face flickered up unmistakably; it was the boyish laugh of a boyhood's friend. Stupid fellow that I was, I had been looking at Eugene Pickering!

Though I lingered on for some time longer, he failed to recognize me. Recognition, I think, had kindled a smile in my own face; but less fortunate than he, I suppose my smile had ceased to be boyish. Now that luck had faced about again, his companion played for herself — played and won hand over hand. At last she seemed disposed to rest on her gains, and proceeded to bury them in the folds of her muslin. Pickering had staked nothing for himself, but as he saw her prepare to withdraw, he offered her a double napoleon and begged her to place it. She shook her head with great decision, and seemed to bid him put it up again; but he, still blushing a good deal, urged her with awkward ardor, and she at last took it from him, looked at him a moment fixedly, and laid it on a number; a moment later the croupier was raking it in. She gave the young man a little nod which

seemed to say, "I told you so;" he glanced round the table again and laughed; she left her chair and he made a way for her through the crowd. Before going home I took a turn on the terrace and looked down on the esplanade. The lamps were out, but the warm starlight vaguely illumined a dozen figures scattered in couples. One of these figures, I thought, was a lady in a white dress.

I had no intention of letting Pickering go without reminding him of our old acquaintance. He had been a very droll boy, and I was curious to see what had become of his drollery. I looked for him the next morning at two or three of the hotels, and at last discovered his whereabouts. But he was out, the waiter said; he had gone to walk an hour before. I went my way, confident that I should meet him in the evening. It was the rule with the Homburg world to spend its evenings at the Kursaal, and Pickering, apparently, had already discovered a good reason for not being an exception. One of the charms of Homburg is the fact that of a hot day you may walk about for a whole afternoon in unbroken shade. The umbrageous gardens of the Kursaal mingle with the charming Hardtwald, which, in turn, melts away into the wooded slopes of the Taunus Mountains. To the Hardtwald I bent my steps, and strolled for an hour through mossy glades and the still, perpendicular gloom of the fir-woods. Suddenly, on the grassy margin of a by-path, I came upon a young man stretched at his length in the sun-checkered shade and kicking his heels toward a patch of blue sky. My step was so noiseless on the turf, that before he saw me, I had time to recognize Pickering again. He looked as if he had been lounging there for some time; his hair was tossed about as if he had been sleeping; on the grass near him, beside his hat and stick, lay a sealed letter. When he perceived me he jerked himself forward, and I stood looking at him without elucidating, — purposely, to give him a chance to recognize me. He put on his glasses, be-

ing awkwardly near-sighted, and stared up at me with an air of general trustfulness, but without a sign of knowing me. So at last I introduced myself. Then he jumped up and grasped my hands and stared and blushed and laughed and began a dozen random questions, ending with a demand as to how in the world I had known him.

"Why, you're not changed so utterly," I said, "and after all, it's but fifteen years since you used to do my Latin exercises for me."

"Not changed, eh?" he answered, still smiling and yet speaking with a sort of ingenuous dismay.

Then I remembered that poor Pickering had been in those Latin days a victim of juvenile irony. He used to bring a bottle of medicine to school and take a dose in a glass of water before lunch; and every day at two o'clock, half an hour before the rest of us were liberated, an old nurse with bushy eyebrows came and fetched him away in a carriage. His extremely fair complexion, his nurse, and his bottle of medicine, which suggested a vague analogy with the phial of poison in the tragedy, caused him to be called Juliet. Certainly, Romeo's sweetheart hardly suffered more; she was not, at least, a standing joke in Verona. Remembering these things, I hastened to say to Pickering that I hoped he was still the same good fellow who used to do my Latin for me. "We were capital friends, you know," I went on, "then and afterwards."

"Yes, we were very good friends," he said, "and that makes it the stranger I should n't have known you. For you know as a boy I never had many friends, nor as a man either. You see," he added, passing his hand over his eyes, "I'm half dazed and bewildered at finding myself for the first time — alone." And he jerked back his shoulders nervously and threw up his head, as if to settle himself in an unwonted position. I wondered whether the old nurse with the bushy eyebrows had remained attached to his person up to a recent period, and discovered presently that, virtually at least, she had. We

had the whole summer day before us, and we sat down on the grass together and overhauled our old memories. It was as if we had stumbled upon an ancient cupboard in some dusky corner, and rummaged out a heap of childish playthings — tin soldiers and torn story-books, jackknives and Chinese puzzles. This is what we remembered, between us.

He had made but a short stay at school — not because he was tormented, for he thought it so fine to be at school at all that he held his tongue at home about the sufferings incurred through the medicine bottle; but because his father thought he was learning bad manners. This he imparted to me in confidence at the time, and I remember how it increased my oppressive awe of Mr. Pickering, who had appeared to me, in glimpses, as a sort of high priest of the proprieties. Mr. Pickering was a widower — a fact which seemed to produce in him a sort of preternatural concentration of parental dignity. He was a majestic man, with a hooked nose, a keen, dark eye, very large whiskers, and notions of his own as to how a boy — or his boy, at any rate — should be brought up. First and foremost, he was to be a "gentleman," which seemed to mean, chiefly, that he was always to wear a muffler and gloves, and be sent to bed, after a supper of bread and milk, at eight o'clock. School-life, on experiment, seemed hostile to these observances, and Eugene was taken home again, to be molded into urbanity beneath the parental eye. A tutor was provided for him, and a single select companion was prescribed. The choice, mysteriously, fell upon me, born as I was under quite another star; my parents were appealed to, and I was allowed for a few months to have my lessons with Eugene. The tutor, I think, must have been rather a snob, for Eugene was treated like a prince, while I got all the questions and the raps with the ruler. And yet I remember never being jealous of my happier comrade, and striking up, for the time, a huge boyish friendship. He had a watch and a pony and a great store of

picture-books, but my envy of these luxuries was tempered by a vague compassion, which left me free to be generous. I could go out to play alone, I could button my jacket myself, and sit up till I was sleepy. Poor Pickering could never take a step without a prior petition, or spend half an hour in the garden without a formal report of it when he came in. My parents, who had no desire to see me inoculated with importunate virtues, sent me back to school at the end of six months. After that I never saw Eugene. His father went to live in the country, to protect the lad's morals, and Eugene faded, in reminiscence, into a pale image of the depressing effects of education. I think I vaguely supposed that he would melt into thin air, and indeed began gradually to doubt of his existence and to regard him as one of the foolish things one ceased to believe in as one grew older. It seemed natural that I should have no more news of him. Our present meeting was my first assurance that he had really survived all that muffling and coddling.

I observed him now with a good deal of interest, for he was a rare phenomenon — the fruit of a system persistently and uninterruptedly applied. He struck me, in a fashion, like certain young monks I had seen in Italy; he had the same candid, unsophisticated, cloister face. His education had been really almost monastic. It had found him, evidently, a very compliant, yielding subject; his gentle, affectionate spirit was not one of those that need to be broken. It had bequeathed him, now that he stood on the threshold of the great world, an extraordinary freshness of impression and alertness of desire, and I confess that, as I looked at him and met his transparent blue eye, I trembled for the unwarned innocence of such a soul. I became aware, gradually, that the world had already wrought a certain work upon him and roused him to a restless, troubled self-consciousness. Everything about him pointed to an experience from which he had been debarred; his whole organism trembled with a dawning sense of

unsuspected possibilities of feeling. This appealing tremor was indeed outwardly visible. He kept shifting himself about on the grass, thrusting his hands through his hair, wiping a light perspiration from his forehead, breaking out to say something and rushing off to something else. Our sudden meeting had greatly excited him, and I saw that I was likely to profit by a certain overflow of sentimental fermentation. I could do so with a good conscience, for all this trepidation filled me with a great friendliness.

"It's nearly fifteen years, as you say," he began, "since you used to call me 'butter-fingers' for always missing the ball. That's a long time to give an account of, and yet they have been, for me, such eventless, monotonous years, that I could almost tell their history in ten words. You, I suppose, have had all kinds of adventures and traveled over half the world. I remember you had a turn for deeds of daring; I used to think you a little Captain Cook in roundabouts, for climbing the garden fence to get the ball, when I had let it fly over. I climbed no fences then or since. You remember my father, I suppose, and the great care he took of me? I lost him some five months ago. From those boyish days up to his death we were always together. I don't think that in fifteen years we spent half a dozen hours apart. We lived in the country, winter and summer, seeing but three or four people. I had a succession of tutors, and a library to browse about in; I assure you I'm a tremendous scholar. It was a dull life for a growing boy, and a duller life for a young man grown, but I never knew it. I was perfectly happy." He spoke of his father at some length and with a respect which I privately declined to emulate. Mr. Pickering had been, to my sense, a cold egotist, unable to conceive of any larger vocation for his son than to become a mechanical reflection of himself. "I know I've been strangely brought up," said my friend, "and that the result is something grotesque; but my education, piece by piece, in detail, became one of my father's personal hab-

its, as it were. He took a fancy to it at first through his intense affection for my mother and the sort of worship he paid her memory. She died at my birth, and as I grew up, it seems that I bore an extraordinary likeness to her. Besides, my father had a great many theories; he prided himself on his conservative opinions; he thought the usual American *laissez aller* in education was a very vulgar practice, and that children were not to grow up like dusty thorns by the wayside. So you see," Pickering went on, smiling and blushing, and yet with something of the irony of vain regret, "I'm a regular garden plant. I've been watched and watered and pruned, and, if there is any virtue in tending, I ought to take the prize at a flower-show. Some three years ago my father's health broke down and he was kept very much within doors. So, although I was a man grown, I lived altogether at home. If I was out of his sight for a quarter of an hour he sent for me. He had severe attacks of neuralgia, and he used to sit at his window, basking in the sun. He kept an opera-glass at hand, and when I was out in the garden he used to watch me with it. A few days before his death, I was twenty-seven years old, and the most innocent youth, I suppose, on the continent. After he died I missed him greatly," Pickering continued, evidently with no intention of making an epigram. "I stayed at home, in a sort of dull stupor. It seemed as if life offered itself to me for the first time, and yet as if I did n't know how to take hold of it."

He uttered all this with a frank eagerness which increased as he talked, and there was a singular contrast between the meagre experience he described and a certain radiant intelligence which I seemed to perceive in his glance and tone. Evidently, he was a clever fellow, and his natural faculties were excellent. I imagined he had read a great deal, and achieved, in some degree, in restless intellectual conjecture, the freedom he was condemned to ignore in practice. Opportunity was now offering a meaning to the empty forms

with which his imagination was stored, but it appeared to him dimly, through the veil of his personal diffidence.

"I've not sailed round the world, as you suppose," I said, "but I confess I envy you the novelties you are going to behold. Coming to Homburg, you have plunged in *medias res*."

He glanced at me, to see if my remark contained an allusion, and hesitated a moment. "Yes, I know it. I came to Bremen in the steamer with a very friendly German, who undertook to initiate me into the glories and mysteries of the fatherland. At this season, he said, I must begin with Homburg. I landed but a fortnight ago, and here I am." Again he hesitated, as if he were going to add something about the scene at the Kursaal; but suddenly, nervously he took up the letter which was lying beside him, looked hard at the seal, with a troubled frown, and then flung it back on the grass with a sigh.

"How long do you expect to be in Europe?" I asked.

"Six months, I supposed when I came. But not so long — now!" And he let his eyes wander to the letter again.

"And where shall you go — what shall you do?"

"Everywhere, everything, I should have said yesterday. But now it is different."

I glanced at the letter interrogatively, and he gravely picked it up and put it into his pocket. We talked for a while longer, but I saw that he had suddenly become preoccupied; that he was apparently weighing an impulse to break some last barrier of reserve. At last he suddenly laid his hand on my arm, looked at me a moment appealingly, and cried, "Upon my word, I should like to tell you everything."

"Tell me everything, by all means," I answered, smiling. "I desire nothing better than to lie here in the shade and hear everything!"

"Ah, but the question is, will you understand it? No matter; you think me a queer fellow already. It's not easy, either, to tell you what I feel —

not easy for so queer a fellow as I to tell you in how many ways he's queer!" He got up and walked away a moment, passing his hand over his eyes, then came back rapidly and flung himself on the grass again. "I said just now I always supposed I was happy; it's true; but now that my eyes are open, I see I was only stultified. I was like a poodle dog, led about by a blue ribbon, and scoured and combed and fed on slops. It was n't life; life is learning to know one's self, and in that sense I've lived more in the past six weeks than in all the years that preceded them. I'm filled with this feverish sense of liberation; it keeps rising to my head like the fumes of strong wine. I find I'm an active, sentient, intelligent creature, with desires, with passions, with possible convictions—even with what I never dreamed of, a possible will of my own! I find there is a world to know, a life to lead, men and women to form a thousand relations with. It all lies there like a great surging sea, where we must plunge and dive and feel the breeze and breast the waves. I stand shivering here on the brink, staring, longing, wondering, charmed by the smell of the brine and yet afraid of the water. The world beckons and smiles and calls, but a nameless influence from the past, that I can neither wholly obey nor wholly condemn, seems to hold me back. I'm full of impulses, but, somehow, I'm not full of strength. Life seems inspiring at certain moments, but it seems terrible and unsafe; and I ask myself why I should wantonly measure myself with merciless forces, when I have learned so well how to stand aside and let them pass. Why should n't I turn my back upon it all and go home to—what awaits me?—to that sightless, soundless country life, and long days spent among old books? But if a man is weak, he does n't want to assent beforehand to his weakness; he wants to taste whatever sweetness there may be in paying for the knowledge. So it is there comes and comes again this irresistible impulse to take my plunge, to let myself swing, to go where liberty leads

me." He paused a moment, fixing me with his excited eyes, and perhaps perceived in my own an irrepressible smile at his intensity. "'Swing ahead, in Heaven's name,' you want to say, 'and much good may it do you.' I don't know whether you are laughing at my trepidation or at what possibly strikes you as my depravity. I doubt," he went on gravely, "whether I have an inclination toward wrong-doing; if I have, I'm sure I shan't prosper in it. I honestly believe I may safely take out a license to amuse myself. But it is n't that I think of, any more than I dream of playing with suffering. Pleasure and pain are empty words to me; what I long for is knowledge—some other knowledge than comes to us in formal, colorless, impersonal precept. You would understand all this better if you could breathe for an hour the musty in-door atmosphere in which I have always lived. To break a window and let in light and air,—I feel as if at last I must *act*!"

"Act, by all means, now and always, when you have a chance," I answered. "But don't take things too hard, now or ever. Your long seclusion makes you think the world better worth knowing than you're likely to find it. A man with as good a head and heart as yours has a very ample world within himself, and I'm no believer in art for art, nor in what's called 'life' for life's sake. Nevertheless, take your plunge, and come and tell me whether you've found the pearl of wisdom." He frowned a little, as if he thought my sympathy a trifle meagre. I shook him by the hand and laughed. "The pearl of wisdom," I cried, "is love; honest love in the most convenient concentration of experience! I advise you to fall in love." He gave me no smile in response, but drew from his pocket the letter of which I've spoken, held it up, and shook it solemnly. "What is it?" I asked.

"It's my sentence!"

"Not of death, I hope!"

"Of marriage."

"With whom?"

"With a person I don't love."

This was serious. I stopped smiling and begged him to explain.

"It's the singular part of my story," he said at last. "It will remind you of an old-fashioned romance. Such as I sit here, talking in this wild way, and tossing off invitations to destiny, my destiny is settled and sealed. I'm engaged—I'm given in marriage. It's a bequest of the past—the past I never said nay to! The marriage was arranged by my father, years ago, when I was a boy. The young girl's father was his particular friend; he was also a widower, and was bringing up his daughter, on his side, in the same rigid seclusion in which I was spending my days. To this day, I'm unacquainted with the origin of the bond of union between our respective progenitors. Mr. Vernor was largely engaged in business, and I imagine that once upon a time he found himself in a financial strait and was helped through it by my father's coming forward with a heavy loan, on which, in his situation, he could offer no security but his word. Of this my father was quite capable. He was a man of dogmas, and he was sure to have a precept adapted to the conduct of a gentleman toward a friend in pecuniary embarrassment. What's more, he was sure to adhere to it. Mr. Vernor, I believe, got on his feet, paid his debt, and owed my father an eternal gratitude. His little daughter was the apple of his eye, and he pledged himself to bring her up to be the wife of his benefactor's son. So our fate was fixed, parentally, and we have been educated for each other. I've not seen my betrothed since she was a very plain-faced little girl in a sticky pinafore, hugging a one-armed doll—of the male sex, I believe—as big as herself. Mr. Vernor is in what's called the Eastern trade, and has been living these many years at Smyrna. Isabel has grown up there in a white-walled garden, in an orange grove, between her father and her governess. She is a good deal my junior; six months ago she was seventeen; when she is eighteen we're to marry!"

He related all this calmly enough, without the accent of complaint, dryly rather and doggedly, as if he were weary of thinking of it. "It's a romance indeed," I said, "for these dull days, and I heartily congratulate you. It's not every young man who finds, on reaching the marrying age, a wife kept in cotton for him. A thousand to one Miss Vernor is charming; I wonder you don't post off to Smyrna."

"You're joking," he answered, with a wounded air, "and I am terribly serious. Let me tell you the rest. I never suspected this tender conspiracy till something less than a year ago. My father, wishing to provide against his death, informed me of it, solemnly. I was neither elated nor depressed; I received it, as I remember, with a sort of emotion which varied only in degree from that with which I could have hailed the announcement that he had ordered me a dozen new shirts. I supposed that it was under some such punctual, superterrestrial dispensation as this that all young men were married. Novels and poems indeed said otherwise; but novels and poems were one thing and life was another. A short time afterwards he introduced me to a photograph of my predestined, who has a pretty, but an extremely inanimate face. After this his health failed rapidly. One night I was sitting, as I habitually sat for hours, in his dimly lighted room, near his bed, to which he had been confined for a week. He had not spoken for some time, and I supposed he was asleep, but happening to look at him I saw his eyes wide open and fixed on me strangely. He was smiling benignantly, intensely, and in a moment he beckoned to me. Then, on my going to him—"I feel that I shan't last long," he said, "but I am willing to die when I think how comfortably I have arranged your future." He was talking of death, and anything but grief at that moment was doubtless impious and monstrous; but there came into my heart for the first time a throbbing sense of being over-governed. I said nothing, and he thought my silence

was all sorrow. 'I shan't live to see you married,' he went on, 'but since the foundation is laid, that little signifies; it would be a selfish pleasure, and I have never had a thought but for your own personal advantage. To foresee your future, in its main outline, to know to a certainty that you'll be safely domiciled here, with a wife approved by our judgment, cultivating the moral fruit of which I have sown the seed—this will content me. But, my son, I wish to clear this bright vision from the shadow of a doubt. I believe in your docility; I believe I may trust the salutary force of your respect for my memory. But I must remember that when I am removed, you will stand here alone, face to face with a myriad nameless temptations to perversity. The fumes of unrighteous pride may rise into your brain and tempt you, in the interest of a vain delusion which it will call your independence, to shatter the edifice I have so laboriously constructed. So I must ask you for a promise—the solemn promise you owe my condition.' And he grasped my hand: 'You will follow the path I have marked; you will be faithful to the young girl whom an influence as devoted as that which has governed your own young life has molded into everything amiable; you will marry Isabel Vernor.' There was something portentous in this rigid summons. I was frightened. I drew away my hand and asked to be trusted without any such terrible vow. My reluctance startled my father into a suspicion that the vain delusion of independence had already been whispering to me. He sat up in his bed and looked at me with eyes which seemed to foresee a life-time of odious ingratitude. I felt the reproach; I feel it now. I promised! And even now I don't regret my promise nor complain of my father's tenacity. I feel, somehow, as if the seeds of ultimate rest had been sown in those unsuspecting years—as if after many days I might gather the mellow fruit. But after many days! I'll keep my promise, I'll obey; but I want to live first!"

"My dear fellow, you're living now. All this passionate consciousness of your situation is a very ardent life. I wish I could say as much for my own."

"I want to forget my situation. I want to spend three months without thinking of the past or the future, grasping whatever the present offers me. Yesterday, I thought I was in a fair way to sail with the tide. But this morning comes this memento!" And he held up his letter again.

"What is it?"

"A letter from Smyrna."

"I see you have not yet broken the seal."

"No, nor do I mean to, for the present. It contains bad news."

"What do you call bad news?"

"News that I'm expected in Smyrna in three weeks. News that Mr. Vernor disapproves of my roving about the world. News that his daughter is standing expectant at the altar."

"Is n't this pure conjecture?"

"Conjecture, possibly, but safe conjecture. As soon as I looked at the letter, something smote me at the heart. Look at the device on the seal, and I'm sure you'll find it's *Tarry not!*" And he flung the letter on the grass.

"Upon my word, you had better open it," I said.

"If I were to open it and read my summons, do you know what I should do? I should march home and ask the *Oberkellner* how one gets to Smyrna, pack my trunk, take my ticket, and not stop till I arrived. I know I should; it would be the fascination of habit. The only way, therefore, to wander to my rope's end is to leave the letter unread."

"In your place," I said, "curiosity would make me open it."

He shook his head. "I have no curiosity! For these many weeks the idea of my marriage has ceased to be a novelty, and I have contemplated it mentally, in every possible light. I fear nothing from that side, but I do fear something from conscience. I want my hands tied. Will you do me a favor? Pick up the letter, put it into

your pocket, and keep it till I ask you for it. When I do, you may know that I am at my rope's end."

I took the letter, smiling. "And how long is your rope to be? The Homburg season does n't last forever."

"Does it last a month? Let that be my season! A month hence you'll give it back to me."

"To-morrow, if you say so. Meanwhile, let it rest in peace!" And I consigned it to the most sacred interstice of my pocket-book. To say that I was disposed to humor the poor fellow would seem to be saying that I thought his demand fantastic. It was his situation, by no fault of his own, that was fantastic, and he was only trying to be natural. He watched me put away the letter, and when it had disappeared gave a soft sigh of relief. The sigh was natural and yet it set me thinking. His general recoil from an immediate responsibility imposed by others might be wholesome enough; but if there was an old grievance on one side, was there not possibly a new-born delusion on the other? It would be unkind to withhold a reflection that might serve as a warning; so I told him, abruptly, that I had been an undiscovered spectator, the night before, of his exploits at roulette.

He blushed deeply, but he met my eyes with the same radiant frankness.

"Ah, you saw then," he cried, "that wonderful lady?"

"Wonderful she was indeed. I saw her afterwards, too, sitting on the terrace in the starlight. I imagine she was not alone."

"No indeed, I was with her—for nearly an hour. Then I walked home with her."

"Verily! And did you go in?"

"No, she said it was too late to ask me; though in a general way, she declared she did not stand upon ceremony."

"She did herself injustice. When it came to losing your money for you, she made you insist."

"Ah, you noticed that too?" cried Pickering, still quite unconfused. "I

felt as if the whole table was staring at me; but her manner was so gracious and reassuring that I concluded she was doing nothing unusual. She confessed, however, afterwards, that she is very eccentric. The world began to call her so, she said, before she ever dreamed of it, and at last, finding that she had the reputation, in spite of herself, she resolved to enjoy its privileges. Now, she does what she chooses."

"In other words, she is a lady with no reputation to lose?"

Pickering seemed puzzled, and smiled a little. "Is n't that what you say of bad women?"

"Of some—of those who are found out."

"Well," he said, still smiling, "I have n't yet found out Madame Blumenthal."

"If that's her name, I suppose she's German."

"Yes; but she speaks English so well that you might almost doubt it. She is very clever. Her husband's dead."

I laughed, involuntarily, at the conjunction of these facts, and Pickering's clear glance seemed to question my mirth. "You have been so bluntly frank with me," I said, "that I too must be frank. Tell me, if you can, whether this clever Madame Blumenthal, whose husband is dead, has given an edge to your desire for a suspension of communication with Smyrna."

He seemed to ponder my question, unshrinkingly. "I think not," he said, at last. "I've had the desire for three months; I've known Madame Blumenthal for less than twenty-four hours."

"Very true. But when you found this letter of yours on your plate at breakfast, did you seem for a moment to see Madame Blumenthal sitting opposite?"

"Opposite?" he repeated, frowning gently.

"Opposite, my dear fellow, or anywhere in the neighborhood. In a word, does she interest you?"

"Very much!" he cried, with his frown clearing away.

"Amen!" I answered, jumping up

with a laugh. "And now, if we are to see the world in a month, there is no time to lose. Let us begin with the Hardtwald."

Pickering rose and we strolled away into the forest, talking of lighter things. At last we reached the edge of the wood, sat down on a fallen log, and looked out across an interval of meadow at the long wooded waves of the Taunus. What my friend was thinking of, I can't say; I was revolving his quaint history and letting my wonderment wander away to Smyrna. Suddenly I remembered that he possessed a portrait of the young girl who was waiting for him there in a white-walled garden. I asked him if he had it with him. He said nothing, but gravely took out his pocket-book and drew forth a small photograph. It represented, as the poet says, a simple maiden in her flower—a slight young girl, with a certain childish roundness of contour. There was no ease in her posture; she was standing, stiffly and shyly, for her likeness; she wore a short-waisted white dress; her arms hung at her sides and her hands were clasped in front; her head was bent downward a little, and her dark eyes fixed. But her awkwardness was as pretty as that of some angular seraph in a mediæval carving, and in her sober gaze there seemed to lurk the questioning gleam of childhood. "What is this for?" her charming eyes appeared to ask; "why have I been decked, for this ceremony, in a white frock and amber beads?"

"Gracious powers!" I said to myself; "what an enchanting thing is innocence!"

"That portrait was taken a year and a half ago," said Pickering, as if with an effort to be perfectly just. "By this time, I suppose, she looks a little wiser."

"Not much, I hope," I said, as I gave it back. "She's lovely!"

"Yes, poor girl, she's lovely—no doubt!" And he put the thing away without looking at it.

We were silent for some moments. At last, abruptly: "My dear fellow,"

I said, "I should take some satisfaction in seeing you immediately leave Homburg."

"Immediately?"

"To-day—as soon as you can get ready."

He looked at me, surprised, and little by little he blushed. "There's something I've not told you," he said; "something that your saying that Madame Blumenthal has no reputation to lose has made me half afraid to tell you."

"I think I can guess it. Madame Blumenthal has asked you to come and check her numbers for her at roulette again."

"Not at all!" cried Pickering, with a smile of triumph. "She says that she plays no more, for the present. She has asked me to come and take tea with her this evening."

"Ah, then," I said, very gravely, "of course you can't leave Homburg."

He answered nothing, but looked askance at me, as if he were expecting me to laugh. "Urge it strongly," he said in a moment. "Say it's my duty—command me."

I did n't quite understand him, but, feathering the shaft with a harmless expletive, I told him that unless he followed my advice, I would never speak to him again.

He got up, stood before me, and struck the ground with his stick. "Good!" he cried. "I wanted an occasion to break a rule—to leap an obstacle. Here it is! I stay!"

I made him a mock bow for his energy. "That's very fine," I said; "but now, to put you in a proper mood for Madame Blumenthal's tea, we'll go and listen to the band play Schubert under the lindens." And we walked back through the woods.

I went to see Pickering the next day, at his inn, and on knocking, as directed, at his door, was surprised to hear the sound of a loud voice within. My knock remained unnoticed, so I presently introduced myself. I found no company, but I discovered my friend walking up and down the room and

apparently declaiming to himself from a little volume bound in white vellum. He greeted me heartily, threw his book on the table, and said that he was taking a German lesson.

"And who is your teacher?" I asked, glancing at the book.

He rather avoided meeting my eye, as he answered, after an instant's delay, "Madame Blumenthal."

"Indeed! Has she written a grammar?" I inquired.

"It's not a grammar; it's a tragedy." And he handed me the book.

I opened it, and beheld, in delicate type, in a very large margin, a *Trauerspiel* in five acts, entitled *Cleopatra*. There were a great many marginal corrections and annotations, apparently from the author's hand; the speeches were very long, and there was an inordinate number of soliloquies by the heroine. One of them, I remember, toward the end of the play, began in this fashion:—

"What, after all, is life but sensation, and sensation but deception?—reality that pales before the light of one's dreams, as Octavia's dull beauty fades beside mine? But let me believe in some intenser bliss and seek it in the arms of death!"

"It seems decidedly passionate," I said. "Has the tragedy ever been acted?"

"Never in public; but Madame Blumenthal tells me that she had it played at her own house in Berlin, and that she herself undertook the part of the heroine."

Pickering's unworldly life had not been of a sort to sharpen his perception of the ridiculous, but it seemed to me an unmistakable sign of his being under the charm, that this information was very soberly offered. He was preoccupied, and irresponsible to my experimental observations on vulgar topics—the hot weather, the inn, the advent of Adelina Patti. At last he uttered his thoughts, and announced that Madame Blumenthal had turned out an extraordinarily interesting woman. He seemed to have quite forgotten our long

talk in the Hardtwald, and betrayed no sense of this being a confession that he had taken his plunge and was floating with the current. He only remembered that I had spoken slightly of the lady and hinted that it behooved me to amend my opinion. I had received the day before so strong an impression of a sort of spiritual fastidiousness in my friend's nature, that on hearing now the striking of a new hour, as it were, in his consciousness, and observing how the echoes of the past were immediately quenched in its music, I said to myself that it had certainly taken a delicate hand to regulate that fine machinery. No doubt Madame Blumenthal was a clever woman. It is a good German custom, at Homburg, to spend the hour preceding dinner in listening to the orchestra in the Kurgarten; Mozart and Beethoven, for organisms in which the interfusion of soul and sense is peculiarly mysterious, are a vigorous stimulus to the appetite. Pickering and I conformed, as we had done the day before, to the fashion, and when we were seated under the trees, he began to expatiate on his friend's merits.

"I don't know whether she is eccentric or not," he said; "to me every one seems eccentric, and it's not for me, yet awhile, to measure people by my narrow precedents. I never saw a gaming table in my life, before, and supposed that a gamster was, of necessity, some dusky villain with an evil eye. In Germany, says Madame Blumenthal, people play at roulette as they play at billiards, and her own venerable mother originally taught her the rules of the game. It is a recognized source of subsistence for decent people with small means. But I confess Madame Blumenthal might do worse things than play roulette, and yet make them harmonious and beautiful. I have never been in the habit of thinking positive beauty the most excellent thing in a woman. I have always said to myself that if my heart was ever to be captured it would be by a sort of general grace—a sweetness of motion and tone—on which one could count for soothing im-

pressions, as one counts on a musical instrument that is perfectly in tune. Madame Blumenthal has it — this grace that soothes and satisfies; and it seems the more perfect that it keeps order and harmony in a character really passionately ardent and active. With her multifarious impulses and accomplishments nothing would be easier than that she should seem restless and over-eager and importunate. You will know her, and I leave you to judge whether she does. She has every gift, and culture has done everything for each. What goes on in her mind, I of course can't say; what reaches the observer — the admirer — is simply a penetrating perfume of intelligence, mingled with a penetrating perfume of sympathy."

"Madame Blumenthal," I said, smiling, "might be the loveliest woman in the world, and you the object of her choicest favors, and yet what I should most envy you would be, not your peerless friend, but your beautiful imagination."

"That's a polite way of calling me a fool," said Pickering. "You're a skeptic, a cynic, a satirist! I hope I shall be a long time coming to that."

"You'll make the journey fast if you travel by express trains. But pray tell me, have you ventured to intimate to Madame Blumenthal your high opinion of her?"

"I don't know what I may have said. She listens even better than she talks, and I think it possible I may have made her listen to a great deal of nonsense. For after the first few words I exchanged with her I was conscious of an extraordinary evaporation of all my old diffidence. I have, in truth, I suppose," he added, in a moment, "owing to my peculiar circumstances, a great accumulated fund of unuttered things of all sorts to get rid of. Last evening, sitting there before that lovely woman, they came swarming to my lips. Very likely I poured them all out. I have a sense of having enshrouded myself in a sort of mist of talk, and of seeing her lovely eyes shining through it opposite to me, like stars above a miasmatic

frog-pond." And here, if I remember rightly, Pickering broke off into an ardent parenthesis, and declared that Madame Blumenthal's eyes had something in them that he had never seen in any others. "It was a jumble of crudities and inanities," he went on, "which must have seemed to her terribly farcical; but I feel the wiser and the stronger, somehow, for having poured them out before her; and I imagine I might have gone far without finding another woman in whom such an exhibition would have provoked so little of mere cold amusement."

"Madame Blumenthal, on the contrary," I surmised, "entered into your situation with warmth."

"Exactly so — the greatest! She's wise, she knows, she has felt, she has suffered, and now she understands!"

"She told you, I imagine, that she understood you to a *t*, and she offered to be your guide, philosopher, and friend."

"She spoke to me," Pickering answered, after a pause, "as I had never been spoken to before, and she offered me, in effect, formally, all the offices of a woman's friendship."

"Which you as formally accepted?"

"To you the scene sounds absurd, I suppose, but allow me to say, I don't care!" Pickering cried, with an air of genial aggression which was the most inoffensive thing in the world. "I was very much moved; I was, in fact, very much excited. I tried to say something, but I could n't; I had had plenty to say before, but now I stammered and bungled, and at last I took refuge in an abrupt retreat."

"Meanwhile she had dropped her tragedy into your pocket!"

"Not at all. I had seen it on the table before she came in. Afterwards she kindly offered to read German aloud with me, for the accent, two or three times a week. 'What shall we begin with?' she asked. 'With this!' I said, and held up the book. And she let me take it to look it over."

I was neither a cynic nor a satirist, but even if I had been, I might have

had my claws clipped by Pickering's assurance, before we parted, that Madame Blumenthal wished to know me and expected him to introduce me. Among the foolish things which, according to his own account, he had uttered, were some generous words in my praise, to which she had civilly replied. I confess I was curious to see her, but I begged that the introduction should not be immediate. I wished, on the one hand, to let Pickering work out his destiny without temptation, on my part, to play Providence; and on the other hand I had at Homburg a group of friends with whom for another week I had promised to spend my leisure hours. For some days I saw little of Pickering, though we met at the Kur-saal and strolled occasionally in the park. I watched, in spite of my desire to let him alone, for the signs and portents of the world's action upon him—of that portion of the world, in especial, which Madame Blumenthal had gathered up into her comprehensive soul. He seemed very happy, and gave me in a dozen ways an impression of increased self-confidence and maturity. His mind was admirably active, and always, after a quarter of an hour's talk with him,

I asked myself what experience could really do, that seclusion had not, to make it bright and fine. Every now and then I was struck with his deep enjoyment of some new spectacle,—often trifling enough,—something foreign, local, picturesque, some detail of manner, some accident of scenery; and of the infinite freedom with which he felt he could go and come and rove and linger and observe it all. It was an expansion, an awakening, a coming to manhood in a graver fashion; as one might arrive somewhere, after delays, in some quiet after-hour which should transmute disappointment into gratitude for the preternatural vividness of first impressions. Each time I met him he spoke a little less of Madame Blumenthal, but let me know generally that he saw her often, and continued to admire her—tremendously! I was forced to admit to myself, in spite of preconceptions, that if she was really the ruling star of this serene efflorescence, she must be a very fine woman. Pickering had the air of an ingenuous young philosopher sitting at the feet of an austere muse, and not of a sentimental spendthrift dangling about some supreme incarnation of levity.

H. James, Jr.

THAT NEVER WAS ON SEA OR LAND.

I DREAMED that same old dream again last night;
You know I told you of it once, and more:
The sun had risen, and looked upon the sea,
And turned his head and looked upon the shore,
As if he never saw the world before.

What mystic, mythic season could it be?
It was October with the heart of May.
How count they time within love's calendar?
Dreaming or waking, I can only say
It was the morning of our wedding-day.

I only know I heard your happy step,
As I sat working on my wedding-day
Within my usual place, my usual task;
You came and took the pen, and laughing, "Nay!"
You said, "no more this morning! Come away!"

And I, who had been doing dreamily
Within my dream some fitful thing before
(My pen and I were both too tired to stop),
Drew breath — dropped all my work upon the floor,
And let you lead me mutely to the door,

And out into a place I never saw,
Where little waves came shyly up and curled
Themselves about our feet; and far beyond
As eye could see, a mighty ocean swirled.
“ We go,” you said, “ alone into the world.”

But yet we did not go, but sat and talked
Of usual things, and in our usual way;
And now and then I stopped myself to think, —
So hard it is for work-worn souls to play, —
Why, after all it is our wedding-day!

The fisher-folk came passing up and down,
Hither and thither, and the ships sailed by,
And busy women nodded cheerily;
And one from out a little cottage came,
With quiet porches, where the vines hung high,

And wished us joy, and “ When you ’re tired,” she said,
“ I bid you welcome; come and rest with me.”
But she was busy like the rest, and left
Us only out of all the world to be
Idle and happy by the idle sea.

And there were colors cast upon the sea
Whose names I know not, and upon the land
The shapes of shadows that I never saw;
And faintly far I felt a strange moon stand, —
Yet still we sat there, hand in clinging hand,

And talked, and talked, and talked, as if it were
Our last long chance to speak, or you to me
Or I to you, for this world or the next;
And still the fisherwomen busily
Passed by, and still the ships sailed to the sea.

But by and by the sea, the earth, the sky,
Took on a sudden color that I knew;
And a wild wind arose and beat at them.
The fisherwomen turned a deadly hue,
And I, in terror, turned me unto you,

And wrung my wretched hands, and hid my face.
“ Oh, now I know the reason, Love,” I said,
“ We ’ve talked, and talked, and talked the livelong day,
Like strangers, on the day that we were wed;
For I remember now that you were dead!”

I woke afraid: around the half-lit room
 The broken darkness seemed to stir and creep;
 I thought a spirit passed before my eyes;
 The night had grown a thing too dread for sleep,
 And human life a lot too sad to weep

Beneath the moon, across the silent lawn,
 The garden paths gleamed white—a mighty cross
 Cut through the shadowed flowers solemnly;
 Like heavenly love escaped from earthly dross,
 Or heavenly peace born out of earthly loss.

And wild my uncalmed heart went questioning it:
 "Can that which never has been, ever be?"
 The solemn symbol told me not, but lay
 As dumb before me as Eternity,
 As dumb as *you* are, when you look at me.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

HAVE ANIMALS SOULS?

To answer this question, we must first say what we mean by a soul. If we mean a human soul, it is certain that animals do not possess it—at least not in a fully developed condition. If we mean, "Do they possess an immortal soul?" that is perhaps a question difficult to answer either in the affirmative or the negative. But if we mean by a soul an immaterial principle of life, which coordinates the bodily organization to a unity; which is the ground of growth, activity, perception, volition; which is intelligent, affectionate, and to a certain extent free; then we must admit that animals have souls.

The same arguments which induce us to believe that there is a soul in man, apply to animals. The world has generally believed that in man, beside the body, there is also soul. Why have people believed it? The reason probably is, that, beside all that can be accounted for as the result of the juxtaposition of material particles, there remains a very important element unaccounted for. Mechanical and physical agency may explain much, but the most essential characteristic of vital phenom-

ena they do not explain. They do not account for the unity in variety, permanence in change, growth from within by continuous processes, coming from the vital functions in an organized body. Every such body has a unity peculiar to itself, which cannot be considered the result of the collocation of material molecules. It is a unity which controls these molecules, arranges and re-arranges them, maintains a steady activity, carries the body through the phenomena of growth, and causes the various organs to cooperate for the purposes of the whole. The vital power is not merely a result of material phenomena, but it reacts on these as a cause. Add to this that strange phenomenon of human consciousness, the sense of personality, — which is the clear perception of selfhood as a distinct unchanging unit, residing in a body all of whose parts are in perpetual flux, — and we see why the opinion of a soul has arisen. It has been assumed by the common-sense of mankind that in every living body the cause of the mode of existence of each part is contained in the whole. As soon as death intervenes each part is

left free to pass through changes peculiar to itself alone. Life is a power which acts from the whole upon the parts, causing them to resist chemical laws, which begin to act as soon as life departs. The unity of a living body does not result from an ingenious juxtaposition of parts, like that of a watch, for example. For the unity of a living body implies that which is called "the vital vortex," or perpetual exchange of particles.

A watch or clock is the nearest approach which has been made by man to the creation of a living being. A watch, for instance, contains the principle of its action in itself, and is not moved from without; in that it resembles a living creature. We can easily conceive of a watch which might be made to go seventy years, without being wound up. It might need to be oiled occasionally, but not as often as an animal needs to be fed. A watch is also like a living creature in having a unity as a whole not belonging to the separate parts, and to which all parts conspire — namely, that of marking the progress of time. Why then say that a man has a soul, and that a watch has not? The difference is this. The higher principle of unity in the watch, that is, its power of marking time, is wholly an effect, and never a cause. It is purely and only the result of the arrangement of wheels and springs; in other words, of material conditions. But in man, the principle of unity is also a cause. Life reacts upon body. The laws of matter are modified by the power of life, chemical action is suspended, living muscles are able to endure without laceration the application of forces which would destroy the dead fibre. So the thought, the love, the will of a living creature react on the physical frame. A sight, a sound, a few spoken words, a message seen in a letter, cause an immense revulsion in the physical condition. Something is suddenly told us, and we faint away, or even die, from the effect of the message. Here mind acts upon matter, showing that in man mind is not merely a result, but also a cause. Hence men have gen-

erally believed in the existence of a soul in man. They have not been taught it by metaphysicians, it is one of the spontaneous inductions of common-sense from universal experience.

But this argument applies equally to prove a soul in animals. The same reaction of soul on body is constantly apparent. Every time that you whistle to your dog, and he comes bounding toward you, his mind has acted on his body. His will has obeyed his thought, his muscles have obeyed his will. The cause of his motion was mental, not physical. This is too evident to require any further illustration. Therefore, regarding the soul as a principle of life, connected with the body but not its result, or, in other words, as an immaterial principle of activity, there is the same reason for believing in the soul of animals that there is for believing in the soul of man.

But when we ask as to the nature of the animal soul, and how far it is analogous to that of man, we meet with certain difficulties. Let us see then how many of the human qualities of the soul are to be found in animals, and so discover if there is any remainder not possessed by them, peculiar to ourselves.

That the vital soul, or principle of life, belongs equally to plants, animals, and men, is evident. This is so apparent as to be granted even by Descartes, who regards animals as mere machines, or automata, destitute of a thinking soul, but not of life or feeling. They are automata, but living and feeling automata. Descartes denies them a soul, because he defines the soul as the thinking and knowing power. But Locke (with whom Leibnitz fully agreed on this point) ascribes to animals thought as well as feeling, and makes their difference from man to consist in their not possessing abstract ideas. We shall presently see the truth of this most sagacious remark.

Plants, animals, and men are alike in possessing the vital principle, which produces growth, which causes them to pass through regular phases of development, which enables them to digest and

assimilate food taken from without, and which carries on a steady circulation within. To this are added, in the animal, the function of voluntary locomotion, perception through the senses of an outward world, the power of feeling pleasure and pain, some wonderful instincts, and some degree of reflective thought. Animals also possess memory, imagination, playfulness, industry, the sense of shame, and many other very human qualities.

Take, for example, Buffon's fine description of the dog (*Histoire du Chien*):

"By nature fiery, irritable, ferocious, and sanguinary, the dog in his savage state is a terror to other animals. But domesticated he becomes gentle, attached, and desirous to please. He hastens to lay at the feet of his master his courage, his strength, and all his abilities. He listens for his master's orders, inquires his will, consults his opinion, begs his permission, understands the indications of his wishes. Without possessing the power of human thought, he has all the warmth of human sentiment. He has more than human fidelity, he is constant in his attachments. He is made up of zeal, ardor, and obedience. He remembers kindness longer than wrong. He endures bad treatment and forgets it—disarming it by patience and submission."

No one who has ever had a dog for a friend will think this description exaggerated. If any should so consider it, we will cite for their benefit what Mr. Jesse, one of the latest students of the canine race, asserts concerning it, in his *Researches into the History of the British Dog* (London, 1866): He says that remarkable instances of the following virtues, feelings, and powers of mind are well authenticated:—

"The dog risks his life to give help; goes for assistance; saves life from drowning, fire, other animals, and men; assists distress; guards property; knows boundaries; resents injuries; repays benefits; communicates ideas; combines with other dogs for several purposes;

understands language; knows when he is about to die; knows death in a human being; devotes his whole life to the object of his love; dies of grief and of joy; dies in his master's defense; commits suicide; remains by the dead; solicits, and gives alarm; knows the characters of men; recognizes a portrait, and men after long absence; is fond of praise and sensible to ridicule; feels shame, and is sensible of a fault; is playful; is incorruptible; finds his way back from distant countries; is magnanimous to smaller animals; is jealous; has dreams; and takes a last farewell when dying."

Much of this, it may be said, is instinctive. We must therefore distinguish between Instinct and Intelligence; or, rather, between instinctive intelligence, and reflective intelligence. Many writers on the subject of animals have not carefully distinguished these very different activities of the soul. Even M. Leroy, one of the first in modern times who brought careful observation to the study of the nature of animals, has not always kept in view this distinction—as has been noticed by a subsequent French writer of very considerable ability, M. Flourens.¹ The following marks, according to M. Flourens, distinguish instinct from intelligence.

INSTINCT	INTELLIGENCE
Is spontaneous,	Is deliberative,
" necessary,	" conditional,
" invariable,	" modifiable,
" innate	comes from observation and experience,
" fatal,	is free,
" particular.	" general.

Thus the building faculty of the beaver is an instinct, for it acts spontaneously, and always in the same way. It is not a general faculty of building in all places and ways, but a special power of building houses of sticks, mud, and other materials, with the entrance under water and a dry place within. When beavers build on a running stream, they begin by making a dam

¹ The Intelligence and Perfectibility of Animals. By C. G. Leroy. Translated into English in 1870.

De l'Instinct et l'Intelligence des Animaux. Par P. Flourens. Paris, 1864.

across it, which preserves them from losing the water in a drought; but this also is a spontaneous and invariable act. The old stories of their driving piles, using their tails for trowels, and having well-planned houses with many chambers, have been found to be fictitious. That the beaver builds by instinct, though intelligence comes in to modify the instinct, appears from his wishing to build his house or his dam when it is not needed. Mr. Broderip, the English naturalist, had a pet beaver that manifested his building instinct by dragging together warming-pans, sweeping-brushes, boots, and sticks, which he would lay crosswise. He then would fill in his wall with clothes, bits of coal, turf, laying it very even. Finally, he made a nest for himself behind his wall with clothes, hay, and cotton. As this creature had been brought from America very young, all this procedure must have been instinctive. But his intelligence showed itself in his adapting his mode of building to his new circumstances. His instinct led him to build his wall, and to lay his sticks crosswise, and to fill in with what he could find, according to the universal and spontaneous procedure of all beavers. But his making use of a chest of drawers for one side of his wall, and taking brushes and boots instead of cutting down trees, were no doubt acts of intelligence.

A large part of the wonderful procedure of bees is purely instinctive. Bees, from the beginning of the world, and in all countries of the earth, have lived in similar communities; have had their queen, to lay their eggs; if their queen is lost, have developed a new one in the same way, by altering the conditions of existence in one of their larvæ; have constructed their hexagonal cells by the same mathematical law, so as to secure the most strength with the least outlay of material. All this is instinct—for it is spontaneous and not deliberate; it is universal and constant. But when the bee defects his comb in order to avoid a stick thrust across the inside of the hive, and begins the varia-

tion before he reaches the stick; this can only be regarded as an act of intelligence.

Animals, then, have both instincts and intelligence; and so has man. A large part of human life proceeds from tendencies as purely, if not as vigorously, instinctive as those of animals. Man has social instincts, which create human society. Children play from an instinct. The maternal instinct in a human mother is, till modified by reflection, as spontaneous, universal, and necessary as the same instinct in animals. But in man the instincts are reduced to a minimum, and are soon modified by observation, experience, and reflection. In animals they are at their maximum, and are modified in a much less degree.

It is sometimes said that animals do not reason, but man does. But animals are quite capable of at least two modes of reasoning: that of comparison, and that of inference. They compare two modes of action, or two substances, and judge the one to be preferable to the other, and accordingly select it. Sir Emerson Tennent tells us that elephants, employed to build stone walls in Ceylon, will lay each stone in its place, then stand off and look to see if it is plumb, and, if not, will move it with their trunk, till it lies perfectly straight. This is a pure act of reflective judgment. He narrates an adventure which befell himself in Ceylon while riding on a narrow road through the forest. He heard a rumbling sound approaching, and directly there came to meet him an elephant, bearing on his tusks a large log of wood, which he had been directed to carry to the place where it was needed. Sir Emerson Tennent's horse, unused to these monsters, was alarmed, and refused to go forward. The sagacious elephant, perceiving this, evidently decided that he must himself go out of the way. But to do this, he was obliged first to take the log from his tusks with his trunk, and lay it on the ground, which he did, and then backed out of the road between the trees till only his head was

visible. But the horse was still too timid to go by, whereupon the judicious pachyderm pushed himself farther back, till all of his body, except the end of his trunk, had disappeared. Then Sir Emerson succeeded in getting his horse by, but stopped to witness the result. The elephant came out, took the log up again, laid it across his tusks, and went on his way. This story, told by an unimpeachable witness, shows several successive acts of reasoning. The log-bearer inferred from the horse's terror that it would not pass; he again inferred that in that case he must himself get out of the way; that, to do this, he must lay down his log; that he must go farther back; and accompanying this was his sense of duty, making him faithful to his task; and, most of all, his consideration of what was due to this human traveler, which kept him from driving the horse and man before him as he went on.

There is another well-authenticated anecdote of an elephant; he was following an ammunition wagon, and saw the man who was seated on it fall off just before the wheel. The man would have been crushed had not the animal instantly run forward, and, without an order, lifted the wheel with his trunk, and held it suspended in the air, till the wagon had passed over the man without hurting him. Here were combined presence of mind, good-will, knowledge of the danger to the man, and a rapid calculation of how he could be saved.

A gentleman who has recently died in Paris, belonging to a well-known Boston family, was in his early life a sea-captain. He had a dog, which he sometimes took to sea with him, and sometimes left behind, at his father's house in Somerset Street. He once sailed for India, taking his dog. Some three or four months after, the family in Somerset Street were astonished by the arrival of a dog, very lean and dirty, but who claimed acquaintance with them by many unmistakable signs, and whom they recognized at last as the captain's dog. But how had he got

home? The vessel on which he sailed could hardly have arrived in India, much less returned. Inquiring on the wharves, they at last learned that he had come to the port of Boston on a vessel just from Marseilles. The captain could only say that this dog had come on board in Marseilles and had insisted on remaining till they arrived in Boston, when he had instantly leaped on the wharf and disappeared. The difficulty now was to know how he got to Marseilles. This mystery was solved on the return of his owner some months after, who said that at sea he had received such kindness from a French captain who took a great fancy to his dog, that he could not refuse to give him to the Frenchman. The dog, therefore, had been carried to France, and then had found his way to a vessel bound for Boston, and had come home. Whether he smelt a certain Boston aroma hanging round the ship, or merely observed that the crew spoke the language with which he was familiar, we cannot say. But it is not every man who could succeed in getting home so readily from a foreign land.

Perhaps I may properly introduce here an account of the manifestations of mind in the animals I have had the most opportunity of observing. I have a horse, who was named Rubezahl, after the Mountain Spirit of the Harz made famous in the stories of Musaeus. We have contracted his name to Ruby for convenience. Now I have reason to believe that Ruby can distinguish Sunday from other days. On Sunday I have been in the habit of driving to Boston to church; but on other days, I drive to the neighboring village, where are the post-office, shops of mechanics, and other stores. To go to Boston, I usually turn to the right when I leave my driveway; to go to the village, I turn to the left. Now, on Sunday, if I leave the reins loose, so that the horse may do as he pleases, he invariably turns to the right, and goes to Boston. On other days, he as invariably turns to the left, and goes to the village. He does this so constantly and regularly,

that none of the family have any doubt of the fact that he knows that it is Sunday; *how* he knows it we are unable to discover. I have left my house at the same hour, on Sunday and on Monday; in the same carriage; with the same number of persons in it: and yet on Sunday he always turns to the right, and on Monday to the left. He is fed at the same time on Sunday as on other days, but the man comes back to harness him a little later on Sunday than at other times, and that is possibly his method of knowing that it is the day for going to Boston. But see how much of observation, memory, and thought is implied in all this.

Again, Ruby has shown a very distinct feeling of the supernatural. Driving one day up a hill near my house, we met a horse-car coming down toward us, running without horses, simply by the force of gravity. My horse became so frightened that he ran into the gutter, and nearly overturned me; and I got him past with the greatest difficulty. Now he had met the cars coming down that hill drawn by horses, a hundred times, and had never been alarmed. Moreover, only a day or two after, in going up the same hill, we saw a car moving uphill, before us, where the horses were entirely invisible, being concealed by the car itself, which was between us and the horses. But this did not frighten Ruby at all. He evidently said to himself, "The horses are there, though I do not see them." But in the other case it seemed to him an effect without a cause — something plainly supernatural. There was nothing in the aspect of the car itself to alarm him; he had seen that often enough. He was simply terrified by seeing it move without any adequate cause — just as we should be, if we saw our chairs begin to walk about the room.

Our Newfoundland dog's name is Donatello; which, again, is shortened to Don in common parlance. He has all the affectionate and excellent qualities of his race. He is the most good-natured creature I ever saw. Nothing provokes him. Little dogs may yelp

at him, the cat or kittens may snarl and spit at him; he pays no attention to them. A little dog climbs on his back, and lies down there; one of the cats will lie between his legs. But at night, when he is on guard, no one can approach the house unchallenged.

But his affection for the family is very great. To be allowed to come into the house and lie down near us is his chief happiness. He was very fond of my son E——, who played with him a good deal, and when the young man went away during the war, with a three months' regiment, Don was much depressed by his absence. He walked down regularly to the station, and stood there till a train of cars came in, and when his friend did not arrive in it, he went back, with a melancholy air, to the house. But at last the young man returned. It was in the evening, and Don was lying on the piazza. As soon as he saw his friend, his exultation knew no bounds. He leaped upon him, and ran round him, barking and showing the wildest signs of delight. All at once he turned, and ran up into the garden, and came back bringing an apple, which he laid down at the feet of his young master. It was the only thing he could think of to do for him — and this sign of his affection was quite pathetic.

The reason why Don thought of the apple was probably this: we had taught him to go and get an apple for the horse, when so directed. We would say, "Go, Don, get an apple for poor Ruby;" then he would run up into the garden, and bring an apple, and hold it up to the horse; and perhaps when the horse tried to take it he would pull it away. After doing this a few times, he would finally lie down on his back under the horse's nose, and allow the latter to take the apple from his mouth. He would also kiss the horse, on being told to do so. When we said, "Don, kiss poor Ruby," he leaped up and kissed the horse's nose. But he afterwards hit upon a more convenient method of doing it. He got his paw over the rein and pulled down the horse's head, so

that he could continue the osculatory process more at his ease, sitting comfortably on the ground.

Animals know when they have done wrong; so far, at least, as that means disobeying our will or command. The only great fault which Don ever committed was stealing a piece of meat from our neighbor's kitchen. I do not think he was punished or even scolded for it; for we did not find it out till later, when it would have done no good to punish him. But a week or two after that, the gentleman whose kitchen had been robbed was standing on my lawn, talking with me, and he referred, laughingly, to what Don had done. He did not even look at the dog, much less change his tones to those of rebuke. But the moment Don heard his name mentioned, he turned and walked away, and hid himself under the low branches of a Norway spruce near by. He was evidently profoundly ashamed of himself. Was this the result of conscience, or of the love of approbation? In either case, it was very human.

That the love of approbation is common to many animals we all know. Dogs and horses certainly can be influenced by praise and blame, as easily as men. Many years ago we had occasion to draw a load of gravel, and we put Ruby into a tip-cart to do the work. He was profoundly depressed, and evidently felt it as a degradation. He hung his head, and showed such marks of humiliation that we have never done it since. But on the other hand, when he goes out, under the saddle, by the side of a young horse, this veteran animal tries as hard to appear young, as any old bachelor of sixty years who is still ambitious of social triumphs. He dances along, and goes sideways, and has all the airs and graces of a young colt. All this, too, is excessively human.

At one time my dog was fond of going to the railway station to see the people, and I always ordered him to go home, fearing he should be hurt by the cars. He easily understood that if he went there, it was contrary to my wishes. Nevertheless, he often went; and I do

not know but this fondness for forbidden fruit was rather human too. So, whenever he was near the station, if he saw me coming, he would look the other way, and pretend not to know me. If he met me anywhere else, he always bounded to meet me with great delight. But at the station it was quite different. He would pay no attention to my whistle, or my call. He even pretended to be another dog, and would look me right in the face, without apparently recognizing me. He gave me the cut direct, in the most impertinent manner; the reason evidently being, that he knew he was doing what was wrong, and did not like to be found out. Possibly he may have relied a little on my near-sightedness, in this manoeuvre.

That animals have acute observation, memory, imagination, the sense of approbation, strong affections, and the power of reasoning, is therefore very evident. Lord Bacon also speaks of a dog's reverence for his master as partaking of a religious element. "Mark," says he, "what a generosity and courage a dog will put on, when he finds himself maintained by a man, who to him is instead of a God—which courage he could not attain, without that confidence in a better nature than his own." Who that has seen the mute admiration and trust in a dog's eye, as he looks up at his master, but can see in it something of a religious reverence—the germ and first principle of religion?

What, then, is the difference between the human soul and that of the animal in its highest development?

That there is a very marked difference between man and the highest animal is evident. The human being, weaker in proportion than all other animals, has subjected them all to himself. He has subdued the earth by his inventions. Physically too feeble to dig a hole in the ground like a rabbit, or to fell a tree like a beaver; unable to live in the water like a fish, or to move through the air like a bird; he yet, by his inventive power, and his machinery, can compel the forces of nature to

work for him. They are the true geni, slaves of his lamp. Air, fire, water, electricity, and magnetism build his cities and his stately ships, run his errands, carry him from land to land, and accept him as their master.

Whence does man obtain this power? Some say it is the *human hand* which has made man supreme. It is, no doubt, a wonderful machine; a box of tools in itself. The size and strength of the thumb, and the power of opposing it to the extremities of the fingers, distinguishes, according to most anatomists, the human hand from that of the quadrumanous animals. In those monkeys which are nearest to man, the thumb is so short and weak, and the fingers so long and slender, that their tips can scarcely be brought in opposition. Excellent for climbing, they are not good for taking up small objects or supporting large ones. But the hand of man could accomplish little, without the mind behind it. It was therefore a good remark of Galen, that "man is not the wisest of animals because he has a hand; but God has given him a hand because he is the wisest of animals."

The size of the human brain, relatively greater than that of almost any other animal; man's structure, adapting him to stand erect; his ability to exist in all climates; his power of subsisting on varied food: all these facts of his physical nature are associated with his superior mental power, but do not produce it. The question recurs, What enables him to stand at the head of the animal creation?

Perhaps the chief apparent distinctions between man and other animals are these:—

1. The lowest races of men use tools; other animals do not.

2. The lowest human beings possess a verbal language; other animals have none.

3. Man has the capacity of self-culture, as an individual; other animals have not.

4. Human beings, associated in society, are capable of progress in civilization, by means of science, art, liter-

ature, and religion; other animals are not.

5. Men have a capacity for religion; no animal, except man, has this.

The lowest races of men use tools, but no other animal does this. This is so universally admitted by science, that the presence of the rudest tools of stone is considered a sufficient trace of the presence of man. If stone hatchets or hammers or arrow-heads are found in any stratum, though no human bones are detected, anthropologists regard this as a sufficient proof of the existence of human beings in the period indicated by such a geologic formation. The only tools used by animals in procuring food, in war, or in building their homes, are their natural organs; their beaks, teeth, claws, etc. It may be added that man alone wears clothes; other animals being sufficiently clothed by nature. No animals make a fire, though they often suffer from cold; but there is no race of men unacquainted with the use of fire.¹

No animals possess a verbal language. Animals can remember some of the words used by men, and associate with them their meaning. But this is not the use of language. It is merely the memory of two associated facts—as when the animal recollects where he found food, and goes to the same place to look for it again. Animals have different cries, indicating different wants. They use one cry to call their mate, another to terrify their prey. But this is not the use of verbal language. Human language implies not merely an acquaintance with the meaning of particular words, but the power of putting them together in a sentence. Animals have no such language as this; for, if they had, it would have been learned by men. Man has the power of learning any verbal language. Adelung and Vater reckon over three thousand languages spoken by men, and any man can learn any of them. The negroes speak their own languages in their own countries, they speak Arabic in North Africa, they learn to speak English,

¹ It is a mistake to say that the Tasmanians do not use fire.

French, and Spanish in America, and Oriental languages when they go to the East. If any animals had a verbal language, with its vocabulary and grammar, men would long ago have learned it, and would have been able to converse with them.

Again, no animal except man is capable of self-culture, as an individual. Animals are trained by external influences; they do not teach themselves. An old wolf is much more cunning than a young one, but he has been made so by the force of circumstances. You can teach your dog tricks, but no dog has ever taught himself any. Yet the lowest savages teach themselves to make tools, to ornament their paddles and clubs, and acquire certain arts by diligent effort. Birds will sometimes practice the tunes which they hear played, till they have learned them. They will also sometimes imitate each other's songs. That is, they possess the power of vocal imitation. But to imitate the sounds we hear is not self-culture. It is not developing a new power, but it is exercising in a new way a natural gift. Yet we must admit that in this habit of birds there is the rudiment, at least, of self-education.

All races of men are capable of progress in civilization. Many, indeed, remain in a savage state for thousands of years, and we cannot positively prove that any particular race which has always been uncivilized is capable of civilization. But we are led to believe it from having known of so many tribes of men who have emerged from apathy, ignorance, and barbarism into the light of science and art. So it was with all the Teutonic races—the Goths, Germans, Kelts, Lombards, Scandinavians. So it was with the Arabs, who roamed for thousands of years over the deserts, a race of ignorant robbers, and then, filled with the great inspiration of Islam, flamed up into a brilliant coruscation of science, literature, art, military success, and profound learning. What great civilizations have grown up in China, India, Persia, Assyria, Babylon, Phœnicia, Egypt, Greece, Rome, Car-

thage, Etruria! But no such progress has ever appeared among the animals. As their parents were, five thousand years ago, so, essentially, are they now.

Nor are animals religious, in the sense of worshiping unseen powers, higher than themselves. My horse showed a sense of the supernatural, but this is not worship.

These are some of the most marked points of difference between man and all other animals. Now these can all be accounted for by the hypothesis in which Locke and Leibnitz both agreed; namely, that while animals are capable of reasoning about facts, they are incapable of abstract ideas. Or, we may say with Coleridge, that while animals, in common with man, possess the faculty of understanding, they do not possess that of reason. Coleridge seems to have intended by this exactly what Locke and Leibnitz meant by their statement. When my dog Don heard the word "apple," he thought of the particular concrete apple under the tree; and not of apples in general, and their relation to pears, peaches, etc. Don understood me when I told him to go and get an apple, and obeyed; but he would not have understood me if I had remarked to him that apples were better than pears, more healthy than peaches, not so handsome as grapes. I should then have gone into the region of abstract and general ideas.

Now it is precisely the possession of this power of abstract thought which will explain the superiority of man to all other animals. It explains the use of tools; for a tool is an instrument prepared not for one special purpose, but to be used generally, in certain ways. A baboon, like a man, might pick up a particular stone with which to crack a particular nut; but the ape does not make and keep a stone hammer, to be used on many similar occasions. A box of tools contains a collection of saws, planes, draw-knives, etc., not made to use on one occasion merely, but made for sawing, cutting, and planing purposes generally.

Still more evident is it that the power

of abstraction is necessary for verbal language. We do not here use the common term "articulate speech," for we can conceive of animals articulating their vocal sounds. But "a word" is an abstraction. The notion is lifted out of the concrete particular fact, and deposited in the abstract general term. All words, except proper names, are abstract; and to possess and use a verbal language is impossible, without the possession of this mental faculty.

In regard to self-culture, it is clear that for any steady progress one must keep before his mind an abstract idea of what he wishes to do. This enables him to rise above impulse, passion, instinct, habit, circumstance. By the steady contemplation of the proposed aim, one can arrange circumstances, restrain impulse, direct one's activity, and become really free.

In like manner races become developed in civilization by the impact of abstract ideas. Sometimes it is by coming in contact with other civilized nations, which gives them an ideal superior to anything before known. Sometimes the motive power of their progress is the reception of truths of science, art, literature, or religion.

It is not necessary to show that without abstract, universal, and necessary ideas no religion is possible; for religion being the worship of unseen powers, conceived as existing, as active, as spiritual, necessarily implies these ideas in the mind of the worshiper.

We find, then, in the soul of animals all active, affectionate, and intelligent capacities, as in that of man. The only difference is that man is capable of abstract ideas, which give him a larger liberty of action, which enable him to adopt an aim and pursue it, and which change his affections from an instinctive attachment into a principle of generous love. Add, then, to the animal soul the capacity for abstract ideas, and it would rise at once to the level of man. Meantime, in a large part of their nature, they have the same faculties with ourselves. They share our emotions, and we theirs. They are

made "a little lower" than man, and, if we are souls, so surely are they.

Are they immortal? To discuss this question would require more space than we can here give to it. For our own part, we fully believe in the continued existence of all souls, at the same time assuming their continued advance. The law of life is progress; and one of the best features in the somewhat unspiritual theory of Darwin is its profound faith in perpetual improvement. This theory is the most startling optimism that has ever been taught, for it makes the law of the whole universe to be perpetual progress.

Many of the arguments for the immortality of man cannot indeed be used for our dumb relations, the animals. We cannot argue from their universal faith in a future life; nor contend that they need an immortality on moral grounds, to recompense their good conduct and punish their wickedness. We might indeed adduce a reason implied in our Saviour's parable, and believe that the poor creatures who have received their evil things in this life will be comforted in another. Moreover we might find in many animals qualities fitting them for a higher state. There are animals, as we have seen, who show a fidelity, courage, generosity, often superior to what we see in man. The dogs who have loved their master, more than food, and starved to death on his grave, are surely well fitted for a higher existence. Jesse tells a story of a cat which was being stoned by cruel boys. Men went by, and did not interfere; but a dog, that saw it, did. He drove away the boys, and then took the cat to his kennel, licked her all over with his tongue, and his conduct interested people, who brought her milk. The canine nurse took care of her till she was well, and the cat and dog remained fast friends ever after. Such an action in a man would have been called heroic; and we think such a dog would not be out of place in heaven.

Yet it is not so much on particular cases of animal superiority that we rely, but on the difficulty of conceiving, in

any sense, of the destruction of life. The principle of life, whether we call it soul or body, matter or spirit, escapes all observation of the senses. All that we know of it by observation is, that beside the particles of matter which compose an organized body, there is something else, not cognizable by the senses, which attracts and dismisses them, modifies and coördinates them. The unity of the body is not to be found in its sensible phenomena, but in something which escapes the senses. Into the vortex of that life material molecules are being continually absorbed, and from it they are perpetually discharged. If death means the dissolution of the body, we die many times in the course of our earthly career, for every body is said by human anatomists to be changed in all its particles once in seven years. What then remains, if all the particles go? The principle of organization remains, and this invisible, persistent principle constitutes the identity of every organized body. If I say that I have the *same* body when I am

fifty which I had at twenty, it is because I mean by "body" that which continues unaltered amid the fast-flying particles of matter. This life-principle makes and remakes the material frame; that body does not make it. When what we call death intervenes, all that we can assert is that the life principle has done, wholly and at once, what it has always been doing gradually and in part. What happens to the material particles, we see: they become detached from the organizing principle, and relapse into simply mechanical and chemical conditions. What has happened to that organizing principle we neither see nor know; and we have absolutely no reason at all for saying that it has ceased to exist.

This is as true of plants and of animals as of men; and there is no reason for supposing that when these die, their principle of life is ended. It probably has reached a crisis, which consists in the putting on of new forms and ascending into a higher order of organized existence.

James Freeman Clarke.

ONE BEHIND TIME.

LET fortune hasten where you go—

Let fame and honor too;

Still I will loiter as I know,

My careless paths pursue.

The wood-nymph health, unsought, unwooed,

Meets me in joyous air,

Shy peace companions solitude,

And love is everywhere!

O world upon the hurrying train,

Fly on your way! For me,

A saunterer through the slighted lane,

A dreamer, let me be.

My footsteps pass away in flowers,

So fragrant all I meet;

Use the quick minutes of your hours—

The days die here so sweet!

John James Piatt.

A WEDDING IN MUSKOKA.

AN INCIDENT OF LIFE IN THE CANADA BACKWOODS.

I FREELY acknowledge that I am a romantic old woman; my children are continually telling me that such is my character, and without shame I confess the soft impeachment. I do not look upon romance as being either frivolous, unreal, or degrading; I consider it as a Heaven-sent gift to the favored few, enabling them to cast a softening halo of hope and beauty round the stern and rugged realities of daily life, and fitting them also to enter into the warm feelings and projects of the young, long after the dreams of love and youth have become to themselves things of the past.

After this preface, I need hardly say that I love and am loved by young people, that I have been the depositary of many innocent love secrets, and have brought more than one affair of the kind to a happy conclusion. I feel tempted to record my last experience, which began in France and ended happily in Muskoka, Canada.

Just seven years ago I was in France busily working in my beautiful flower-garden, when I was told that visitors awaited me in the drawing-room. Hastily pulling off my garden gloves and apron, I went in and found a very dear young friend, whom I shall call Sidney Herbert; he asked my permission to present to me four young ladies of his acquaintance, all sisters, and very sweet specimens of pretty, lady-like English girls. The eldest, much older than the rest, and herself singularly attractive, seemed completely to merge her own identity in that of her young charges, to whose education she had devoted the best years of her early womanhood, and who now repaid her with loving affection and implicit deference to her authority. It was easy for me to see that the "bright, particular star" of my handsome, dashing young friend was the second sister, a lovely, shy girl of six-

teen, whose blushes and timidity fully assured me of the state of matters between the two. The mother of Mary Lennox (such was my heroine's name) lived in France, her father in England; and in this divided household the care of the three younger girls had been entirely left to their eldest sister. Sidney Herbert had made their acquaintance in that extraordinary manner in which young ladies and gentlemen *do* manage to become acquainted as often in real life as in novels, without any intercourse between the respective families.

For two or three months he had been much in their society, and the well-known result had followed. I have rarely seen a handsomer couple than these boy and girl lovers, on whom the eldest sister evidently looked with fond and proud admiration.

In subsequent interviews poor Sidney more fully opened his heart to me, and laid before me all his plans and projects for the future. The son of an old officer who fell during the Crimean war, he had neither friends nor fortune, but had to make his own position in the world. At this time he was twenty-one, and having just entered the merchant service was about to sail for Australia. He told me also of the fierce opposition made by every member of Mary's family except her eldest sister, to their engagement. I was not at all surprised at this, and told him so, for could anything be more imprudent than an engagement between two people so young, and so utterly without this world's goods? Mary, like himself, had neither fortune nor prospects. She was going to England to a finishing school with her two sisters, with the fixed idea of qualifying herself for a governess. Sidney entreated me to be a friend to these dear girls in his absence, to watch especially over his Mary during their brief holidays

which were to be spent in France, to be his medium of correspondence with her while away, and above all, to watch for every incidental opening to influence her family in his favor. To all his wishes I at last consented, not without seriously laying before him that his carrying out this wish of his heart mainly depended upon his own steadiness, good conduct, and success in his profession. He promised everything, poor fellow, and religiously kept his promise. A few hurried interviews at my house were followed by a tearful farewell, and then for the first time the young lovers drifted apart; Sidney sailed for Australia, and Mary and her sisters crossed the Channel and went to school.

At this time, the hero of my history was full of energy, life, and determination, fond of active, out-door employment, with a presence of mind and a dauntless courage which never failed him in moments of danger, and which enabled him in after years to extricate himself and others from scenes of imminent peril. Indeed, his sister averred that such was his presence of mind, that should his ship be wrecked, and every one on board be lost, Sidney would surely be saved if with only a butter-boat to cling to. He was truly affectionate and kind-hearted, but at this early age slightly imperious and self-willed, having been greatly flattered and spoilt in childhood; but contact with the world does much to smooth off the sharpest angularities, and poor Sidney had a rough future before him. After Sidney had sailed for Melbourne, and Mary and her sisters had gone to school, more than a year elapsed, during which time letters duly arrived which I carefully forwarded; and soon after the expiration of that time, he and his ship arrived safely at Liverpool. Having with some difficulty obtained from the owners a few days' leave, he hurried over to France to see and reassure his anxious and beloved Mary. Fortunately it was the Christmas holidays, and as soon as I could notify his arrival to Miss Lennox, she brought all the dear girls down to me. Then ensued, for the

lovers, long walks up and down my garden, in spite of the cold; for us all, a few pleasant tea-parties; and then another separation, which this time was to extend over more than three years.

I am by no means favorable to long engagements, but these two were so young, that I have always considered the years of anxiety and suspense they passed through as an excellent training time for both. They certainly helped to form Mary's character, and to give her those habits of patience and trusting hopefulness which have been of so much benefit to her since. Nor was she ever allowed to think herself forgotten. Fond and affectionate letters came regularly every month, and at rare intervals such pretty tokens of remembrance as the slender means of her sailor lover could procure; perfumes and holy beads from India, feathers from Abyssinia, and a pretty gold ring, set with pearls of the purest water, from the Persian Gulf.

Later came the pleasing intelligence that Sidney Herbert had passed an excellent examination to qualify him as mate, and was on board one of the ships belonging to the company called the British India, which took out the expedition for laying the cable in the Persian Gulf. On board this ship he met with a gentleman whose influence over his future fate has long appeared to us all providential. This person was Major C—, the officer in command of the party sent out. They had many conversations together, and, cheered and encouraged by his kindness, Sidney ventured to address a letter to him, in which he stated how much he was beginning to suffer from the heat of India; how in his profession he had been driven about the world for nearly five years, and still found himself as little able to marry and settle as at first; that he had no friend to place him in any situation which might better his position; and that his desire to quit a seafaring life was increased by the fact that he was never free from seasickness, which pursued and tormented him in every voyage just as it did in the beginning.

Major C— responded warmly to this

appeal; they had a long interview, in which he told Sidney that he himself was about to return to England, and felt sure that he could procure for him a good situation in the Telegraph Department in Persia. He gave him his address in London, and told him to come and see him as soon as he got back from India.

Sidney Herbert lost no time, when the expedition was successfully over, in giving up his situation as mate, and in procuring all necessary testimonials as to good conduct and capacity. Indeed, he so wrought upon the officials of the British India, that they gave him a free passage in one of their ships as far as Suez.

The letter containing the news of his improved prospects and speedy return occasioned the greatest joy. I had some time before made the acquaintance of Mrs. Lennox, and from her manner, as well as from what Miss Lennox told me, I saw with joy that all active opposition was over, and that the engagement was tacitly connived at by the whole family. It was in the beginning of April that Sidney Herbert arrived, his health much improved by absolute freedom from hard work and night watches. He had to pay all his own expenses from Suez, and just managed the overland journey on his little savings of eighteen or twenty pounds. The "lovers' walk" in my garden was now in constant occupation, and the summer-house at the end became a permanent boudoir. After a few days given to the joy of such an unexpected and hopeful reunion, Sidney wrote to Major C—— to announce his arrival, and to prepare him for a subsequent visit. He waited some days in great anxiety, and when he received the answer, brought it directly to me. I will not say that despair was written on his face—he was of too strong and hopeful a temperament for that—but blank dismay and measureless astonishment certainly were, and not without cause. The writer first expressed his deep regret that any hope he had held out of a situation should have induced Sidney to give up his profession

for a mere chance. He then stated that on his own return to England he had found the government in one of its periodical fits of parsimony, and that far from being able to make fresh appointments, he had found his own salary cut down, and all supernumeraries inexorably dismissed. Such were the contents of Major C——'s letter. It was indeed a crushing blow. Sidney Herbert could not but feel that his five years of tossing about the world in various climates had been absolutely lost, so far as being settled in life was concerned, and he could not but feel also that he had again to begin the great battle of life, with prospects of success much diminished by the fact of his being now nearly twenty-six years of age.

Many long and anxious consultations ensued on the receipt of this letter. Both Sidney and Mary bravely bore up against the keen disappointment of all their newly raised hopes. If the promised and coveted situation had been secured, there would have been nothing to prevent their almost immediate marriage; now all chance of this was thrown far into the background, and all that could be done was to trace out for Sidney some future plan of life to be begun with as little delay as possible. At the death of a near relative he would be entitled to a small portion of money amounting to five hundred pounds. This he now determined to sink for the present sum of two hundred pounds tendered by the Legal Assurance Society, in lieu of all future claims. It was the end of July, 1870, before the necessary papers were all signed, and with the money thus raised Sidney resolved to start at once for New York, where he proposed embarking his small capital in some business in which his thorough knowledge of French might be useful to him. He prudently expended a portion of his money in a good outfit and a gold watch. Soon after his arrival in New York he wrote to tell us that at the same hotel where he boarded he had met with an old French gentleman recently from Paris, that they had gone into partnership, and had opened a

small establishment on Broadway for the sale of French wines and cigars. He wrote that they had every hope of doing well, numbers of foreigners buying from them, Frenchmen particularly coming in preference where they could freely converse in their own language. Just at this epoch the French and German war broke out, and, stretching as it were across the broad Atlantic, swept into its ruinous vortex the poor little business in New York on which dear friends at home were building up such hopes of success. Sidney and his partner found their circle of French customers disappear as if by magic, the greater part recalled to their own country to serve as soldiers; no German would enter a French store, the English and Americans gave them no encouragement, and amid the stirring events which now occupied the public mind the utter failure of the small business on Broadway took place without exciting either notice or pity. Sidney saved nothing from the wreck of affairs but his gold watch and his clothes.

It was about this time that a casual acquaintance mentioned to Sidney Herbert the "free grant lands" of Muskoka, pointing them out as a wide and promising field for emigration. He told him that he knew several families who had located themselves in that distant settlement, and who had found the land excellent, the conditions on which it was to be held easy of fulfillment, and the climate, though cold, incomparably healthy. This intelligence, coming at a time when all was apparently lost, and his future prospects of the gloomiest kind, decided Sidney Herbert to find his way to Muskoka and to apply for land there. He found a companion for his long journey in the person of a German who had come over with him in the same ship from Havre, and who like himself had entirely failed in bettering his position in New York. This poor young man had left a wife and child in Germany, and now that the war had broken out, having no vocation for fighting, he was afraid to venture back. Sidney sold his gold watch (for

for which he had given twenty pounds) for fifty dollars, and his companion being much on a par as to funds, they joined their resources and started for Muskoka. After a very fatiguing journey, performed as much as possible on foot, but latterly partly by rail and partly by boat, they arrived at Bracebridge, where the German took up one hundred acres, Sidney preferring to wait and choose his land in spring; and it was agreed that during the winter, now beginning with great severity, they should work together and have everything in common. Having engaged a man who knew the country well to go with them and point out the land they had just taken up, they bought a few necessary articles, such as bedding, tools, a cooking-stove, and a small supply of provisions, and started for the township in which they were about to locate. Once upon the land, they set to work, cleared a spot of ground, and with some assistance from their neighbors built a small shanty sufficient to shelter them for the winter. It was when they were tolerably settled that Sidney began to feel what a clog and a hindrance his too hastily formed partnership was likely to be. Feeble in body and feeble in mind, his companion became every day more depressed and homesick. At last he ceased entirely from doing any work, which threw a double portion upon Sidney, who had in addition to do all commissions, and to fetch the letters from the distant post-office in all weathers. Poor Wilhelm could do nothing but smoke feebly by the stove, shudder at the cold now becoming intense, and bemoan his hard fate. He was likewise so timid that he could not bear to be left alone in the shanty. Sidney had a narrow escape from being shot by him one night on his return, rather late, from the post-office. Wilhelm, hearing footsteps, in his fright took down from the wall Sidney's double-barreled gun, which was kept always loaded, and was vainly trying to point it in the right direction, out of the door, when Sidney entered to find him as pale as death, and with limbs shaking to that degree

that fortunately he had been unable to cock the gun. It was indeed hard to be tied down to such a companionship. Sidney himself suffered severely from the cold of the Canadian climate, coming upon him as it did after some years' residence in India, but he never complained, and his letters home to Mary and all of us spoke of hopeful feelings and undiminished perseverance. He has often told us since that he never left the shanty without a strong presentiment that on his return he should find it in flames, so great was the carelessness of his companion in blowing about the lighted ashes from his pipe. For this reason he always carried in the belt he wore round him, night and day, his small remainder of money and all his testimonials and certificates. A great part of his time was occupied in snaring rabbits and shooting an occasional bird or squirrel with which to make soup for his invalid companion. He used to set his snares overnight, and look at them the first thing in the morning. One bitter cold morning he went out as usual to see if anything had been caught, leaving Wilhelm smoking by the stove. He returned to find the shanty in flames and his terrified companion crying, screaming, and wringing his hands. Sidney called to him in a voice of thunder, "The powder!" The frightened fool pointed to the half-burnt shanty, into which Sidney madly dashed, and emerged, half smothered, with a large carpet-bag already smoldering, in which, among all his best clothes, he had stored away his entire stock of gunpowder in canisters. He hurled the carpet-bag far off into a deep drift of snow, and then attempted to stop the fire by cutting away the burning rafters, but all his efforts were useless; hardly anything was saved but one trunk, which he dragged out at once though it was beginning to burn. The tools, the bedding, the working clothes, and most of his good outfit were consumed, and at night he went to bed at a kind neighbor's who had at once taken him in, feeling too truly that he was again a ruined man. One blessing

certainly accrued to him from this sweeping misfortune. He forever got rid of his helpless partner, who at once left the settlement, leaving Sidney again a free agent. Necessity compelled him now to do what he had never done before—to write home for assistance. His letter found his eldest sister in a position to help him, as she had just sunk her own portion in the same manner that he had done, not for her own benefit but to assist members of the family who were in difficulties. She sent him at once fifty pounds, and with the possession of this sum all his prospects brightened. He left the scene of his late disaster, took up one hundred acres of land for himself and another one hundred in the name of Mary Lennox, making sure that she would eventually come out to him. He set hard to work chopping and clearing a few acres, which as the spring opened he cropped judiciously. He then called a "bee," which was well attended, and raised the walls of a good large log-house, the roof of which he shingled entirely himself in a masterly manner. For stock he bought two cows and some chickens, and then wrote to Mary telling of his improved prospects, and asking her if when he was more fully settled she would consent to share his lot in this far-off corner of the earth. At this time Mary was on a visit to me, having been allowed for the first time to accept my warm invitation. All her family were at the sea-side in England, having left during the French war. I have often said that a special providence certainly watched over Sidney and his Mary. It did seem most extraordinary that just at this particular time a married sister of Sidney Herbert, with her husband and children, had suddenly determined to join him in Muskoka. The reason was this. Mr. C—, her husband, was the classical and mathematical professor in a large French academy, but years of scholastic duties, and close attention to books, had so undermined his health that he was quite unable to continue the exercise of his profession; an entire

change of climate and occupation, and a complete abstinence from all studious pursuits, together with an outdoor life, alone gave him the slightest chance of recovery. Sidney was written to and authorized to take up land for them near his own, and it was settled that they were to sail in the end of July.

Now came my time for persuasion and influence. I opened a correspondence with Mary's father, who had recently received an explicit and manly letter from Sidney, with which he was much pleased. I represented to Mr. Lennox that this was no longer the "boy and girl love" (to quote his own words) of five years ago, but a steady affection which had been severely tested by trouble, difficulty, opposition, and separation; that no future opportunity could ever be so favorable as the present one, for his daughter going out to her future husband under the protection and guardianship of a family soon to become her relations, and who would in everything watch over her interest and comfort. In short, I left nothing unsaid that could make a favorable impression, willingly conceding to his paternal feelings that it was, in a worldly point of view, a match falling short of his just expectations for his beautiful and accomplished child. When two or three letters had passed between us, we agreed that Mary should go over at once to her family and join her personal influence to my special pleading. I waited with great anxiety for her answer. At length it came; her family had consented. Fortunately she was just of age, and as she remained steadfast in her attachment they agreed with me that it would be best for her to go out with her future sister-in-law. Mary wrote to Mrs. C—— gratefully accepting her offer of chaperonage, and we dispatched the joyful news to Sidney; but unfortunately named a date for their probable arrival which proved incorrect, as their vessel sailed from London two or three weeks before the expected time. I pass over all the details of their voyage and subsequent journey, and now take up the narrative

in Mrs. C——'s words, telling of their arrival at Mary's future home.

"It was about noon of a burning day in August, when the stage-wagon in which we came from Utersan turned out of the road into the 'bush.' After going some little way in a dreadful narrow track covered with stumps, over which the wagon jolted fearfully, we were told to get down, as the driver could not go any farther with safety to the horses, and we therefore paid and dismissed him. We soon came to a shanty by the road side, the owner of which came to meet us, and offered to be our guide. He evidently knew to whom we were going, but the perplexed and doubtful expression of his face when he caught sight of our party was most amusing. He looked from one to the other, and then burst out in quite an injured tone, 'But nothing is ready for you—the house even is not finished; Mr. Sidney knows nothing of your coming so soon—he told me this morning that he did not expect you for three weeks! What will he do?' The poor man, a great friend and ally of Sidney's, appeared quite angry at our ill-timed arrival, but we explained to him that we should only be too thankful for any kind of shelter, being dreadfully wearied with our long journey, and the poor children crying from heat, fatigue, and the attacks of the mosquitoes. C—— now proposed going in advance of us to prepare Sidney for our arrival. He walked quickly on, and entering the clearing, caught sight of Sidney hard at work in the burning sun, covered with dust and perspiration, and in fact barely recognizable, being attired in a patched suit of common working clothes which he had snatched from the shanty fire, with his toes also peeping out of a pair of old boots with soles partly off.

"On first seeing his brother-in-law every vestige of color left his face, so great was his emotion, knowing that we must be close at hand. To rush into the house after a few words of explanation, to make a brief toilet, greatly aided by a bucket of water and plenty of soap, to attire himself in a most becoming suit of

cool brown linen, and finally to place on his hastily brushed head a Panama hat which we had often admired, was the work of little more than a quarter of an hour, and to C——'s great amusement the scrubby, dirty-looking workman he had greeted stepped forward in the much-improved guise of a handsome and aristocratic-looking young planter. In the mean time our guide, having brought us within sight of the outer fence, hastily took his leave, hardly waiting to receive our thanks. Mary and I have often laughed since at his great anxiety to get away from us, which we know now was partly from delicate reluctance to intrude upon our first interview, but a great deal more from his horror at the state in which he knew things to be at the house. Poor Sidney, when he reached us, could hardly speak. After one fond and grateful embrace of his darling, and a most kind and affectionate welcome to the children and myself, he conducted us to the house. Although his neighbor had prepared us for disappointment, yet I must own that we felt unutterable dismay when we looked around us. The house was certainly a good large one, but it was a mere shell; nothing but the walls and the roof were up, and even the walls were neither chinked nor mossed, so that we could see daylight between all the logs. The floor was not laid down, but in the middle of it an excavation had been begun for a cellar, so that there was a yawning hole, in which for some weeks my children found a play closet and a hiding-place for all their rubbish.

"Furniture there was none, the only seats and tables being Sidney's one trunk, partly burnt, saved from the fire, and a few flour barrels. There was no semblance of a bed, except a little hay in a corner, a few sacks, and an old blanket. A few milk pans and a few plates and mugs completed the articles in this truly Irish cabin, of which Sidney did the honors with imperturbable grace and self-possession. He made no useless apologies for the existing discomforts; he told us simply what he meant the house to be as soon as he

could get time to finish it. We found the larder as scantily furnished as the house, but Sidney made us a few cakes and baked them in the oven; he boiled some potatoes and milked the cow, so that we were not long without some refreshment. For sleeping we curtained off a corner of the room with our traveling cloaks and shawls, and made a tolerable bed with bundles of hay, and a few sacks to cover us. We had brought nothing with us but our lunch baskets, so were obliged to lie down in most of our clothes, the nights beginning to be very chilly, and the night air coming in freely through the unchinked walls. The two gentlemen lay down just as they were, in the far corner of the room on some hay, and if we were chilly and uncomfortable I think they must have been more so. This first night we were undisturbed, but on the next we were hardly asleep when we were awoken by a horrid and continuous hissing, which seemed to come from the hay of our improvised bed. We all started up in terror, the poor frightened children crying loudly. The gentlemen, armed with sticks, beat the hay of the beds about and scattered it completely. They soon had the pleasant sight of a tolerable-sized snake gliding swiftly from our corner, and making its escape under the door into the clearing, where Sidney found and killed it next morning. We must indeed have been tired, to sleep soundly as we all certainly did after the beds had been rearranged. The next day Mr. C—— proposed walking to Utersan to purchase a few necessary articles of food, and Sidney went on to Bracebridge to look for a clergyman to perform the marriage ceremony between him and Mary. As to waiting for our luggage, and for the elegant bridal attire which had been so carefully packed by loving hands, we all agreed that it would be ridiculous, and dear Mary, like a true heroine, accepted the discomforts of her situation bravely, and far from uttering a single complaint, made the best of everything. Both Mr. C—— and myself had fits of irrepressible vexation at the state of affairs, but as we could in no way help

ourselves, we thought it best to be silent, and to hurry on the building of a log-house for ourselves, which we at once did. The very day after our arrival Mary and I undertook the work of housekeeping, taking it by turns day and day about. We found it most fatiguing, the days being so hot and the mosquitoes so tormenting. Moreover, the stove being placed outside, we were exposed to the burning sun every time we went near it. When Sidney returned from Bracebridge he told us that the Church of England clergyman being away at Toronto, he had engaged the services of the Wesleyan minister whose chapel he had sometimes attended, and that gentleman had promised to come as soon as possible, and to bring with him a proper and respectable witness. The day of his coming being left uncertain, Mary and I were kept in a continual state of terror and expectation, and at such a time we felt doubly the annoyance of not being able to get from Toronto even the trunks containing our clothes. In vain we tried to renovate our soiled and travel-stained dresses; neither brushing nor shaking nor sponging could alter their unmistakably shabby appearance, and it required some philosophy to be contented. It was worse for poor Mary than for any one else, and I felt quite touched when I saw her carefully washing and ironing the lace frill from the neck of her dress, and then arranging it again as nicely as possible. Two days passed, and on the afternoon of the third we had put the poor children to sleep, and were lying down ourselves, quite overcome with the heat, when my husband entered hastily to tell us that the Rev. Mr. W—— had arrived to perform the marriage ceremony, and had brought with him as witness a good-natured storekeeper who had left his business to oblige Sidney, with whom he had had many dealings. Sidney, who had dressed himself every day, not to be taken by surprise, was quite ready, and kept them in conversation while Mary and I arranged our hair, washed the

children's faces and hands, and as well as we could prepared the room. When all was ready they were summoned, and in making their introductory bows, both our visitors nearly backed themselves into the yawning cavern in the middle of the floor, which in our trepidation we had forgotten to point out. Very impressively did the good minister perform the marriage service, and at its close he addressed to the young couple a few words of serious and affectionate exhortation well suited to the occasion. Sidney was at his best, and in spite of all disadvantages of dress and difficulties of position, dear Mary looked most sweet and beautiful. We could offer the clergyman and witness no refreshment, and when they were gone our wedding feast consisted of a very salt ham bone, dough dumplings, and milk and water."

So ends Mrs. C——'s narrative, to which I shall append but few observations. All went well from the day of the wedding, and on that day the sun went down on a happy couple. Doubt, anxiety, separation—all these were at an end, and for weal or woe Sidney Herbert and Mary Lennox were indissolubly united. Trials and troubles might await them in the future, but for the present youth, health, hope, and love were beckoning them onward with ineffable smiles.

The luggage soon arrived, and comfortable bedding superseded hay and snakes. Mr. and Mrs. C—— removed as soon as possible into their own log-house, leaving our young couple to the privacy of their home. Sidney worked early and late to finish his house, and partitioned off a nice chamber for Mary, which was prettily furnished and ornamented with cherished books and gifts and keepsakes from dear and distant friends. The wealthier members of Mary's family sent substantial tokens of good-will, and many pretty and useful gifts came from the loving sister, who begins to talk of coming out to her darling.

H. B. K.

THE ROMANCE OF A ROSE.

It is nearly a hundred years ago,
Since the day that the Count de Rochambeau —
Our ally against the British crown —
Met Washington in Newport town.

'T was the month of March, and the air was chill,
But bareheaded over Aquidneck hill,
Guest and host they took their way,
While on either side was the grand array

Of a gallant army, French and fine,
Ranged three deep in a glittering line;
And the French fleet sent a welcome roar
Of a hundred guns from Canonicut shore.

And the bells rang out from every steeple,
And from street to street the Newport people
Followed and cheered, with a hearty zest,
De Rochambeau and his honored guest.

And women out of the windows leant,
And out of the windows smiled and sent
Many a coy admiring glance
To the fine young officers of France.

And the story goes, that the belle of the town
Kissed a rose and flung it down
Straight at the feet of De Rochambeau;
And the gallant marshal, bending low,

Lifted it up with a Frenchman's grace,
And kissed it back, with a glance at the face
Of the daring maiden where she stood,
Blushing out of her silken hood.

That night at the ball, still the story goes,
The Marshal of France wore a faded rose
In his gold-laced coat; but he looked in vain
For the giver's beautiful face again.

Night after night, and day after day,
The Frenchman eagerly sought, they say,
At feast, or at church, or along the street,
For the girl who flung her rose at his feet.

And she, night after night, day after day,
Was speeding farther and farther away

From the fatal window, the fatal street,
Where her passionate heart had suddenly beat

A throb too much for the cool control
A Puritan teaches to heart and soul;
A throb too much for the wrathful eyes
Of one who had watched in dismayed surprise

From the street below; and taking the gauge
Of a woman's heart in that moment's rage,
He swore, this old colonial squire,
That before the daylight should expire,

This daughter of his, with her wit and grace,
And her dangerous heart and her beautiful face,
Should be on her way to a sure retreat,
Where no rose of hers could fall at the feet

Of a cursèd Frenchman, high or low.
And so while the Count de Rochambeau,
In his gold-laced coat wore a faded flower,
And awaited the giver hour by hour,

She was sailing away in the wild March night
On the little deck of the sloop Delight,
Guarded even in the darkness there
By the wrathful eyes of a jealous care.

Three weeks after, a brig bore down
Into the harbor of Newport town,
Towing a wreck — 't was the sloop Delight;
Off Hampton rocks, in the very sight

Of the land she sought, she and her crew
And all on board of her, full in view
Of the storm-bound fishermen over the bay,
Went to their doom on that April day.

When Rochambeau heard the terrible tale,
He muttered a prayer, for a moment grew pale;
Then "Mon Dieu," he exclaimed, "so my fine romance
From beginning to end is a rose and a glance."

Nora Perry.

BERTHOLD AUERBACH.

THAT Auerbach's reputation should be very, perhaps unduly, great in Germany need surprise no one who is familiar with the generally feeble condition of fictitious literature in that country. The numberless German stories which are continually crowding upon one another are for the most part even more devoid of interest than are the most ordinary attempts of English or American writers. If this belittling comparison is too harsh, putting them on an equality is certainly enough to indicate their merit and to show by what height of contrast Auerbach's merits shine. It is not his only merit, however, that he is better than so many writers who, in spite of their being so much read, might almost be called unreadable; he has certain qualities of his own which are nowhere common, and these are conspicuous enough to give him a high place in comparison with much more important rivals. Perhaps the first thing the foreigner notices in studying Auerbach is that he is so truly a German; his books are full of the air of Germany; although he wisely keeps to but one of the various regions of that country which is in many ways full of broad and striking differences, he succeeds in representing a sort of life which is German and German alone. The sincerity and picturesqueness with which he accomplishes this outlying part of his task deserve warm praise. His simplicity is a quality which he does not derive from any foreign source; his homely pathos smacks of the soil; and the same may be said of his less attractive qualities—of his moralizing at all seasons and over matters from which even Mr. Barlow would have failed to draw an improving lesson, of the undramatic setting of his stories, of his frequent long-windedness; one does not need to be an hereditary enemy of the Germans to know where these traits abound.

It was his village stories which first
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made him famous, and it is to these one must return who finds the praise showered upon Auerbach inexplicable by the merit of some of the longer novels alone. In all of them he draws very simple sketches of peasant life, not from the point of view of the peasants themselves, but from that of one who knows them by both experience and careful study, who is able to sympathize with them, who has at heart a great fondness for them, and who has devoted much time to observing their manner of life. By these means he is able to draw men and women, to interest us in their characters and their fates, to make us tender sharers of their joys and griefs, while at the same time we know, even if we forget for the moment, how frequent are the technical faults of construction in these stories. He fastens our attention on the people he is writing about, and we forget everything else, for after all the human soul is more entertaining to us than the laws of composition or the artistic arrangement of a story. He complies with that first duty of the writer of fiction, the duty of interesting his readers, and we are willing to overlook his faults; one is apt to think of what is called form some time after laying down the book. His success is more remarkable when we carefully consider with what disadvantages he loads his stories; the method of telling them is most awkward, events are intermingled most confusingly, here a step forward and here an episode about something that happened twenty years ago, with the incidents in anything but the compact, closely connected order of which most writers are fond. Indeed, there are all the uneventful stretches, the wearisome repetitions, the delays in bringing matters to a conclusion, which are so noticeable in real life. Not that he is a slipshod writer, who errs through carelessness; this quality resembles much more the over-carefulness of a very conscientious writer, who wishes to treat

his subject with perfect fairness and who is unable to decide what shall be left out. On account of this exactness of treatment the impression made upon the reader is likely to lose much of its force; the attention is diverted into too many diverse channels, and while the different incidents are life-like, their number is embarrassing. A truly artistic writer omits a great deal, just as our memory does; only what is of the utmost importance clings to us, and a story-writer who tries to bring everything into the same relief is sure to confuse rather than to aid us.

Perhaps Auerbach's exaggeration in this matter is more readily overlooked on account of the strangeness and unfamiliarity to most educated readers of the material with which he works. Most of us — so much is true of us foreigners at least — take interest enough in the study of the little known phases of life he represents, to be carried over a great deal of ground which, if we consider for a moment, we find only retards the development of the study. In some measure, too, Auerbach seems to regard the story he is telling in very much the same way; he lets himself be led into introducing unnecessary details, apparently out of the joy he has had in collecting them. With all of their technical defects, however, these stories are in more essential matters very admirable; their faults are those due to exaggerated simplicity, and so are surer of pardon than if they arose from too great pretension. The number of village stories that he has written is very great, and the discussion of one or two of them may be of service in pointing out some of his distinctive traits. The one entitled *Der Lehnhold* (The Hired Man it might be called in English), for example, is not chosen for being the best, although it holds a very good position, but because it may serve as well as another for the purpose we have in view. We have the father of a family, a stern, passionate man, whose main desire in life is to hand down his estate undivided to one of his two sons. The elder is the one to whom it would come by right; he

is also the one who has made good his claim by the work he has given his father; while the second son is a far inferior character, whose craftiness contrasts very painfully with the manliness of his brother. The father, however, had promised the estate to the younger one, in atonement for depriving him of an eye in a wild fit of passion. Such, rudely sketched, is the groundwork of the story; the action is all that interferes with the father's determination, his intrigues, the sufferings of the elder and the craft of the younger brother. The tale has a tragic end; the elder hurls the younger over a precipice, and soon afterwards dies of remorse. There is no lesson drawn against divisions in families; the story is told simply for its own sake, without any morbidity in the treatment or any hidden moral beneath it all. We read the story and enjoy it with very simple pleasure. What is best in it, as in so many of its companions, is the drawing of the characters; the elder son is especially well given, with his natural pride, his obstinate clinging to what he considers his rights, and his deep-lying dislike of filial disobedience. It is lonely suffering, a sort of righteous revolt, that Auerbach always describes with peculiar skill. In *Die Sträflinge* (The Convicts), for instance, the attachment of the generally despised convicts for one another is beautifully told, and in this one, *Der Lehnhold*, the love between the daughter of the house and one of her father's workmen is very pathetically set before us, although it escapes a tragic end. These merits are sufficient to outweigh some very marked defects. For instance, there is no hidden moral in it, but there is plenty of open, unvarnished morality, of which the following is a fair specimen: —

"Beautiful is the tree with its tender blossoms, beautiful is the tree with its rich fruit, but more beautiful is a table, at which father and mother are sitting, and around them numerous children, whose round cheeks and bright eyes show the manifold beauty of life; honorable is the father who gives them to eat and to drink, blessed the mother

who has carried them near her heart and who with gentle seriousness instructs them."

The reader is reminded of the way the eternal verities are sung in Mrs. Barbauld's Hymns in Prose. There is no limit to such remarks, to which even the most paradoxical must give assent; the author never trusts the reader to do any moralizing for himself; everything is expounded to him in a way that is at first very amusing, but soon very wearisome. This is Auerbach's greatest and most common fault; it appears in his longer novels even more frequently, at any rate more noticeably, than in the shorter stories, for in these it almost harmonizes with their remarkable lack of complexity. His inartistic style of chronicling the incidents, his readiness to make use of unimportant details, suggest to us his facility in setting before us trite maxims as unimportant as some of the events he describes.

Die Frau Professorin (The Professor's Wife) is the name of another story, which is deservedly more popular. It narrates the fate of a young girl of humble birth, a very serious and large-minded person, who falls in love with and marries a young painter of a very different nature. The contrast between her thoughtful dignity and his frivolity is very well drawn; his natural mortification before the rustic simplicity which had once charmed him, the way in which she irritates his sensitiveness and he wounds her pride, his consequent neglect of her, her pathetic patience, and the final catastrophe, are set before us with a great deal of truth and most admirable skill. There is more power of selection shown in this than in some of the stories, and the subject is one of greater interest than many he has chosen. It makes a very complete and touching tale, told with very deep feeling and with great freedom from morbidness. This is just the subject which an inferior writer would choose for the expression of a loud wail at the wickedness of all things, but there is no trace of this in the story, and yet there is no lack of sympathy. This sympathy never fails him; we feel

sure that he knows the peasants about whom he writes; their obstinacy, their cautiousness, their rigid sense of duty, their manifold rugged virtues, are all clearly described by him. His village stories, with all their simplicity, differ from other work—from Turgénieff's *Récits d'un Chasseur*, for example—in the fact that they show less tragic discord between the characters and their surroundings, and that the German author has less ability to distinguish between what is tragic and what is merely uncomfortable in life. As to the art of the two writers no comparison is possible; but even granting this, there is a large and honorable and not too closely packed field in which to build a modest shrine to Auerbach.

All of these village stories have a wonderful air of truthfulness and naturalness and tenderness, to which, undoubtedly, their popularity is due. That this should be as great as it is, even in foreign parts, and with readers whose experience is so unlike that of the German peasants and villagers he describes, is good testimony to his excellence. That it should be so easy to overlook even glaring faults, such as it cannot be denied exist in his writings, goes to show how deserving of praise those good qualities must be which are not dimmed by their sometimes unfortunate setting. In our opinion, it is in these village stories, and in his shorter, less ambitious novels, that Auerbach is at his best; he is certainly infinitely more natural, and he comes much nearer life, than he does in his long novels in which he discusses vague theories of social philosophy. In these humbler stories, however, there is to be noticed, in his attitude towards the rustic characters about whom he writes, a great disposition to study them, and in that way, perhaps, to find in them more than they actually contain. His characters are life-like in what they say and do, but they are possibly at times rather overstrained in their thoughts and emotions. In the pride of discovering them—for these stories at the time of their appearance were a sort of reaction against the artificial novel of society—he would

seem to have committed the natural mistake of seeing too much in them, of giving them complex feelings, which, in fact, belong to more civilized beings. There are traces of this fault in many of the shorter stories, but nowhere is it so well exemplified as in the case of Walpurga in *On the Heights*, for there may be wise peasant women, but surely oracles are as rare among them as in other classes of society.

Edelweiss, *Little Barefoot* (*Barfüssele*), and *Joseph in the Snow* (*Joseph im Schnee*) are three novels which form the connecting link between the brief sketches we have just been discussing and the longer novels by which we fancy Auerbach is best known in this country. The two last named are simpler in form than many of the village stories; they are charming pastorals, full of deep feeling, and appealing to uncomplex emotions. *Little Barefoot* is indeed almost a child's story, and it is not alone the plot of the story that makes it so; there is something in Auerbach's delight in his innocent narration which may be noticed in any one who is entertaining children with a story. Everything is made perfectly clear, there is no obscurity; the passions are far from being a tumultuous ocean, they are, rather, a placid lake; it is, indeed, a modern *Cinderella*, without the shoes even as an episode, that Auerbach has written. *Joseph in the Snow* is almost as slight. Edelweiss, on the other hand, is a more serious attempt at novel-writing; it deals with more intricate matters than the repetition of a fairy story in the nineteenth century, like *Little Barefoot*; it is really a very thorough and well managed study of character. The hero, Lenz, a young man of delicate sensibility and loyal feeling but of a somewhat weak, lachrymose character, full of amiability and the gentle virtues but inclined to sentimentality, falls in love with Annele, a young woman about whom the reader is likely to be of two or more minds before finishing the book. Her fascinations are very well presented; the reader is very likely to be blinded in the same way that Lenz was, and to

open his eyes to the truth a very short time before the hero himself does. The humor of this story is of a sort that Auerbach does not always display, and the little conflict going on between the tearful Lenz, with his continual references to his mother departed, which might well have irritated a gentler tempered woman than his wife, and Annele's sharp tongue, together with the interference of her father and mother, is amusing at those times when it does not get so sharp as to be painful. While the discord is only a matter of the future, however, the humor is great; it is after they are married that the book grows very serious, and we have set before us the misery of the lot of these people. Auerbach's exact descriptive style is at its best in this novel; he paints the various scenes with great patience and admirable skill; there is no unseemly hurry and no omission. And as the novel grows more and more tragic, until the dreadful accident that crushes all wickedness and the memory of it from them both, we are led on with the keenest sympathy in their sad fate. Their reconciliation is beautifully told; and it is not every writer who could carry a novel to so great a height of feeling with so sure a hand. Here Auerbach shows a certainty of touch which makes one aghast when he thinks of his frequent uncertain possession of his talents. Not only is it in respect to the tragedy that Edelweiss is superior to much that he has written; it is also in the separate scenes, representing various sides of the village life, that he excels even himself. Take the landlord of the Lion, for instance; how admirably he is described, with his pompous speeches, his Jove-like dignity, his way of humbling all who approached him! The whole book is written with admirable strength, and there is none which those who are unfamiliar with Auerbach can be more warmly advised to read.

In his longer and more ambitious novels, in *On the Heights*, and in *Villa Eden* (*Das Landhaus am Rhein*) more noticeably, there are very different qual-

ities to be observed. *Villa Eden*, or *The Country-House on the Rhine*, especially is an eccentric book, which, with its immense diffuseness and ready discussion of all possible irrelevant matters, very few would imagine to have been written by the same man who saw so clearly and described so exactly what we have given us in the novel of *Edelweiss* and in many of the village stories. It reads like an attempt to give us a comprehensive and generously progressive view of the universe in three enormous volumes. The amusing references to Benjamin Franklin, the violent thrusting of recondite moral mysteries into ordinary incidents, the exhaustive treatment of all the complications, its lack of perspective, and what is even more noticeable than any of these qualities, the willfulness with which it all seems to be written, make the novel read like the deliberately planned attempt to win eternal fame on the part of a man who mistakes a wide and various interest in many subjects for the true poetic glow. It is a novel that would have been much better suited for Kaulbach's rather sentimental, inaccurate, dull illustrations than were Goethe's poems. The writer, if one were to judge from this book alone, and the artist might well have gone hand in hand as good representatives of pretentious commonplace.

On the Heights is a novel of still a different kind. It opens very charmingly with a picture, such as Auerbach always draws with great skill, of the life of the peasants. Nothing could be more attractive than our introduction to Hansel and Walpurga; the woman is especially well described, with her rosy face and her flaxen hair, with her Sunday-child in her arms, running over with happiness. Very gentle and unaffected is her pathetic parting from her mother, to whom she makes over her pillows, and from her husband, whom she counsels wisely about his shirts. In all of this we feel that Auerbach is master of his subject, that he is writing about what he is familiar with; but the reader is tolerably sure to feel a

very different atmosphere, which is not wholly in the change of scene, when he enters the court. Walpurga herself becomes a very different being; she is intended to represent an element of purity amidst great corruption, of strength amidst great weakness; in fact, however, she turns into an utterer of moral sayings, losing her natural, unaffected simplicity, and replacing it by supernatural wisdom which does not accord so well with what we know of her. In short, when Auerbach has what he has observed to go upon, he can set before us a very life-like character; but when he abandons this sure ground and tries to portray that character in scenes which he has never studied, his imagination fails him, and he puts into its mouth remarks which he himself would like to make under the circumstances, if there were any one to listen to him. Hence, when Walpurga seems to us to be affected, to be merely a mouth-piece which shall utter fine moral sentiments in the language of peasants, we lose our earlier interest in her, only to rejoice again when she rejoins her own people, and Auerbach ceases to rely on his imagination and falls back on observation once more. How true this is the reader may see by turning to the scenes when Walpurga returns home after her court-life; they are quite as charming as those at the beginning of the book. Walpurga, however, important as she is, is only a secondary character; the main interest of the novel lies with the Countess Irma. At the opening of the novel she is a fascinating creature, full of life, gayety, and independence of character, which contrast very agreeably with the monotonous formality of the puppets who make up the greater part of the court. As the story goes on, however, she is less easy to understand; we learn that she sins grievously, and that the king, faithless to his young wife, is the partner of her guilt; but for this dreadful catastrophe there is no preparation. We see Irma a young girl, giddy and thoughtless, perhaps, but certainly of a pure and honorable nature, warm-hearted and

loyal to her friends; in order that so great a fall should appear even remotely possible to us, the author must be able to place before us in a very vivid light the temptation to which she succumbed. This, however, Auerbach is very far from doing; the character of the king is so artificial and stilted that we cannot imagine it possible that it should have aroused any love in her. Nowhere in this novel do we find so vague and unsatisfactorily drawn a character as the king; witness the incredible scene in which he climbs up the step-ladder by the side of the statue of Victory and imprints the kiss of eternity upon its stony lips. After this apparently innocent girl has plunged suddenly and inexplicably into the degradation of sin, she is carried through theatrical scenes of remorse and presented to our admiration as a lyrical saint. She thinks fine thoughts every day, and for her only occupation in the new life she has chosen among the uncorrupted peasants, she writes them down in a little book. Some of these thoughts are certainly very beautiful, but we cannot help feeling as if their setting were unnatural. The reader is inclined to think that this conclusion was not so much the result of what went before, as an opportunity for the author to express some lofty sentiments of his own. And yet, in spite of all this moralizing, we cannot help having a certain feeling that we have been cheated out of the moral. It is certainly neither very profound knowledge of life nor very safe teaching, that there are no gradations between innocence and crime, and that such a tremendous fall is likely to lead at once to spotless saintliness, as is claimed for Irma.

Both this novel and *The Country-House on the Rhine* are full of discussions of disconnected subjects which are unlike the simple truisms of the village stories, but yet without the charm of novelty. There is often a prosy philosophizing which no one can contradict, but which imposes on some readers by its intelligibility; the whole intercourse of Eric with his pupil in this last-named novel

is of this sort; it is full of what in real life is called priggishness.

Waldfried, Auerbach's latest novel, hardly strikes out a new path for itself, but yet it is without many of the faults which are to be noticed in the other novels. It has much more simplicity, and that is the author's most amiable quality. It reads like the narration of actual events; what seems invented is very slight, and is really nothing in comparison with what we find in *The Country-House on the Rhine*, for instance. The design of the book is very simple; it is merely the history of a German family from about the year 1848 down to the present day, told in such a way as to illustrate the history of the country during that important period. The narrator is the father of the family; he is a south-German, for Auerbach has wisely contented himself with the description of that part of Germany in which he won his earlier success, and the growth of Germany is really the theme of the book. To be sure, but one section of the country is represented; and no account is given of certain remote regions of the motley German empire, but it does not appear that the novel is injured by the fact that it cannot be used to teach geography. As it stands it resembles sufficiently a dissected map, with the good-natured Suabian, the accurate, self-contained Prussian servant, and the German who goes home again after many years in this country. Then, too, the appearance of Richard, the professor, who stands as the representative of the learned element, while Funk does the same for the political intriguers, and Ernst for the young men who despaired of any good coming out of Germany, and the son-in-law, the major, for the military element—it is all very like a game in which the players take different parts. This is done in a very complete way; there is not a character introduced who does not bring in a good bit of modern history on his shoulders. This sounds very much more like the way in which laureates turn off birthday odes, or painters paint historical

pictures, than the way in which masters of fiction lay out their work; but this statistical outline is so well managed, the characters are so truly human beings, that although they do not kindle a burning interest, the novel is not an arid imitation of history, but a very natural and life-like chronicle.

The more familiar the reader is with Germany, the more entertaining will he find this novel; it has not life enough to force itself upon those who have not a tolerably keen interest in that country; indeed, such will find it almost unreadable; and it demands a respectable knowledge of what has been going on in Germany during the last twenty-five, and especially during the last ten years, to be fully enjoyed. Like Auerbach's other stories, this lacks a great deal with respect to construction, a very pardonable offense, in view of the task the author has prescribed himself in undertaking to tell all the comings and goings of a large and complicated family. Almost all of the characters are well drawn; perhaps the least successful is Martella, the wild peasant girl, — a remote descendant of Mignon, — who, with her apt tongue, bears a strong likeness to the heroines in children's stories who are befriended by fairies of influence. Her first introduction, as the betrothed of Ernst, is very promising, but she soon becomes oracular, and remains as untouched by civilization as she was before knowing anything about it. She is by far the most unnatural character in the book. Ernst is at first the most interesting, but he soon disappears from sight, for political reasons, for a long time (1866-1870), and the impression is marred. Of all the rest there is not much to be said; they take their places in the historical tableaux with equal success, and the rôle of every one is of sufficient importance to let us see a good deal of him. Heinrich Waldfried, whose journal forms the book, is well represented; we have all the calm of an old man who has been through a great deal, and seen a great many changes, but who has still an enthusiastic temperament. His account of his wife's death

and his subsequent grief are very pathetic. Here, as elsewhere, Auerbach shows how keen is his eye, and how deep his sympathy.

This book, although truly a work of fiction, can hardly be called a novel. It is in part an outburst of exultation at the successes of Germany, and hence those who took the part of the French in the last great war are sure to have no pleasure in it. There will be few Germans, we fancy, who will not read it with a certain amount of satisfaction, but this, it is to be remembered, is to be carefully distinguished from the real enjoyment of literature. In fact, however, the book is written so much from the German point of view, patriotism so pervades it, that it is very difficult at present either to praise or to condemn it with regard to its literary merits alone. But aside from its political tendencies, which really have nothing to do in this case with its value as a novel, there is enough to satisfy those readers who are not repelled by their ignorance of what is described or their dislike of the German point of view. There is no complicated study of character, no wonderful turn of the plot to amaze any one whose habit it has been for a few years past to read the daily papers, but there is plenty of good description of German life, and much that is common to life in all quarters of the globe, which give a certain value to the book.

To our thinking Waldfried is the best of the long novels. It is infinitely more natural than either the *Villa Eden*, or *On the Heights*, but it can hardly be brought into fair comparison with them. That many should find it intolerably dull is not surprising, for many readers require for their entertainment more than a disconnected assemblage of incidents; others, however, will read it with some pleasure, not with the keen enjoyment one gets from the few masterpieces of fiction, but with the calm satisfaction one has in reading about matters that turn out as one would have them.

In fine, Auerbach may be said to be a man with a sharp eye for observing what is said and done, with a strong

tendency to add to the effect of what he observes by some sentimentality of his own. He has a very considerable sense of humor, but, strangely enough, without a perception of the ridiculous to save him from this excessive sentimentality, and another frequent fault, crude philosophizing. He sympathizes warmly with men and women, but sometimes his sympathy is ill-directed. His faults are not of the sort that would diminish his popularity with the majority of readers, but

they would seem to go far towards injuring his chances of lasting fame, though that is a matter that will settle itself without the aid of prophecy. Like many other writers he is at his best in his simplest work; the closer the view he gets of what he is describing, the deeper his pathos, the more agreeable his humor; he sometimes confuses himself by mysteries of his own making. If not one of the greatest novelists, he is an amiable and agreeable one.

T. S. Perry.

LISTENING.

HER white hand flashes on the strings,
Sweeping a swift and silver chord,
And wild and strong the great harp rings
Its throng of throbbing tones abroad;
Music and moonlight make a bloom
Throughout the rich and sombre room.

Oh sweet the long and shivering swells,
And sweeter still the lingering flow,
Delicious as remembered bells
Dying in distance long ago,
When evening winds from heaven were blown,
And the heart yearned for things unknown!

Across the leafy window-place
Peace seals the stainless sapphire deep;
One sentry star on outer space
His quenchless lamp lifts, half asleep;
Peace broods where falling waters flow,
Peace where the heavy roses blow.

And on the windless atmosphere
Wait all the fragrances of June;
The summer night is hushed to hear
The passion of the ancient tune:
Then why these sudden tears that start,
And why this pierced and aching heart?

Ah, listen! We and all our pain
Are mortal, and divine the song!
Idly our topmost height we gain,—
It spurns that height, and far along
Seeks in the heavens its splendid mark,
And we fall backward on the dark!

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

MARTY'S VARIOUS MERCIES.

"NASCITUR, non fit," is an expression that has been used once or twice already, with regard to poets and other geniuses, but I claim my rights as an inventor in first applying it to saints. Small saints, of course; not the noted ones of the earth. Such a one, for instance, as our Marty, a poor little yellow girl from the South; born of a hard mother, brought up by a stern master, harrowed by a tyrannical mistress, peniless, friendless, hopeless, utterly ignorant, yet turning into gold every trouble that touched her, by her own ineffable sweetness and patience.

Marty was not born ours. She "married on" a half-dozen years before the Proclamation, when she took our Ed for better, — one ounce, — and worse, — one pound. Ed himself was the softest, gentlest, most chicken-hearted dorky that ever lolled against the south side of a barn. He was a born musician, like half the boys on the Maryland West Shore, and could sing like a lark, whistle like a thrush, play on the banjo, the violin, and the accordion; he could rattle the bones and thumb the tambourine, could entice tunes out of a hollow reed, and even compel melody from a jew's-harp.

When he was about fifteen, cousin Mary Singleton's grandfather, the old General, chanced to come down on a visit, and took such a fancy to the boy that he persuaded father to let him carry him back to Annapolis as his own servant; and there Ed stayed for five years or more. According to an arrangement previously made for our people, Ed was to be free when he came of age; and when that time arrived he drifted back to the old home, though Annapolis held his heart and soul. His proximity to the Naval Academy had been a most beatific circumstance to Ed; the drill and parade fired his soul with a lofty ambition to go and do likewise, and for years after his return he was indefati-

gable in putting the other boys through marvelous evolutions, and training them to the most rigid military salutes. The music of the band lifted him up into the seventh heaven; but pulling off the General's boots brought him down again, for the General was of a gouty habit, and immediate of speech.

In Annapolis, Ed formed a most devoted attachment to cousin Mary and her brother Clayton, who spent much of their time with their grandfather, especially to Mary. She was a conscientious little girl, and gave up her Sunday afternoons to teaching the servants. Several of them became fair readers and somewhat cloudy writers, Ed among the others, and he never forgot her kindness.

Here, too, Ed became acquainted with Marty; her sickly, irritable mistress had come up from the Old North State to be under the care of a certain physician, and finding herself improving, made her home there for several years. She died at last, however, and with somewhat tardy gratitude, on her dying bed she set Marty free. Affairs never made a prompter connection. For Ed, having gradually become the possessor of a gun, an ax, a scoop-net, a couple of eel-spears, and an insatiable thirst for liquor, as a comfortable provision for old age, patched up a small shed on the banks of Eel Creek, and brought Marty home.

Marty was a meek, patient, God-fearing little woman, full of tender care for others, and oblivious of herself. She was neat and industrious; so was Ed, when sober. She was cheerful as a sunbeam; so was Ed, both sober and drunk. She had a heavenly temper, and so had he. At least, as far as it was tested. How it would have been, had he tarried at home, borne the children, and kept the house, all in the very potsherds of poverty, while Marty genially engulfed the wages that should

have furnished food and clothing, can only be conjectured.

As it was, when he took his week's wages and rowed over to the store for molasses and bacon and a quarter of a pound of tea, and came back six hours later, delightfully loquacious, without any bacon, the jug half full of rum, and a spoonful of tea loose in his pocket, Marty only listened silently to his tipsy orations, helped him to bed when he could no longer stand, and then went down on her knees, and offered her humble prayer for help, while he slept the senseless sleep of the swine. Whatever Ed left in the jug was poured out on the grass, and the last drop carefully washed away, lest the mere breath of the tempter might set him crazy again. Her mild remonstrance the next day was always met by a penitent confession of sin. Ed was drunk at least one week out of three, from the day Marty married him, straight on for six years, and was regularly remorseful after each fall from grace. He always said it was a mortal shame; that Marty was the best girl a man ever had, and Sammy the cutest young one; that he was going to quit drinking and join the church, as true as he lived and breathed and hoped to die the next minute; and Marty implicitly believed him with the matchless faith of a child. She forgave him until seventy times seven, and then went on forgiving as before. In Ed's mind, the rotation of crops was rapid; one week he sowed his wild oats and reaped them; the next, he brought forth good fruits; the third, the land lay fallow, and the fourth, was in prime condition for the wild oats again.

When Marty was clever enough to get his wages as soon as he was paid, she spent them in her own frugal way, and kept everything comfortable. But as time went on and the fearful bonds closed in tighter and stronger about the poor creature, he would steal away to the store on pay-night without going home; and then, through shame or through reluctance to witness Marty's silent woe, hide somewhere for days till his supplies were exhausted, and

come slinking home dim-eyed, shaken, sorrowful, and sure he should never drink again.

Marty came tapping at the mistress's door one April morning, — that wearied mistress, whose ear was always open to the cry of her people, even when her hands were full and her heart was heavy.

"Come in, Marty," was the ready response to the gentle knock.

The door opened and Marty's smiling face shone in.

"Mornin', mistes; reckon mistes can see through the walls."

"Not quite, Marty, but I know your knock."

"Yas 'm. Mis' Calvert's markin' things, an't she? Oh me, how bitiful they be, spread out here in the sunshine! Make me think of the robes of glory, they 's so blindin' bright!"

And Marty went down on her knees among the piles of snowy linen, and touched them here and there caressingly.

"Marsa well, Mis' Calvert?"

"Very well, Marty; how 's the baby?"

"Right smart, thank ye. Cries reel lively. Sammy 's got him, to hum."

"Is it safe to leave him with such a little fellow?"

"Oh, yas 'm! Sammy 's gwine on five, and I nussed our 'Phibosheth when I was three."

"Where 's Ed, to-day?"

"Could n't tell, mistes," Marty answered softly; "hain't seen him sence Sunday."

Mother looked up inquiringly.

"Yas 'm," continued Marty, "that 's it. Got gwine ag'in. Promised me Friday he 'd never touch another drop, and airly Sunday he was off."

"I wonder that you can bear it as you do, Marty; Ed is drunk half the time."

"Yas 'm. Reckon 't is about that. Kind o' tryin' in the long run. Sort o' s'cumvents a critter. Jes' think you 're gwine to spar' a dollar or two fer an ap'on or a pair o' shoes, and it 's all

gone. But Ed's a dretful pleasant boy, Mis' Calvert knows," she went on soothingly, as if to soften mother's disapproval. "I 'count Ed as one o' my chiefest marcies; an't a speck like me, with my dretful, masterful temper; he's mortal pleasant, Ed is. But I came up to take a little counsel with Mis' Calvert. I ben a-plottin' and a-plannin' these three days and nights. I *must* contrive to airn a little somethin' myself, or I dunno what we *will* come to."

"It is a perfect shame," said mother; "have you ever talked to him as decidedly as you ought to about this?"

"Dunno," said Marty; "I an't much of a hand to jaw, but ef Mis' Calvert says so, I'll do it. Think I ought to try to jaw him a little?"

The question was asked with such tremulous eagerness for a negative that mother laughed and said, "No, I fancy words are useless. So tell me your plans, Marty."

"I'm contrivin' and cunjurin' fust off, to get some shingles. Our roof's like a sieve; rain drops through right lively. And then I want some shoes for the chillen agin winter. I an't fer mutterin', with all my marcies; I could n't be so onthankful. Summer's comin' now, and we'll do fust rate. But it 'pears like I *must* git somethin' ahead before frost comes. Reckoned mebbe Mis' Calvert would let me wash and iron, this summer, or help Aunt Dolly in the kitchen. Some folks says I'm a fust fambly cooker, and I ben trained to wash and iron."

"What could you do with the baby?"

"If Mis' Calvert did n't mind, Ed would shoulder the cradle up in the mornin'—Ed's sech a pleasant boy—and fetch it home ag'in at night, and Sammy'd rock it. It's sech a marcy I got Sammy! Allers did reckon him a gret marcy! If Mis' Calvert did n't want the cradle in the back kitchen, it could stand in the shed."

"You may come, then, on Monday, and I'll find something for you to do."

"Yas'm. Thank ye, marm, thousand times. I 'spected 't would be jes' so. Mis' Calvert's allers so clever to

us. It's a dretful marcy to have sech a kind mistes. But I had another plan, too. I was gwine to buy a shote, and fat it, and kill it in the fall for pork. Buy a shote now for two dollars, and ye can sell him bumbye fer twelve, if he's right fat. But I got to airn the money to buy him, and I was gwine to airn it by havin' a party. Mis' Calvert ever heerd of these new kind of parties they have over to Squaw Neck? Pay-parties, they call 'em."

"No, Marty, I never have."

"Reel smart notion. Jed's Maria, she gin a pay-party and made enough to shingle her roof; and Ruth Jake, after Jake died, she fetched her'n up to five dollars over what it cost her to bury Jake. Folks pay twenty-five cents to come in, and gits their supper and dancin' fer that. Then one o' the fambly keeps a table in the corner with goodies on it, candy and store-nuts and root-beer, and them that wants 'em comes and buys. Mis' Calvert don't see no harm in it, eh, Mis' Calvert?"

"None at all," said mother, smiling in spite of herself at this novel combination of pleasure and profit.

"Yas'm; glad of that, 'cause I reckoned it a reel marcy that somebody thought onto 'em. Reckon we'll have it in a couple of weeks, when the weather's warmer, and before the shotes git sca'ce. If Ed'll keep good and stiddy till then, we'll have bitiful one." And Marty rose to go.

"What a trial he is to you, Marty!"

"No, marm, not so much as ye think. He's a dretful pleasant boy. I want to tell Mis' Calvert somethin'." And Marty came a little nearer and spoke very gently. "My old mistes warn't soft like Mis' Calvert; but then she was ailin'. But then Mis' Calvert's aillin' most of the time, too. But my old mistes had n't got religion, and Mis' Calvert has. My old mitty warn't pious a mite, and I was dead sot on gwine to meetin'. I s'pose I bothered her, fer she turned round on me right sudden one day, and says she, 'Go to meetin' to-night, ye hussy, and then hold yer tongue about it; if ye ask me ag'in fer a

year, I'll have ye whipped.' So I went, glad enough, and I crep' right up by whar the minister stands, so as not to lose a mite, and I had n't sot thar but a little spell when he began to read out of the big gold Bible, and true as ye lives, mistes, every mortal verse was about the Lord's marcy enduring forever. When he 'd read it two or three times, says I, 'That 's fer ye, Marty, ye poor sinner, that 's allers forgittin' the Lord's goodness;' and when he 'd read it two or three more times, says I, 'Praise the Lord now, Marty, for sendin' ye sech comfort, fer whether ye come to church ag'in in a year, or never, ye 've got somethin' to stand by all yer life and on yer dyin' bed!' And when he 'd read it a few times more I got down on my knees, and says I, 'Bran' it in, Lord, so I'll never lose the mark on it,' and on my knees I stayed, prayin' it over and over ag'in, till the minister shet the book. It 's ben a dretful comfort to me every way, Mis' Calvert; it makes me feel that if the Lord has sech long patience with folks, it an't fer sech as me to be muterin' and hectorin'.'

The mistress looked up into Marty's eyes with a thoughtful smile, and they smiled back full of trust and sympathy, for divided as they were by every social distinction of birth, fortune, beauty, and culture, they were one in that fellowship which outlasts even death, bound with the sacred tie which binds those who have one Lord and one faith.

The next Monday, and every Monday after, arrived Marty's procession, early and always in the same order: Ed first, head erect, cradle shouldered, feet marching true to the tune he was miraculously whistling. Marty next, radiant with the prospect of a proximate party and ultimate shingles, cuddling the baby as she came. Sammy in the rear, whistling like his father, and straining every nerve to make his ducky-daddles of legs march in time; a futile effort, which had to be supplemented by most unmartial leaps, every few steps.

Marty regarded Sammy as one of her chief mercies, but his life was not un-

clouded radiance to himself; it vibrated between bliss and woe, and swung from lustrous morn to murky night, or back again, according as that wad of a black-and-tan baby waked or slept. Baby asleep, Sammy was sovereign of the universe; he could build cob-houses in the smoke-house, dabble in the pond with the ducks, hang over the fence of the pig-pen balanced on his unsusceptible stomach, worm in and out of the delightful intricacies of the woodpile, or roll in the chips with a squad of small idlers. Baby awake, Sammy was a mule on a treadmill. He was not allowed to hold it, for owing to its being such an undefined lump, without any particular projections to seize upon, he had twice let it slip through his arms upon the floor; so it was deposited in the huge wooden cradle near Marty's tubs or ironing table, and he was set to rock it.

Sammy always began with cheerful vigor, resolved to compel slumber to its eyes; he stood up to his work like a man, taking hold of the cradle-top with both hands, and rocking vehemently. Sammy approved of short methods with babies. After half an hour or so of this exercise, baby's eyes growing constantly bigger and brighter, he grew less sanguine, and made preparations for a longer siege. He brought a wooden block to the side of the cradle and sat down to the business, not cheerful, but resolute; pushing the cradle with one hand, and holding in the other a piece of bread or a cold potato, out of which he took small, slow, consolatory bites. But the smallest, most infrequent nibbles will finally consume the very largest potato, and this source of comfort exhausted, and another half-hour having dragged away, and baby's eyes still staring with superhuman vivacity, Sammy wheeled about with his side to the cradle, leaned against the leg of the ironing-table in deep depression of spirits, seeking to beguile the weary time by counting the dishes on the dresser or the flies on the ceiling; while at intervals of a few seconds he bestowed such wrathful, sidewise thwacks with his knee on the cradle, as made the whole

huge structure tremble, and its gelatinous occupant quiver.

But in the last stages of the conflict, Sammy left all hope behind, and became an image of the profoundest dejection. Turning his back on the cradle in disgust too deep for words, he would lean his elbows on the table and his head in his hands; with his bare foot he loathingly kicked up the rocker behind him, while one jig-tune after another came gurgling melodiously out of his melancholy mouth to the expressive words of "Diddledy, diddledy, diddledy, didy," and the big tears rolled down unchecked. Sammy was too far gone to wipe them away. Meantime the complacent baby gazed wisely at its rocking dome, the flies buzzed, the clock ticked, the tears fell, the jig-tunes went endlessly on, till Sammy's head drooped, and the "Diddledy didy" grew faint, and fainter, and failed, and the poor little drudge was on the very verge of blessed oblivion, when an imperious wail from the baby recalled him to life and labor once more.

"Come now, Sammy," Marty would say encouragingly, every day, when matters came to the worst, "rock away like a gent'lum. Sech a marcy ye got that cradle! S'pose ye had to lug him, like I lugged our 'Phibosheth gwine on two year! Mammy's tryin' to airn shoes fer ye, and can't do it nohow, if ye don't nuss the baby! And what's more, bumbye, when we have our pay-party, ye shall come to it, ye shall, and have goodies, and set up late."

This would reanimate Sammy for a minute or two, and when sleep finally overtook the baby he darted away like a liberated hare; wild leap after leap carried him to the thither confines of the woodpile, and Elysium began.

"Time's a-gwine," said Marty mildly one May morning to mother; "shotes is gittin' sea'cer, and that 'ere pay-party don't 'pear to come off. Have to give out fer it a week ahead, so as to let the folks at Squaw Neck and Tuckapooos have a warnin'. I would 'a' gin out fer it last week, but Ed got high, and now, this week, Mother Honner's ailin'. She

was gwine to do fer me, and smart up the house; things gits so muxed whar young ones is kitin' round. Mis' Calvert an't got somethin' to cure Mother Honner, eh, Mis' Calvert?"

"I don't know but I have," said mother, "if you can tell me how she feels sick."

Marty described the symptoms, and was furnished with a simple remedy, but Hannah did not recover in time for the invitations to be given out that week. In fact, she grew much worse. "'Pears to be reel racked," said Marty, "and she's got a desp't pain across her; she 'spects it's the medicine."

"That is impossible," said mother; "it was a very harmless remedy I gave her."

"Yas'm, so she 'spected. She never took Mis' Calvert's doctor-stuff; she reckoned she wanted a right smart dose of somethin' that would strike clar through, so she took a box of stomick-pills she bought of a peddler-man last fall; eighteen in the box; she took 'em all; I reckon she overdone; Mis' Calvert reckon so too?"

But what the mistress reckoned was too wide and deep to put into words. Hannah recovered from her corporeal earthquake in the course of a week or two, and Marty's plans were ripe for execution, when Ed suddenly fell from grace again.

"I dunno," said Marty serenely, "as I ever felt so beat. Shotes is about gone. Jes' git my mind sot for that 'ere pay-party, and somethin' knocks the roost right out from under me. I don't want to fret, with all the marcies I have, and everythin' gittin' along so comfortable this summer, and Ed such a pleasant boy too,—not a mite like me; I allers was a stiff-necked critter, that's why I git so sot on things,—but it makes me feel putty beat."

"Never mind the pig, Marty," said mother, "I don't believe you would have made much out of it. Why not have the party when it is convenient, and take what you make toward your roof?"

"Wal, I never!" said Marty. "Be

sure I can! I was so shaller, I got it fixed in my head that 't was no use to have the party when shotes was gone! We'll have it, I reckon, as soon as things gits to rights."

Cousin Mary Singleton came down to stay with us, just about that time, and Ed hastened up to see her, as he never failed to do. When sober, Ed was the shyest and most silent of creatures, and the interview always took place with the length of the room or the piazza between them, Ed standing very erect, and making his grandest military salute with every sentence. The questions and answers did not vary a hair's breadth once in ten times.

"Good mornin', Miss Ma'," Ed always began.

"Good morning, Ed," cousin Mary always answered.

"Glad to see ye to de old place, Miss Ma'."

"Thank you, I always love to come."

"Miss Ma' putty smart dese days?"

"Yes indeed, Ed."

"Mars' Clayty smart?"

"He never was better."

"Old Gin'al smart too?"

"He is not quite as strong as he used to be."

"Want ter know! Miss Ma' must 'member my 'spects to all on 'em when she goes back."

"I shall, with pleasure, Ed." And with a last grand salute, more rigidly angular than any, the interview ended. Cousin Mary, however, was well aware of Ed's especial tendencies, and when, on this occasion, instead of standing afar off and making obeisance, he advanced across the piazza and curled himself up at her feet, she was not at all surprised.

"Lordy me! Miss Ma'," he began, "an't I glad ye come, and an't I glad they fetched ye! Jes' the one I wanted to see! Want to take counsel with ye 'bout a party we 're gwine to have."

"Very well, Ed."

"It's a pay-party. Marty's gwine to buy shingles out the makin's. Jed's Maria, she gin one, and it fetched

enough to kiver their roof. But as fer old Jed! Lordy, how that 'ere old darky drinks! Miss Ma' 'd be s'prised to see him! only but jes' toddled round, the night they had it! Had a job to hold up his ugly old carkis! Rum's a bad thing, Miss Ma', a dretful bad thing!"

"It is indeed, Ed," said cousin Mary.

"Yes, yes! bad thing! bad enuffy! Miss Ma' knows 't is! So do I! As fer gittin' high, — reel drunk, — can't say nothin' fer it! don't favor it nohow! It's agin Scriptor! dunno how old Jed 'pears to stan' it! but fer gittin' a *leelle* mite off the handle, Miss Ma', jes' a *leelle* mite out the way now, like I do once into a great while, can't see no harm into it. Miss Ma' see any harm into it?"

"Certainly, Ed. I think you are destroying yourself, and making Marty very unhappy. You ought not to touch a drop."

"Bress my soul, ef that an't jes' the way Mis' Calvert talks to me! Marsa Lennie, too! Miss Ma' 's jes' like the Calverts! favors them all! favors Mars' Clayty, too! How is Mars' Clayty, Miss Ma'?"

"He is well."

"I 'm mortal fond o' Mars' Clayty! He 's allers so kind and jo'ful. When he and Colonel Barton came down last time they wanted me to go down to the inlet with 'em, and take my fiddle. Says I, 'Anythink to oblige ye, Mars' Clayty, but I can't go, can't spar' the time; I got a fambly to look arter, and I must stick to my post till I die.' Colonel Barton, he says, 'Ed,' he says, 'you spar' de time to take a week's spree out o' every month,' he says, 'and you can spar' de time sure to come 'long wid us.' Says I, 'Colonel,' says I, 'you speared dat eel squar' dat time,' says I, 'but he can squ'm yit. Seein' I hev' to spar' dat week, whedder or no, I can't spar' no more!' Ye see, Miss Ma', I can't help gittin' a *leelle* mite out de way once into a gret while, can't help it. Gwine to stop now for a spell, I reckon, and gib Marty a chance fer to hev dat pay-party; she sets such

store by her pay-party; would n't ye, Miss Ma'?"

"Indeed, Ed, I'd stop now and forever; you could be so happy and comfortable."

"Comfor'ble, Miss Ma'? Reckon I could! Why, th' an't a nigger no-whar, smarter 'n I be when I'm stiddy! Went down Horne Neck t' odder day, stiddy as a jedge; cradled the hull o' Great Lot, and one acre besides in Little Lot, and had it all done by half past 'leven. Mr. Smith, the overseer, come down, and he was so s'prised, it like to took away his breaf! Says he, 'Edinburgh!' says he, 'I could n't 'a' believed it,' says he; 'you're the smartest hand I got.' And so I be. Dunno what I *could* n't do, if it warn't fer gittin' a leetle mite out the way now and den. It takes time, ye see. Dat's why I could n't go 'long with Mars' Clayty and Colonel Barton. Mars' Clayty must n't feel hard on me; Miss Ma' must 'member my 'spects to him when she goes back, and to de old Gin'ral, too. I allers thinks so much o' my own folks; but 'bout dat 'ere pay-party; I was gwine fer to hev beans and bacon; would Miss Ma' hev beans and bacon?"

"That would be a very substantial dish."

"So I tell Marty, and Mother Honner; my, she's high on beans and bacon! Miss Ma' ben to see Mother Honner, yit?"

"No; I only came last night, Ed."

"Be sure! so Miss Ma' did! Den ye an't seen him yit, nor ye an't heerd him, and ye won't hear him when ye do go!"

"Hear whom, Ed?"

"Why, de hawg, Miss Ma'! Mother Honner's hawg! She's got de enlightendest hawg dat ever was raised on de West Shore! Same as a watch-dog, he is. Ef he hears suffin' comin' by de woods or 'cross de swamp, Lor', he'll grunt and grunt till de fambly's all roused up. Never grunts at de quality. When Mars' Lennie comes dat way, or Mis' Calvert's takin' de air, he lies down quiet and 'spectable wid his nose

in de straw, like a hawg oughter; but when dem Squaw Neck niggers comes round, he'll snuff 'em half a mile off, and 'pears like he'd grunt hisself to pieces! Never grunts at de quality. Ef he did, I'd cut him ober myself! I won't take no disrespects for my folks! I think a heap o' my folks, Miss Ma'; think a heap o' Mars' Clayty and o' Miss Ma', too, and Mars' Lennie and Mis' Calvert and Mis' Calvert's chillen. Ben a-tryin' to move away sommers, but don't 'pear to make up my mind to leave 'em. Thought mebbe I'd git higher wages; roof leaks like a riddle, too; wants shinglin'; that's what Marty's gwine to hev that party fer. Think the folks would like some plums, Miss Ma'? I'd kind o' sot my mind on gwine plummin' the day afore the party. Ef it's putty soon, I'll go plummin' for blueberries, and ef it's bum-bye, I'll go plummin' for high-briers. Miss Ma' like high-briers?"

"Very much."

"Gwine to pick her a peck some day; a peck of wild strawberries, too."

"Those are past, Ed; there won't be any till another year."

"Want ter know! an't that too bad! Wal, the fust kind o' broken day I git, I'll go high-brierin' for Miss Ma'. Don't bodder Miss Ma' a-talkin', do I?"

"Not at all."

"If I an't bodderin' ye, will ye gib me some 'vice 'bout that ere pay-party, Miss Ma'?"

"Certainly."

"Wal, the way I meant to write my letter was to 'vite 'em to a sail, and then buy a sheep, and whilst they 'se a-cruisin' round on de bay, me and Mother Honner 'll roast the sheep and git the table sot out. Marty must go 'long, too, and fetch de chillen, Marty must; she's a good gal, and she works smart. I married her up to 'Napolis, gwine on six year ago. She used to work to Mis' Judge Nottingham's when I was to de old Gin'al's. De way we got acquainted, Miss Ma', was dis 'ere way. I was a-gwine fer to see"—but just here a soft voice called Ed from the corner of

the house nearest the kitchen, and Ed obediently uncoiled himself. "I reckon Marty wants me to hist on dat 'ere big dinner-pot," he said, "but Miss Ma's so kind, I'll come up ag'in, and git her 'vice 'bout dat pay-party."

It was true that Ed had tried more than once to move away from the old place, and had failed. Others had tried it, too. Caesar moved away one week, and moved back the next. Pomp had tried it. Ben, the surliest, sulkiest fellow on the whole place, had tried it, and was successful; indeed, eminently successful, for he moved away seven times, and at last gave it up as an aimless excursion and settled down in the spot where he was born.

There was something more than mere love of home in the spell that brought them all back; there was an undying power that never loses its hold on those, either high or low, who have once become its bondmen. Poets sing and orators discourse of the love which the mountaineer feels for his upland home; but it is a languid emotion compared with the passionate attachment cherished for their birthplace by those who are born on the shores of the ocean, or of its vast estuaries. Mysterious influences are welded into heart and brain, and bone and fibre. Destiny may carry them to other scenes and carve for them brilliant careers, but nothing ever seems to them so fair and desirable as the old life by the sea. Fortune may smile upon them, and Fame sing to them with her siren tongue, and they shut their eyes and ears to all, to brood over fond memories of that enchanting spot to which they will fly when the chance opens, again and again and again. The world is everywhere, but the earthly Paradise only there. In health, the hunger is great enough, but in sickness it becomes a famine, known only to the sea's own children. They turn from every comfort and luxury that can be given, to long with a wordless, inexpressible longing that devours their very hearts, — an inexorable, unappeasable longing, — for one sight of the sapphire sea, one sound of its deep mouthed,

motherly murmur, one breath of its heavenly saltness; till, lacking these, they feel in their wild homesickness that they might better turn their face to the wall and die.

The well-disciplined, church-going, average Marylander desires to live in peace and gentleness with all mankind! but ah me! the strain and tug on every moral fibre, when certain well-meaning persons with froward hearts and darkened eyes come down to our beatific old West Shore once in a while, and, looking about in a lofty manner, pronounce it deplorably flat! Flat, say they? We want it flat. We love it flat. We praise the Creator for having made it flat. To be flat means to be fresh, free, adorable, wide-eyed, large-lunged; it means a vast range of vision from one far-off, limitless horizon to another; it means a blue, unbroken dome of heaven, with no officious projections lifting up presumptuous heads against its serene majesty. But they are more to be pitied than blamed, poor things! they deserve tender commiseration; they have been born in strong cities, in family prisons twenty-five feet by sixty, or in far-away land-locked depressions, still more remote and slow, and they know nothing of the freedom and the fascinations of our rare, amphibious life. They have not wandered countless times in among the odorous pines, and thrown themselves on the slippery matting of discarded needles beneath them, while the wind sung its faint, unearthly song above, and the cadences came filtering down through myriad leafy wires, mere sprays, at last, of quivering intonations. They have not waded and plashed in those wonderful, limpid brooks whose crumpled crystal stream ripples on over sand and pebble and floating weed till it reaches an armlet of the sea, where the tide sends volumes of salt water up into its freshness, while the brook rolls back floods of sweet water into the brine; a mile or two up, speckled trout asleep in cool pools, or glinting among the water-cresses; a mile or two down, shoals of salt-water minnows, darting through thickets of eel-grass.

But our poor people had far more practical reasons than any of these for liking to live where they did. That which "makes the pot boil" lay in profusion, dry and brittle, on the ground of the oak and pine woods; and that which alone can give the boiling a satisfactory result was to be had in plenty by all except those who were absolutely too lazy to pick up their food. They could set their nets in deep water and catch as many fish as they chose; or paddle up the creeks and stake their eel-pots to secure a haul next morning; or, for quicker effects, spear the eels in the mud at night by torchlight. If they wanted clams, they needed only to run out upon the flats with their spade and basket when the tide was out, and if they desired oysters, the beds were prolific and the rakes in the boats. Then there were crabs to scoop and ducks to shoot, and always, besides, the enchanting possibility of catching a "torop," for by this contumelious name do they designate that portly, aldermanic personage who presides at lord-mayor's feasts, and other destructive pageants.

These sea-turtle, at certain seasons, come clawing clumsily up the margins of the sandy coves to lay their eggs on the shore, and go blundering back again without further parental inquietude, superbly indifferent as to whether the sun hatches them or not.

One of these rare prizes had fallen into Ed's lucky hands a day or two before his interview with cousin Mary, and he would certainly have arrived eventually at the narration of the grand affair, if Marty's wifely repression had not nipped him untimely. He had seized the ungainly creature as it was returning to the water, and its tortuous track led him back to the newly made hollow in the sand where it had concealed its quantity of ugly eggs. Ed put it in a crawl sunk on the edge of the creek, hoping to save it till the momentous party should take place, when it would properly figure as the prime feature of the *fête*; and the eggs were carefully covered with an armful of wet sea-

weed, to keep all vivifying sunbeams from taking even a peep at them; for nectar and ambrosia are less delectable in some people's eyes than the contents of those vellum sacks. Ed and Sammy made delightful diurnal excursions to the crawl; they pulled out the turtle and poked it about the head to make it snap its jaws together in rage; turned it over on its back to see its flippers work, and lifted it cautiously back again by its short, horny tail, — a happy provision of Nature for handling the cross-grained creature. Then they opened the sand and counted their treasure of eggs, and, covering them up wet and fresh, went blissfully back to Marty to tell her how beautiful it all was, and what a red-hot temper the old torop had.

It was close upon midsummer now, and the long-desired party seemed no nearer than at first, for Aunt Dolly was down with the chills, and Marty making up the deficiency by working every day at the house. But one Friday night at dusk, when the last plate was washed and put away, and Marty was slowly wiping the soap-suds from her tired hands, there came a flying scout through the twilight, dispatched from Hannah's in hot haste, with momentous information.

But the news was too prostrating to be borne alone, even by all-enduring Marty, and she came softly tapping at mother's door.

"Mis' Calvert's gwine to be surprised now, I reckon," she said, very gently, "fer I'm beat myself, — the beatest I ever was yit. They 'se come."

"Who has come?" asked mother.

"All on 'em; all my pay-party, that I was gwine to have along towards fall," rejoined Marty, placidly. "Said they heerd 't was gwine to be to-night, and we hain't gin out, nor nothin'."

"They should not have come without a definite invitation," said mother, rather indignantly. "They must go home again."

"Yas'm. Mother Honner let 'em know we had n't no notion of havin' it; but they said they heerd it was to be,

and they could n't come so fur fer nothin', and we 'd got to have it whedder or no. There 's a big wagon-load chock full, from Tuckappos, and they say they left the Squaw Neck folks walkin' over, 'bout half a mile back."

"How could they possibly hear such a thing, Marty?"

"Wal, they knew we was gwine to have it some time or 'nother, when things got settled, and I reckon Ed must 'a' ben talkin' about that torop; he sets 'mazin' by it, and Mis' Calvert knows Ed 's such a pleasant boy to talk, 'specially when he 's a little out of the way."

"Very well," said mother in righteous wrath, "let him exercise his gift to-night, then, and amuse his company. They have chosen to come without an invitation, now let them stay without any entertainment, and go home as soon as they choose."

"Yas'm. Mis' Calvert don't think that 's kind of onsociable, eh, Mis' Calvert?"

Mother laughed in spite of herself. "I'm sure I don't know, Marty. Manage it yourself. What are you going to do?"

"Reckoned I 'd ask Cæsar to take 'em out sailin' a couple of hours. Cæsar 's a mortal clever boy, and them Tuckapposers is dead sot on sailin'. Think 's likely they 'll git aground comin' back. Tide 'll be cl'ar down by that time. Ed can kill the torop, — I 'count it a 'mazin' marcy we got that torop, mistes, — and then row up to the store and git the goodies to set out and sell; and me and Ann and Mother Honner 'll git 'em a good tea agin they come back. Mis' Calvert think that 's a good way to fix it?"

"Yes, as good as can be, Marty; and now, how can I help you?"

"If Mis' Calvert felt willin' to have the big oven het up, and to sell me a little butter and flour and sugar, and that big dish of beans and bacon I got ready fer to-morrow, I 'd git along bitiful."

"Very well, Marty, I'm quite willin'."

So the materials were gathered together and weighed out; the great oven was soon roaring with internal fires; Aunt Dolly, being in the debatable land between a fever and a chill, and much revived also with the prospect of a party, rose from her bed to make Marty a big batch of her famous soda biscuit and card gingerbread, and afterward went to the feast to help eat it. The willing guests were sent out sailing, and verified Marty's hopeful anticipations, for they ran aground on the south flat, coming into the cove, and were held fast till eleven o'clock or after, when the tide turned and set them afloat once more. What with poling round into the right position, dropping sail and heaving anchor, and leisurely landing a few at a time in the follow-boat, it was almost midnight when they reached the shore.

Here all things had gone on prosperously. The fire had promptly and dutifully begun to burn the stick, the stick had begun to heat the oven, the oven had begun to bake the cake and biscuit and beans and bacon; and all of these had come in the fullness of time to a beauteous brown, and had been carried to Mother Honner's in the clothes-basket. There they adorned the table in company with the sumptuous turtle stew and minor comestibles, and sent savory smells into the contented nostrils of the hungry guests. Ed had returned in good season with his "store-nuts," candies, and root-beer, and sat behind his stand in the corner, pouring out his heart to the crowd with the most affectionate loquacity. Cæsar took the entrance-fee at the door, and the women served. After supper Ed and 'Lias furnished the music and the dancing began. The baby had been early dosed with Godfrey's Cordial and stowed away in a basket in the loft; but long-suffering Sammy came to the party as he had been promised, and sat up late and had goodies, till he rolled over with sleep and repletion, collapsed into a shapeless lump, and was finally hoisted into the loft with the baby and the other superfluous articles.

It is not every day that the Tuckapoos and Squaw Neck people go to a party; it is not so frequent a pleasure that they can afford to let it slip too quickly through their fingers. A bird in the hand is enjoyed only so long as he remains there. So the moon sank away in the west, and the eternal stars shone calmly on, and the rosy, innocent dawn flushed up in the east and faded, and the kingly sun came regally up over the sea, and still wassail prevailed on the face of the earth.

Marty came wearily back to the house at late breakfast time, dragging the drowsy baby in her own tired arms, for Ed and Sammy were still accepting Mother Hannah's somewhat reluctant hospitality. Marty was exceedingly meek and silent that day, and once in a while big tears filled her patient eyes and rolled slowly down her cheeks. The day after a late party is apt to be an aching void, even for those who have the fun, and Marty's share of the affair had been only toil and weariness. She looked so forlorn toward evening, that mother bade her go to bed and sleep off her fatigue.

"Don't 'pear to be sleepy, thank ye, mistes," said Marty; "my head's so chock full of them accounts. What we owe Mis' Calvert, and what we owe to the store, and what we borrowed of Mother Honner."

"How did the party go off, Marty?"

"Wal, — it went off, — yas 'm," said Marty.

"Did you make as much as you expected?"

Marty's lip trembled, and the tears dropped as she shook her head slowly.

"It's a kind o' s'cumventin' world, Mis' Calvert, don't Mis' Calvert think so? Ed an't much of a hand to sell things, Ed an't; he's such a pleasant boy; he gin away a sight o' goodies to the chillen, and the old folks, they hommered him down reel lively on his prices. Old Jed, he let the tongs fall right on to Mother Honner's big yaller puddin' dish, that sot on the hairth keeping the torop warm, and that 'll be forty cents, I 'spect. And then countin'

what we owe to the store, and what we owe Mis' Calvert" —

"Never mind that, Marty, let it go as my contribution toward the party."

"Wal, now, thank ye, Mis' Calvert! that h'ists a big weight off my mind! Mis' Calvert's reel clever to us; she allers is; that makes things better; and now, if we don't have to pay more'n forty cents for the dish, and if Bruce and his wife pay us what they owe us, — did n't have no change last night, — and if Ruth Jake ever sends along the half-price for her fambly, — she said a widder with three chillen ought to git in free, all on 'em; she reckoned it warn't accordin' to Scripter to take the widder's mite, but seein' 't was us, she'd try to pay half-price bumbye when she sells her baskets, — and if there an't nothin' more broke than I know on, I reckon now, we'll cl'ar one dollar and fifteen cents."

"Oh, Marty! poor child! I know how disappointed you are! Why, you've been thinking of this all summer!"

"I have so, mistes," responded Marty with deep humility, "but I 'spect it's the Lord's will. I allers was a ugly-tempered critter from when I was a baby. Mammy used to tell me I was the sassiest gal she had, and I'd got to git my sperit broke afore I died. So I 'spect it's the Lord's will, Mis' Calvert, for my heart *was* sot on to them shingles, powerful sot, and I'd ben a prayin' to him so much about 'em that I kind o' felt as if he'd noticed our roof hifself, and seen how much it wanted fixin'. Not that I want to fret, Mis' Calvert must n't think it — me, with so many marcies, such a clever mistes, and Ed such a pleasant boy, too. The frost and the snow are his'n; and if it's his will they should fall on our heads next winter the way they did last, why, I reckon we can stan' it, and next summer mebbe we'll try another pay-party and have better luck."

This was the melancholy end of Marty's long-projected comedy, but there followed a little epilogue of a more cheerful nature.

Cousin Mary told the story of the pay-

party in her witty little way, at a dinner given by the General soon after her return to Annapolis; and Colonel Barton proposed that all the guests who cared to partake of the fruit should deposit an equivalent in the fruit-basket for what they took out of it, for Marty's benefit. Unanimous approval followed his suggestion; every one was hungry for fruit and sorry for Marty, and Cousin Mary sent down to mother the next week a little fortune for her. There was enough to shingle the roof, enough to buy the shoes, and a plump little nest-egg be-

side, for Marty to tie up in her handkerchief and hide under the pillow.

Marty's face was as the face of an angel when she received the good news. Her very eyes laughed through her tears. "It 's the Lord's doin'," she said softly, "the Lord's own doin'! Thar he was a-contrivin' and cunjurin' 'bout them shingles, while I misdoubted him! If I'd only stood fum to the faith, and not ben so uns'cumcised in heart, I might 'a' knowed that however beat a poor critter feels, his marcy endureth forever."

Olive A. Wadsworth.

FAREWELL.

THE crimson sunset faded into gray;
Upon the murmurous sea the twilight fell;
The last warm breath of the delicious day
Passed with a mute farewell.

Above my head in the soft purple sky
A wild note sounded like a shrill-voiced bell;
Three gulls met, wheeled, and parted with a cry
That seemed to say, "Farewell!"

I watched them: one sailed east, and one soared west,
And one went floating south; while like a knell
That mournful cry the empty sky possessed,
"Farewell, farewell, farewell!"

"Farewell!" I thought, It is the earth's one speech:
All human voices the sad chorus swell:
Though mighty Love to heaven's high gate may reach,
Yet must he say, "Farewell!"

The rolling world is girdled with the sound,
Perpetually breathed from all who dwell
Upon its bosom, for no place is found
Where is not heard, "Farewell!"

"Farewell, farewell," — from wave to wave 't is tossed,
From wind to wind: earth has one tale to tell:
All other sounds are dulled and drowned and lost
In this one cry, "Farewell!"

Celia Thaxter.

SOME GREAT CONTEMPORARY MUSICIANS.

FROM A YOUNG LADY'S LETTERS HOME.¹

BERLIN, November 21, 1869.

THERE is so much to be seen and heard in Berlin that if one has but the money there is no end to one's resources. There are the opera and the Schauspielhaus every night, and beautiful concerts going on every evening too. They say that the opera here is magnificent, and the scenery superb, and they have a wonderful ballet-troupe. So far I have only been to one concert, and that was a sacred concert. But Joachim played—and oh, what a tone he draws out of the violin! I could think of nothing but Mrs. —'s voice, as he *sighed* out those exquisitely pathetic notes. He played something by Schumann which ended with a single note, and as he drew his bow across he produced so many shades that it was perfectly marvelous. I am going to hear him again on Sunday night, when he plays at Clara Schumann's concert. It will be a great concert, for she plays much. She will be assisted by Joachim, Müller, De Ahne, and by Joachim's wife, who has a beautiful voice and sings charmingly in the serious German style. Joachim himself is not only the greatest violinist in the world, but one of the greatest that ever lived. De Ahne is one of the first violinists in Germany, and Müller is one of the first 'cellists. In fact, this quartette cannot be matched in Europe—so you see what I am expecting!

BERLIN, December 12, 1869.

I heard Clara Schumann on Sunday, and on Tuesday evening also. She is a most wonderful artist, and I think must be the greatest living pianist except Liszt. In the first concert she played a quartette by Schumann, and you can

imagine how lovely it was under the treatment of Clara Schumann for the piano, Joachim for first violin, De Ahne for the second, and Müller for the third. It was perfect, and I was in raptures. Madame Schumann's selection for the two concerts was a very wide one, and gave a full exhibition of her powers in every kind of music. The Impromptu by Schumann, Op. 90, was exquisite. It was full of passion and very difficult. The second of the Songs without Words by Mendelssohn, was the most fairy-like performance. It is one of those things that must be tossed off with the greatest grace and smoothness, and it requires the most beautiful and delicate technique. She played it to perfection. The terrific Scherzo by Chopin she did splendidly, but she kept the great octave passages in the bass a little too subordinate, I thought, and did not give it quite boldly enough for my taste, though it was extremely artistic. Clara Schumann's playing is very *objective*. She seems to throw herself into the music, instead of letting the music take possession of her. She gives you the most exquisite pleasure with every note she touches, and has a wonderful conception and variety in playing, but she seldom whirls you off your feet. At the second concert she was even better than at the first, if that is possible. She seemed full of fire, and when she played Bach, she ought to have been crowned with diamonds! Such noble playing I never heard. In fact, you are all the time impressed with the nobility and breadth of her style, and the comprehensiveness of her treatment, and oh, if you could hear her *scales*! In short, there is nothing more to be desired in her play-

¹ The reader will please to note the dates of the letters, which, as well as those from Weimar about Liszt, were written home without a thought of publication. One of A. F.'s friends wished to print extracts from her letters, and though she would not

say "yes," she did not say "no." With this negative permission they were arranged for The Atlantic without her supervision, and are given almost *verbatim* as they left her rapid pen.

ing, and she has every quality of a great artist. Many people say that Tausig is far better, but I don't believe it. He may have more technique and more power, but nothing else, I am sure. Everybody raves over his playing, and I am getting quite impatient for his return, which is expected next week. I send you Madame Schumann's photograph, which is exactly like her. She is a large, very German-looking woman, with dark hair and superb neck and arms. At the last concert she was dressed in black velvet, low body and short sleeves, and when she struck powerful chords, those large white arms came down with a certain splendor.

As for Joachim, he is perfectly magnificent, and has amazing power. When he played his solo in that second Chaconne of Bach's, you could scarcely believe it was only one violin. He has, like Madame Schumann, the greatest variety of tone, only on the violin the shades can be made far more delicate than on the piano.

I thought the second movement of Schumann's Quartette about as extraordinary as any part of Clara Schumann's performance. It was very rapid, very *staccato*, and *pianissimo* all the way through. Not a note escaped her fingers, and she played with so much magnetism that one could scarcely breathe until it was finished. You know nothing can be more difficult than to play *staccato* so very softly where there is great execution also. Both of the concertos, for violin and piano, which were played by Madame Schumann and Joachim, and especially the one in A minor, by Beethoven, were divine. Both parts were equally well sustained, and they played with so much fire—as if one inspired the other. It was worth a trip across the Atlantic just to hear those two performances.

The Sing-Akademie, where all the best concerts are given, is not a very large hall, but it is beautifully proportioned and its acoustics are perfect. The frescoes are very delicate, and on the left are boxes all along, which add much to the beauty of the hall with

their scarlet and gold flutings. Clara Schumann is a great favorite here, and there was such a rush for seats that, though we went early for our tickets, all the good parquette seats were gone, and we had to get places on the *estrade*, or place where the chorus sits—when there is one. But I found it delightful for a piano concert, for you can be as close to the performer as you like, and at the same time see the faces of the audience. I saw ever so many people that I knew, and we kept bowing away at each other. Just think how convenient it is here with regard to public amusements; for ladies can go anywhere alone! You take a *droschke* (as they call the cabs) and they drive you anywhere for five groschen, which is about fifteen cents. When you get into the concert hall you go into the *garde-robe* and take off your things, and hand them over to the care of the woman who stands there, and then you walk in and sit down comfortably, as you would in a parlor, and are not roasted in your hat and cloak while at the concert, and chilled when you go out, as we are in America. Their programmes, too, are not so unconscionably long as ours, and in short, their whole method of concert giving is more rational than with us. I always enjoy the *garde-robe*, for if you have acquaintances you are sure to meet them, and you have no idea how exciting it is in a foreign city to see anybody you know.

BERLIN, February 8, 1870.

I have heard both Rubinstein and Tausig in concert since I last wrote. They are both wonderful, but in quite a different way. Liszt's trill is like the warble of a bird, Tausig's is as much so. Rubinstein has the greatest power and *abandon* in playing that you can imagine, and is extremely exciting. I never saw a man to whom it seemed to be so easy to play. It is as if he were just sporting with the piano, and could do what he pleased with it. Tausig, on the contrary, is extremely restrained, and has not quite enthusiasm enough, but he is absolutely perfect, and plays

with the greatest expression. He is preëminent in grace and delicacy of execution, but seems to hold back his power in a concert-room, which is very singular, for when he plays to his classes in the Conservatory he seems all passion, and thrills you to the marrow of your bones. His conception is so very refined that sometimes it is a little too much so, while Rubinstein is occasionally too precipitate. I have not yet decided which I like best, but in my estimation Clara Schumann as a whole is superior to both, although she does n't begin to have their technique. Tausig's octave playing is the most extraordinary I ever heard. The last piece on his programme was a Hungarian Rhapsody by Liszt, and it was all octaves. The first part he played so pianissimo that you could only just hear it, and then he took the same theme and played it tremendously *forte*. It was colossal! His scales surpass Clara Schumann's, and it seems as if he played with velvet fingers, his touch is so very soft. He played the great C major Sonata by Beethoven, — Moscheles' favorite, you know. His conception of it was not brilliant, as I expected it would be, but very calm and dreamy, and the first movement especially he took very *piano*. He did it most beautifully, but I was not quite satisfied with the last movement, for I expected he would make a grand climax with those passionate trills, and he did not. Chopin he plays divinely, and that little Bourrée of Bach's that I used to play, was magical. He played it like lightning and made it perfectly bewitching.

Altogether he is a great man. But Clara Schumann always puts herself *en rapport* with you immediately, and therefore I think she is the greater genius, although I imagine the Germans would not agree with me. Tausig has such a little hand that I wonder he has been able to acquire his immense virtuosity. He is very short indeed; too short, in fact, for good looks, but he has remarkably keen and vivid eyes. He is only thirty years old, and is much younger than Rubinstein or Bülow.

BERLIN, March 4, 1870.

Last month I went for the first time to hear the Berlin Symphony Kapella. It is composed only of artists, and is the most splendid music imaginable. De Ahne, for instance, is one of the violinists, and he is not far behind Joachim. We have no conception of such an orchestra in America. The Philharmonic of New York approaches it, but is still a long way off. This orchestra is so perfect, and plays with such precision, that you can't realize that there are any performers at all. It is just a great wave of sound that rolls over you as smooth as glass. As the concert halls are much smaller here, the music is much louder, and every man not only plays piano and forte where it is marked, but he draws the *tone* out of his violin. They have the greatest pathos, consequently, in the soft parts, and overwhelming power in the loud. Where great expression is required the conductor almost ceases to beat time, and it seems as if the performers took it *ad libitum*; but they understand each other so well that they play like one man. It is too ecstatic! I observed the greatest difference in the horn playing. Instead of coming in in a monotonous sort of way as it does at home, and always with the same degree of loudness, here, when it is solo, it begins round and smooth and full, and then gently modulates until the tone seems to sigh itself out, dying away at last with a little tremolo that is perfectly melting. I never before heard such an effect. When the trumpets come in it is like the crack of doom, and you should hear the way they play the drums. I never was satisfied with the way they strike the drums in New York and Boston, for it always seemed as if they thought the parchment would break. Here, sometimes they give such a sharp stroke that it startles me, though of course it is not often. But it adds immensely to the accent, and makes your heart beat, I can tell you. They played Schubert's great symphony, and Beethoven's in B major, and I could scarcely believe my own ears at the difference between this or-

chestra and ours. It is as great as between — and Tausig. Since I last wrote I have been to hear Rubinstein again. He is the greatest sensation player I know of, and, like Gottschalk, has all sorts of tricks of his own. It is dreadfully exciting to hear him, and at his last concert the first piece he played — a terrific composition by Schubert — gave me such a violent headache that I could n't hear the rest of the performance with any pleasure. He has a gigantic spirit in him, and is extremely poetic and original, but for an entire concert he is too much. Give me Rubinstein for a few pieces, but Tausig for a whole evening. Rubinstein does n't care how many notes he misses, provided he can bring out his conception and make it vivid enough. Tausig strikes every note with rigid exactness, and perhaps his very perfection makes him at times a little cold. Rubinstein played Schubert's *Erl-König*, arranged by Liszt, *gloriously*. Where the child is so frightened, his hands flew all over the piano, and absolutely made it shriek with terror.

BERLIN, April 8, 1870.

I went to hear Haydn's *Jahreszeiten* a few evenings since, and it is the most charming work, — such a happy combination of grave and gay! He wrote it when he was seventy years old, and it is so popular that one has great difficulty in getting a ticket for it. The *salon* was entirely filled, so that I had to take a seat in the *loge*, where the places are pretty poor, though I went early too. The work is sung like an oratorio, in arias, recitatives, and choruses, and is interspersed with charming little songs. It represents the four seasons of the year, and each part is prefaced by a little overture appropriate to the passing of each season into the next. The recitatives are sung by Hanna and Lucas, who are lovers, and by Simon, who is a friend of both, apparently. The autumn is the prettiest of the four parts, for it represents first the joy of the country people over the harvests and over the fruits. Then comes a splendid chorus

in praise of Industry. After that follows a little love dialogue between Hanna and Lucas, then a description of a hunt, then a dance; lastly the wine is brought and the whole ends with a magnificent chorus in praise of wine. The dance is too pretty for anything, for the whole chorus sings a waltz, and it is the gayest, most captivating composition imaginable. The choruses here are so splendidly drilled that they give the expression in a very vivid manner, and produce beautiful effects. All the parts are perfectly accurate and well balanced. But the solo singers are, as I have remarked in a former letter, for the most part miserable. They cannot show here such a pair of stars as we had last winter in Parepa and Adelaide Phillips.

Last night I went with Mr. B — to hear Bach's *Passion Music*. Anything to equal that last chorus I never heard from voices. I felt as if it ought to go on forever, and could not bear to have it end. That choral, "O Sacred Head now wounded," is taken from it, and it comes in twice; the second time with different harmonies and without accompaniment. It is the most exquisite thing; you feel as if you would like to die when you hear it. But the last chorus carries you straight up to heaven. It begins, —

"We sit down in tears
And call to thee in the grave,
Rest soft — rest soft!"

It represents the rest of our Saviour after the stone has been rolled before the tomb, and it is *divine*. Everybody in the chorus was dressed in black, and almost every one in the audience, so you can imagine what a sombre scene it was. This is the custom here, and on Good Friday, when the celebrated *Tod Jesus* by Graun is performed, they go in black without exception.

BERLIN, April 24, 1870.

On Easter Sunday I did not go to the English church as is my wont, but to the Dom, which is the great church here, and is where all the court goes. It is an extremely ugly church, and much like one of our old Congregational

meeting-houses; but they have a superb choir of two hundred men and boys, which is celebrated all over Europe. Haupt (Mr. J. K. Paine's former master) is the organist, and of course they have a great big organ. I knew, as this was Easter, that the music would be magnificent, and so I made A—— W—— go there with me, much against her will, for she declared we should get no seat. The Germans don't trouble themselves to go to church very often, but on a feast day they turn out in crowds. We got to the church only twenty minutes before the service began, and I confess I was rather daunted as I saw the swarms of people not only going in but coming out, hopeless of getting into the church. However, I determined to push on and see what the chances were, and with great difficulty we got up-stairs. There is a lobby that runs all round the church, just as in the Boston Music Hall. All the doors between the gallery and the lobby were open, and each was crammed full of people. I thought the best thing we could do would be to stand there until we got tired, and listen to the music, and then go. Finally the sexton came along, and A—— asked him if he could not give us two seats; he shrugged his shoulders and said, "Yes, if you choose to pass through the crowd." We boldly said we would, although it looked almost hopeless, and then made our way through it, followed by muttered execrations. At last the sexton unlocked a door, and gave us two excellent seats, and there was plenty of room for a dozen more people; but I don't doubt he frightened them away just as he would have done us if he could. He locked us in and there we sat quite in comfort. At ten the choir began to sing a psalm. They sit directly over the chancel, and a gilded frame-work conceals them completely from the congregation. They have a leader who conducts them, and they sing in most perfect time and tune, entirely without accompaniment. The voices are soft and tender rather than loud, and they weave in and out most beautifully.

There are a great many different parts, and the voices keep striking in from various points, which produces a delicious effect, and makes them sound like an angel choir far up in the sky. After they had finished the psalm the organ burst out with a tremendous great chord, enough to make you jump, and then played a choral, and there were also trombones which took the melody. Then all the congregation sang the choral and the choir kept silence. You can't imagine how easy it is to sing when the trombones lead, and the effect is overwhelming with the organ, especially in these grand old chorals. I could scarcely bear it, it was so very exciting. There was a great deal of music, as it was Easter Sunday, and it was done alternately by the choir and the congregation; but generally the Dom choir only sings one psalm before the service begins, and therefore I seldom take the trouble to go there. The rest of the music is entirely congregational, and they only have trombones on great occasions. We sat close by the chancel, and the great wax candles flared on the altar below us, and the Lutheran clergyman read the German so that it sounded a good deal like Latin. I was quite surprised to see how much like Latin German could sound, for it has those long, rolling words, and it is just as pompous. Altogether it made a strange but splendid impression. I thought if they had only had their choir in the chancel and in white surplices it would have been much more beautiful, but perhaps the music would not have sounded so fine as when the singers were overhead. The Berlin churches all look as if religion was dying out here, so old and bare and ill-cared-for, and so few in number. They are only redeemed by the great castles of organs which they generally have; and it is a difficult thing to get the post of organist here. One must be an experienced and well-known musician to do it. They sing no chants in the service, but only chorals.

To-night is the last Royal Symphony Concert of this season, and of course I shall go. This wonderful orchestra car-

ries me completely away. It is too marvelous how they play! such expression, such *élan*! I heard them give Beethoven's *Leonora Overture* last week in such a fashion as fairly electrified me. This overture sums up the opera of *Fidelio*, and in one part of it, just as the hero is going to be executed, you hear the post-horn sound which announces his delivery. This they play so softly that you catch it exactly as if it came from a long distance, and you can't believe it comes from the orchestra. It makes you think of "the horns of elf-land faintly blowing."

BERLIN, December 11, 1870.

Last month I went with the B——s to a superb concert given for the benefit of the wounded. The Royal Orchestra played, and it was the best orchestral performance I have yet attended. The last piece on the programme was the *Ritt der Walküren* by Wagner. It was the first time it was given in Berlin, and it is a wonderful composition. It represents the ride of the spirits into Valhalla, and when you hear it, it seems as if you could really see the spectral horses with their ghostly riders. The effect produced at the end is so unearthly that one feels as if one had suddenly stepped into Pandemonium. I was perfectly enchanted with it, and the "Bravos" resounded all over the house. Tausig played a concerto in his own glorious fashion. He did his very best, and when he got through, not only the whole orchestra was applauding him, but even the conductor was rapping his desk like mad with his *bâton*. I thought to myself it was a proud position when a man would excite such enthusiasm in the breasts of these old and tried musicians.

But I wish you *could* hear Joachim, for it is simple ecstasy to listen to him! I am attending a series of quartette concerts that he is giving, and last night was the third. Oh, he is to me the wonder of the age, and unless I were to *rave* I could never express him! I am always amazed afresh every time I hear him, and never can I get used to his feats. Then his expression is so mar-

velous that he holds complete sway over his audience from the minute he begins till he ceases. He possesses magnetic power in the highest degree. Last night he gave a quartette by Haydn which was perfectly bewitching. The adagio he played so wonderfully, and drew such a pathetic tone from his violin, that it seemed to pierce one through! The third movement was a jig, and just the gayest little piece! It flashed like a humming-bird, and he played every note so distinctly and so fast that people were beside themselves, and it was almost impossible to keep still. It received tremendous encore.

I heard a new lady pianist the other day, who is becoming very celebrated and who plays superbly. Her name is *Fräulein Meuter*, and she is from Munich. She has been a pupil of Liszt, Tausig, and Bülow. Think what a galaxy of teachers! She is as pretty as she can be, and looks lovely at the piano. She plays everything by heart, and has a beautiful conception. She gave her concert entirely alone, except that some one sang a few songs, and at the end Tausig played a duet for two pianos with her, in which he took the second piano. Imagine being able to play well enough for such a high artist as he to condescend to do such a thing! It was so pretty when they were encores. He made a sign to go forward. She looked up inquiringly, and then stepped down one step lower than he. He smiled and applauded her as much as anybody. I thought it was very gallant in him to stand there and clap his hands before the whole audience, and not take any of the encore to himself, for his part was as important as hers, and he is a much greater artist. I was charmed with her, though. She goes far beyond Mehlig and Topp, though Mehlig too is considered to have a remarkable technique.

BERLIN, May 18, 1871.

Wagner has just been in Berlin, and his arrival here has been the occasion of great musical excitement. He was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and there was no end of ovations in

his honor. First, there was a great supper given to him, which was got up by Tausig and a few other distinguished musicians. Then on Sunday, two weeks ago, was given a concert in the Sing-Akademie, where the seats were free. As the academy only holds about a thousand people, you may imagine it was pretty difficult to get tickets. I did n't even attempt it, but luckily Weitzmann, my harmony teacher, who is an old friend of Wagner's, sent me one. The orchestra was immense. It was carefully selected from all the orchestras in Berlin, and Sterne, who directed it, had given himself infinite trouble in training it. Wagner is the most difficult person in the world to please, and is a wonderful conductor himself. He was highly discontented with the Gewandhaus Orchestra in Leipsic, which thinks itself the best in existence, so the Berliners felt rather shaky. The hall was filled to overflowing, and finally, in marched Wagner and his wife, preceded and followed by various distinguished musicians. As he appeared the audience rose, the orchestra struck up three clanging chords, and everybody shouted *Hoch!* It gave one a strange thrill. The concert was at twelve, and was preceded by a "greeting" which was recited by Frau Jachmann Wagner, a niece of Wagner's, and an actress. She was a pretty woman, "fair, fat, and forty," and an excellent speaker. As she concluded she burst into tears, and stepping down from the stage she presented Wagner with a laurel crown, and kissed him. Then the orchestra played Wagner's *Faust Overture* most superbly, and afterwards his *Fest March* from the *Tannhäuser*. The applause was unbounded. Wagner ascended the stage and made a little speech, in which he expressed his pleasure to the musicians and to Sterne, and then turned and addressed the audience. He spoke very rapidly and in that child-like way that all great musicians seem to have, and as a proof of his satisfaction with the orchestra he requested them to play the *Faust Overture* under his direction. We were all on tiptoe to know how he

would direct, and indeed it was wonderful to see him. He controlled the orchestra as if it were a single instrument and he were playing on it. He did n't beat the time simply, as most conductors do, but he had all sorts of little ways to indicate what he wished. It was very difficult for them to follow him, and they had to "keep their little eye open," as — used to say. He held them down during the first part, so as to give the uncertainty and speculativeness of *Faust's* character. Then as Mephistopheles came in, he gradually let them loose with a terrible crescendo, and made you feel as if hell suddenly gaped at your feet. Then where Gretchen appeared, all was delicious melody and sweetness. And so it went on, like a succession of pictures. The effect was tremendous. I had one of the best seats in the house, and could see Wagner and his wife the whole time. He has an enormous forehead, and is the most nervous-looking man you can imagine, but has that grim setting of the mouth that betokens an iron will. When he conducts he is almost beside himself with excitement. That is one reason why he is so great as a conductor, for the orchestra catches his frenzy, and each man plays under a sudden inspiration. I was as much interested in his wife as in him. You know she is Liszt's daughter. She has a very remarkable face; not at all handsome, but pale and intellectual and full of soul. She must be nearly forty, I should think. She gazed at Wagner as if she only lived and moved and had her being in him, as I suppose is the case. . . .

Wagner's object in coming here was to try and get his *Nibelungen* opera performed. It is an opera which requires four evenings to get through with. Did you ever hear of such a thing? He lays out everything on such a colossal scale. It reminded me of that story they tell of him when he was a boy. He was a great enthusiast of Shakespeare, and wanted to write plays too! So he wrote one in which he killed off forty of the principal characters in the last act! He gave a grand concert in

the opera house here, which he directed himself. It was entirely his own compositions, with the exception of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, which he declared nobody understood but himself! That rather took down Berlin, but all had to acknowledge after the concert that they never had heard it so magnificently played. He has his own peculiar conception of it. There was a great crowd, and every seat had been taken long before. All the artists were present except Kullak, who was ill. I saw Tausig sitting in the front rank with the Baroness von S——. There must have been two hundred players in the orchestra, and they acquitted themselves splendidly. The applause grew more and more enthusiastic, until it finally found vent in a shower of wreaths and bouquets. Wagner bowed and bowed, and it seemed as if the people would never settle down again. At the end of the concert followed a second shower of flowers, and his Kaiser March was encored. The march is superb — so pompous and majestic, and with delicious melodies occasionally interwoven through it. The bouquets were piled in a heap on the stage, in front of the director's desk, for Wagner had no place left big enough to stand on without crushing them. Altogether it was a brilliant affair, and a great triumph for his friends. He has a great many bitter enemies here. Joachim is one of them, though it seems inconceivable that a man of his musical gifts should be so. Ehlert is also a strong anti-Wagnerite, and the Jews hate him intensely. It was expected that they would take advantage of this occasion to get up an opposition, and hiss in the concert, but there was nothing of the kind.

BERLIN, August 31, 1871.

I got home from my Rhine journey much refreshed in body and spirit, though saddened by the news of Tausig's death, which reached us when we were at Bingen. He died at Leipzig on the 17th of July, of typhus fever, brought on, it is said, by overtaxing his musical memory. Is it not dreadful that

he should have died so young — only thirty-one years old! When I think of his wonderful playing silenced forever, it is impossible to be reconciled to it, and if you could have heard those matchlessly trained fingers of his you would understand my feeling perfectly. And he played only twice in Berlin last winter. He was a strange little soul — a perfect misanthrope. Nobody knew him intimately. He lived all the last part of his life in the strictest retirement, a prey to deep melancholy. He was noted for the severe morality of his life, and all the papers spoke of it. That was much for such a fascinating artist as he was, for I suppose no end of women were in love with him. A countess went on from Dresden and nursed him all through his illness. He was taken ill in Leipzig, whither he had gone to meet Liszt. Until the ninth day they had hopes of his recovery, but in the night he had a relapse, and died the tenth day, very easily at the last. His remains were brought to Berlin and he was buried here. Everything was done to save him, and he had the most celebrated physicians, but it was useless. So my last hope of lessons from him again is at an end, you see! I never expect to hear such piano-playing again. It was as impossible for him to strike one false note as it is for other people to strike right ones. He was absolutely infallible. The papers all tell a story about his playing a piece one time before his friends, from the notes. The music fell upon the keys, but Tausig did n't allow himself to be at all disturbed, and went on playing through the paper, his fingers piercing it and grasping the proper chords, until some one rushed to his aid and set the notes up again! Oh, he was a wonder, and it is a tragic loss to Art that he is dead. He was such a true artist, his standard was so immeasurably high, and he had such a proud contempt for anything approaching clap-trap, or what he called *Spectakel*. I have seen him execute the most gigantic difficulties without permitting himself a sign of effort beyond an almost imperceptible compression of one corner

of his mouth. However, he entirely overstrained himself, and his whole nervous system was completely shattered long before his illness. He said last winter that the very idea of playing in public was unbearable to him, and after he had announced in the papers that he would give four concerts, he recalled the announcement on the plea of ill-health. Then he thought he would go to Italy and spend the winter. But when he got as far as Naples, he said to himself, "Nein, hier bleibst du nicht" (No, you won't stay here); and back he came to Berlin. He does n't seem to have known what he wanted, himself; his was an uneasy, tormented, capricious spirit, at enmity with the world. Perhaps his marriage had something to do with it. His wife was a beautiful artist too, and they thought the world of each other, yet they could n't live together. But Tausig's whole life was a mystery, and his reserve was so complete that nobody could pierce it.

BERLIN, October 2, 1871.

The other day was an auction in poor little Tausig's house, and all his furniture was sold. It was very handsome, all of solid oak, beautifully carved. He had spent five thousand dollars on it. His wardrobe was sold too, and I don't know how many pairs of his little boots and shoes were there, his patent leather concert boots among others. His little velvet coat, that he used to wear at the Conservatory, went with the rest. I saw it lying on a chair. I wanted to buy a picture, but they were all sold in a lot. He had excellent ones of all the great composers, down to Liszt and Wagner, hanging over his piano in the room where he always played. So wretched as it all was!

Kullak deplors Tausig's death very deeply. He had visited him in Leipzig two days before he was taken ill, and said that nobody could have dreamed that Tausig was going to die, he looked so well. Kullak says that Tausig was one of the three or four great *special* pianists. "Who will interpret to us so again?" he said.

BERLIN, February 10, 1872.

I have just had a splendid time in Dresden, where E— L— and I have been spending a week with C— T—. C— did everything in her power to amuse us, and she is the soul of amiability. She kept inviting people to meet us, and had several tea-parties, and when we had no company she took us to the theatre or the opera. She invited Marie Wieck (the sister of Clara Schumann) to tea one night. I was very glad to meet her, for she is an exquisite artist herself, and plays in Clara Schumann's style, though her conception is not so remarkable. Her touch is perfect. At C—'s request she tried to play for us, but as the action of C—'s piano is pretty well worn out, she presently got up, saying that she could do nothing on such an instrument, but that if we would come to *her*, she would play for us with pleasure. I was in high glee at that proposal, for I was very anxious to see the famous Wieck, the trainer of so many generations of musicians. Fräulein Wieck appointed Saturday evening, and we accordingly went. C— had instructed us how to act, for the old man is quite a character, and has to be dealt with after his own fashion. She said we must walk in (having first laid off our things) as if we had been members of the family all our lives, and say, "Good evening, Papa Wieck,"—everybody calls him Papa. Then we were to seat ourselves, and if we had some knitting or sewing with us it would be well. At any rate, we must have the apparent intention of spending several hours, for nothing provokes him so as to have people come in simply to call. "What!" he will say, "do you expect to know a celebrated man like me in half an hour?" then (very sarcastically), "perhaps you want my autograph!" He hates to give his autograph. Well, we went through the prescribed programme. We were ushered into a large room, much longer than it was broad. At either end stood a grand piano. Otherwise the room was furnished with the greatest simplicity. My impression is that the

floor was a plain yellow painted one, with a rug or two here and there. A few portraits and bas-reliefs hung upon the walls. The pianos were of course fine. Frau Wieck and "Papa" received us graciously. We began by taking tea, but soon the old man became impatient, and said, "Come, the ladies wish to perform (*vortragen*) something before me, and if we don't begin we shan't accomplish anything." He lives entirely in music, and has a class of girls whom he instructs every evening for nothing. Five of these young girls were there. He is very deaf, but, strange to say, he is as sensitive as ever to every musical sound, and the same is the case with Clara Schumann. Fräulein Wieck then opened the ball. She is about forty, I should think, and a stout, phlegmatic-looking woman. However, she played superbly, and her touch is one of the most delicious possible. After hearing her, one is not surprised that the Wiecks think nobody can teach touch but themselves. She began with a nocturne by Chopin, in F major. I forgot to say that the old Herr sits in his chair with the air of being on a throne, and announces beforehand each piece that is to be played, and follows it with some comment: *e. g.*, "This nocturne I allowed my daughter Clara to play in Berlin forty years ago, and afterward the principal newspaper in criticising her performance remarked: 'This young girl seems to have much talent; it is only a pity that she is in the hands of a father whose head seems stuck full of queer, new-fangled notions,' — so new was Chopin to the public at that time." That is the way he goes on. After Fräulein Wieck had finished the nocturne, I asked for something by Bach, which I'm told she plays remarkably. She said that at the moment she had nothing in practice by Bach, but she would play me a *gigue* by a composer of Bach's time, — Hessel, I think she said, but cannot remember, as it was a name entirely unknown to me. It was very brilliant, and she executed it beautifully. Afterward she played the last movement of Beethoven's

Sonata in E flat major, but I was n't particularly struck with her conception of that. Then we had a pause, and she urged me to play. I refused, for as I had been in Dresden a week and had not practiced, I did not wish to sit down and not do myself justice. The old man then said, "Now we'll have something else;" and got up and went to the piano, and called the young girls. He made three of them sing, one after the other, and they sang very charmingly indeed. One of them he made improvise a *cadenza*, and a second sang the alto to it without accompaniment. He was very proud of that. He exercises his pupils in all sorts of ways, trains them to sing any given tone, and to "skip up and down the ladder" as they call the scale. After the master had finished with the singing, Fräulein Wieck played three more pieces, one of which was an exquisite arrangement by Liszt of that song by Schumann, *Du meine Seele*. She ended with a *gavotte* by Glück, or as Papa Wieck would say, "This is a *gavotte* from one of Glück's operas, arranged by Brahms for the piano. To the superficial observer the second movement will appear very easy, but in my opinion it is for the artist a very hard task to hit it exactly." I happened to know just how the thing ought to be played, for I had heard it three times from Clara Schumann herself. Fräulein Wieck did n't please me at all in it, for she took the second movement twice as quickly as the first. "Your sister plays the second movement much slower," said I. "So?" said she, "I've never heard it from her." She then asked, "So slow?" playing it slower. "Still slower?" said she, beginning a third time, at my continual disapproval. "In strict time," said I, nodding my head oracularly. "Väterchen," called she to the old Herr, "Miss F—— says that Clara plays the second movement *so* slow," showing him. I don't know whether this correction made an impression, but he was then determined that I should play, and on my continued refusal he finally said that he "found it very strange that a young

lady who had studied more than two years in Tausig's and Kullak's conservatories should n't have *one* piece that she could play before people." This little fling provoked me, so up I jumped, and saying to myself, "*Kopf in die Höhe, Brust heraus, vorwärts!*" (one of the military orders here), I marched to the piano and played the fugue at the end of Beethoven's A flat Sonata, Op. 110. They all sat round the room as still as so many statues while I played, and you cannot imagine how dreadfully nervous I was. I thought fifty times I should have to stop, for like all fugues it is such a piece that if you once get out you never can get in again, and Bülow himself made a smash-up on the last part of it the other night in his concert. But I got well through, notwithstanding, and the old master was good enough to commend me warmly.

Papa Wieck used to be Bülow's master before Bülow went to Liszt. Did I tell you how carried away with Bülow I was? He is an extraordinary artist, just between Rubinstein and Tausig. I am going to hear him again on Saturday, and then I'll write you my full opinion about him. He is famous for his playing of Beethoven, and I wish you could have heard the Moonlight Sonata from him. One thing he does which is entirely peculiar to himself. He runs all the movements of a sonata together, instead of pausing between. It pleased me very much, as it gives a *unity* of effect, and seems to make each movement beget the succeeding one.

BERLIN, July 1, 1872.

You ask about Bülow. I've always forgotten to describe his playing to you, and it is now so long since I heard him that my impressions of it are not so vivid. He has the most forcible style I ever heard, and phrases wonderfully. It is like looking through a stereoscope to hear him. All the points of a piece seem to start out vividly before you. He made me think of Gottschalk a little, for he is full of his airs. His expression is proud and supercilious to the last

degree, and he looks all round at his audience when he is playing. He always has two grand pianos on the stage, one facing one way, and one the other, and he plays alternately on both. His face seems to say to his audience, "You 're all cats and dogs, and I don't care what you think of my playing." Sometimes a look of infinite humor comes over it, when he is playing a rondo or anything gay. It is very funny. He has remarkable magnetic power, and you feel that you are under the sway of a tremendous will. Many persons find fault with his playing, because they say it is pure intellect (*der reine Verstand*), but I think he has too much passion to be called purely intellectual. Still, it is always passion controlled. Beethoven has been the grand study of his life, and he plays his sonatas as no one else does.

BERLIN, November 7, 1873.

You ask me in your letter to write you a comparison — a summing up — between Clara Schumann, Bülow, Tausig, and Rubinstein, but I don't find it very easy to do, as they are all so different. Clara Schumann is entirely a *classic* player. Beethoven's sonatas, and Bach, too, she plays splendidly; but she does n't seem to me to have any *finesse*, or much poetry in her playing. There's nothing subtle in her conception. She has a great deal of fire, and her whole style is grand, finished, perfectly rounded off, solid, and satisfactory, — what the Germans call *gediegen*. She is a *healthy* artist to listen to, but there is nothing of the analytic, no Balzac or Hawthorne about her. Beethoven's Variations in C minor are perhaps the best performance I ever heard from her, and they are immensely difficult, too; I thought she did them better than Bülow, in spite of Bülow's being such a great Beethovenite. I think she repeats the same pieces a good deal, possibly because she finds the modern fashion of playing everything without notes very trying. I've even heard that she cries over the necessity of doing it; and certainly it is a foolish

thing to make a point of, with so very great an artist as Clara Schumann. If people could only be allowed to have their own individuality!

Bülow's playing is more many-sided, and is chiefly distinguished by its great vigor; there is no end to his nervous energy, and the more he plays, the more the interest increases. He is my favorite of the four. But he plays Chopin just as well as he does Beethoven; and Schumann, too. Altogether he is a delicious pianist, though by no means unerring in his technique. I've heard him get dreadfully mixed up. I think he trusts *too* much to his memory, and that he does not prepare sufficiently. He plays everything by heart, and such tremendous programmes! He always hits the nail plump on the head, and such a grasp as he has! His chords take firm hold of you. For instance, in the beginning of the last movement of the Moonlight Sonata, you should hear him run up that arpeggio in the right hand so lightly and pianissimo, every note so delicately articulated, and then *crash-smash* on those two chords at the top! And when he plays Bach's gavottes, gigue, etc., in the English Suites, a laughing, roguish look comes over his face, and he puts the most indescribable drollery and originality into them. You see that "he sees the point" so well, and that makes *you* see it, too. Yes, it is good fun to hear Bülow do those things.

Tausig resembled Liszt more in that subtlety which Liszt has, and consequently he was a better Chopin player than anybody else except Liszt. Tausig had an intense love for Chopin, too, and always wished he could have known him. I think that he had more virtuosity, and yet more delicacy of feeling, than either Rubinstein or Bülow. His finish, perfection, and above all his touch, were beyond anything. But he was cold, at least in the concert room. In the Conservatory he seemed to me a very passionate player; but, somehow, in public that was not the case. Unfortunately, I had studied so little at that time, that I don't feel as if I were

competent to judge him. He was Liszt's favorite, and Liszt said of him, "That will be the inheritor of my playing;" but I doubt if this could have been, for the winter before Tausig died, Kullak remarked to me that his playing became more and more "dry" every year, probably on account of his morbid aversion to Spectakel, as he called it; whereas Liszt gives the reins to the emotions always.

Rubinstein you've heard. Most people put him next to Liszt. Your finding him cold surprised me, for if there is a thing he is celebrated here for, it is for the fire and passion of his playing, and for his imagination and spontaneity. I think that Tausig, Bülow, and Clara Schumann, all three, have it all cut and dried beforehand, how they are going to play a piece, but Rubinstein creates at the instant. He plays without *plan*. Probably the afternoon you heard him he did not feel in the mood, and so was not at his best. As a composer he far outranks the other three.

When I was in Weimar I heard a great deal about Tausig's *escapades* when he was studying there as a boy. They say that he was awfully wild and reckless at that time, and Liszt paid his debts over and over again. Sometimes in aristocratic parties, when Liszt did not feel like playing, himself, he would tell Tausig to play, and perhaps Tausig would not feel like it, either. He had the most enormous strength in his fingers, though his hands were small, and he would go to the piano and pretend he was going to play, and strike the first chords with such a crash that three or four strings would snap almost immediately; and then, of course, the piano was used up for the evening.

Tausig's father procured him a splendid grand piano from Leipsic one time, and shortly after Tausig whittled off the corners of all the keys, so as to make them more difficult to strike, and his father had to pay a large sum to have them repaired. Another time he was presented with a set of chess-men, and the next day some one on visiting

him observed the pieces lying all about the floor. "Why, Tausig, what has happened to your chess men?" "Oh, I wanted to see if they were easily broken, so I knocked up the board." He seemed to be possessed with a spirit of destruction. Gottschal told me that one time when Tausig was "hard up" for money, he sold the score of Liszt's Faust for five thalers to a servant, along with a great pile of his own notes. The servant disposed of them to some waste-paper man; and Gottschal, accidentally hearing of it, went to the man and rescued them, just as they were about to be pasted up on a wall instead of paper,—probably in some shanty. Then Gottschal went to Liszt to tell him that he had the score. As it happened, the publisher had written for it that very day, and Liszt was turning the house upside down, looking for it everywhere.

At that time he was living in an immense house on a hill here, that they call the Altenburg; Liszt occupied the first floor, a princely friend the second, and the top story was one grand ball-room, in which were generally nine grand pianos standing. They used to give the most magnificent entertainments, and Liszt spent thirty thousand thalers a year. He lived like a lord at that time, very different from his present simplicity. Well, he was in an awful state of mind because his score was nowhere to be found. "A whole year's labor lost!" he cried, and he was in such

a rage, that when Gottschal asked him for the third time what he was looking for, he turned and stamped his foot at him and said, "You confounded fellow, can't you leave me in peace, and not torment me with your stupid questions?" Gottschal knew perfectly well what was wanting, but he wished to have a little fun out of the matter. At last he took pity on Liszt, and said, "Herr Doctor, I know what you've lost. It is the score to your Faust." "Oh," said Liszt, changing his tone immediately, "do you know anything of it?" "Of course I do," said Gottschal, and proceeded to unfold Master Tausig's performance, and how he had rescued the precious music. Liszt was transported with joy that it was found, and called up-stairs, "Carolina, Carolina, we're saved! Gottschal has rescued us;" and then Gottschal said that Liszt embraced him, in his transport, and could not say or do enough to make up for his having been so rude to him. Well, you would have supposed that it was now all up with Master Tausig; but not at all. A few days afterwards was Tausig's birthday, and Carolina took Gottschal aside, and begged him to drop the subject of the note stealing, for Liszt doted so on his Carl that he wished to forget it. Sure enough, Liszt kissed Carl and congratulated him on his birthday, and consoled himself with his same old observation, "You'll either turn out a great blockhead, my little Carl, or a great master."

A. F.

"RAMON."

EL REFUGIO MINE, NORTHERN MEXICO, 1874.

DRUNK and senseless in his place,
 Prone and sprawling on his face,
 More like brute than any man alive or dead,—
 By his great pump, out of gear,
 Lay the peon engineer,
 Waking only just to hear,
 Overhead,

Angry tones that called his name,
Oaths and cries of bitter blame —
Woke to hear all this, and waking, turned and fled!

"To the man who'll bring to me,"
Cried Intendant Harry Lee, —
Harry Lee, the English foreman of the mine, —
"Bring the sot alive or dead,
I will give to him," he said,
"Fifteen hundred *pesos* down,
Just to set the rascal's crown
Underneath this heel of mine;
Since but death
Deserves the man whose deed,
Be it vice or want of heed,
Stops the pumps that give us breath —
Stops the pumps that suck the death
From the poisoned lower levels of the mine!"

No one answered, for a cry
From the shaft rose up on high;
And shuffling, scrambling, tumbling from below,
Came the miners each, the bolder
Mounting on the weaker's shoulder,
Grappling, clinging to their hold or
Letting go,
As the weaker gasped and fell
From the ladder to the well —
To the poisoned pit of hell
Down below!

"To the man who sets them free,"
Cried the foreman, Harry Lee, —
Harry Lee, the English foreman of the mine, —
"Brings them out and sets them free,
I will give that man," said he,
"Twice that sum, who with a rope
Face to face with Death shall cope.
Let him come who dares to hope!"
"Hold your peace!" some one replied,
Standing by the foreman's side;
"There has one already gone, whose'er he be!"

Then they held their breath with awe,
Pulling on the rope, and saw
Fainting figures reappear,
On the black rope swinging clear,
Fastened by some skillful hand from below;
Till a score the level gained,
And but one alone remained, —
He the hero and the last,
He whose skillful hand made fast
The long line that brought them back to hope and cheer!

Haggard, gasping, down dropped he
 At the feet of Harry Lee, —
 Harry Lee, the English foreman of the mine;
 "I have come," he gasped, "to claim
 Both rewards. Señor, my name
 Is Ramon!
 I'm the drunken engineer —
 I'm the coward, Señor" — Here
 He fell over, by that sign
 Dead as stone!

Bret Harte.

A REBEL'S RECOLLECTIONS.

V.

THE CHEVALIER OF THE LOST CAUSE.

THE queer people who devote their energies to the collection of autographs have a habit, as everybody whose name has been three times in print must have discovered, of soliciting from their victim "an autograph *with a sentiment*," and the unfortunate one is expected, in such cases, to say something worthy of himself, something especially which shall be eminently characteristic, revealing, in a single sentence, the whole man, or woman, as the case may be. How large a proportion of the efforts to do this are measurably successful, nobody but a collector of the sort referred to can say; but it seems probable that the most characteristic autograph "sentiments" are those which are written of the writer's own motion and not of malice aforethought. I remember seeing a curious collection of these once, many of which were certainly not unworthy the men who wrote them. One read, "I. O. U. fifty pounds lost at play, — CHARLES JAMES FOX," and another was a memorandum of sundry wagers laid, signed by the Right Honorable Richard Brinsley Sheridan. These, I thought, bore the impress of their authors' character, and it is at the least doubtful whether either of the distinguished gentlemen would have done half

so well in answer to a modest request for a sentiment and a signature.

In the great dining-hall of the Briars, an old-time mansion in the Shenandoah Valley, the residence of Mr. John Esten Cooke, there hangs a portrait of a broad-shouldered cavalier, and beneath is written, in the hand of the cavalier himself,

"*Yours to count on,*
 J. E. B. STUART,"

an autograph sentiment which seems to me a very perfect one in its way. There was no point in Stuart's character more strongly marked than the one here hinted at. He was "yours to count on" always: your friend if possible, your enemy if you would have it so, but your friend or your enemy "to count on," in any case. A franker, more transparent nature, it is impossible to conceive. What he was he professed to be. That which he thought, he said, and his habit of thinking as much good as he could of those about him served to make his frankness of speech a great friend-winner.

I saw him for the first time when he was a colonel, in command of the little squadron of horsemen known as the first regiment of Virginia cavalry. The company to which I belonged was assigned to this regiment immediately after the evacuation of Harper's Ferry by the Confederates. General John-

ston's army was at Winchester, and the Federal force under General Patterson lay around Martinsburg. Stuart, with his three or four hundred men, was encamped at Bunker Hill, about midway between the two, and thirteen miles from support of any kind. He had chosen this position as a convenient one from which to observe the movements of the enemy, and the tireless activity which marked his subsequent career so strongly had already begun. As he afterwards explained, it was his purpose to train and school his men, quite as much as anything else, that prompted the greater part of his madcap expeditions at this time, and if there be virtue in practice as a means of perfection, he was certainly an excellent school-master.

My company arrived at the camp about noon, after a march of three or four days, having traveled twenty miles that morning. Stuart, whom we encountered as we entered the camp, assigned us our position, and ordered our tents pitched. Our captain, who was even worse disciplined than we were, seeing a much more comfortable camping-place than the muddy one assigned to us, and being a comfort-loving gentleman, proceeded to lay out a model camp at a distance of fifty yards from the spot indicated. It was not long before the colonel particularly wished to consult with that captain, and after the consultation the volunteer officer was firmly convinced that all West Point graduates were martinets, with no knowledge whatever of the courtesies due from one gentleman to another.

We were weary after our long journey, and disposed to welcome the prospect of rest which our arrival in the camp held out. But resting, as we soon learned, had small place in our colonel's tactics. We had been in camp perhaps an hour, when an order came directing that the company be divided into three parts, each under command of a lieutenant, and that these report immediately for duty. Reporting, we were directed to scout through the country around Martinsburg, going as near the

town as possible, and to give battle to any cavalry force we might meet. Here was a pretty lookout, certainly! Our officers knew not one inch of the country, and might fall into all sorts of traps and ambuscades; and what if we should meet a cavalry force greatly superior to our own? This West Point colonel was rapidly forfeiting our good opinion. Our lieutenants were brave fellows, however, and they led us boldly if ignorantly, almost up to the very gates of the town occupied by the enemy. We saw some cavalry but met none, their orders not being so peremptorily belligerent perhaps, as ours were; wherefore they gave us no chance to fight them. The next morning our unreasonable colonel again ordered us to mount, in spite of the fact that there were companies in the camp which had done nothing at all the day before. This time he led us himself, taking pains to get us as nearly as possible surrounded by infantry, and then laughingly telling us that our chance for getting out of the difficulty, except by cutting our way through, was an exceedingly small one. I think we began about this time to suspect that we were learning something, and that this reckless colonel was trying to teach us. But that he was a hare-brained fellow, lacking the caution belonging to a commander, we were unanimously agreed. He led us out of the place at a rapid gait, before the one gap in the enemy's lines could be closed, and then jauntily led us into one or two other traps, before taking us back to camp.

But it was not until General Patterson began his feint against Winchester that our colonel had full opportunity to give us his field lectures. When the advance began, and our pickets were driven in, the most natural thing to do, in our view of the situation, was to fall back upon our infantry supports at Winchester, and I remember hearing various expressions of doubt as to the colonel's sanity when, instead of falling back, he marched his handful of men right up to the advancing lines, and ordered us to dismount. The Federal

skirmish line was coming toward us at a double-quick, and we were set going toward it at a like rate of speed, leaving our horses hundreds of yards to the rear. We could see that the skirmishers alone outnumbered us three or four times, and it really seemed that our colonel meant to sacrifice his command deliberately. He waited until the infantry was within about two hundred yards of us, we being in the edge of a little forest, and they on the other side of an open field. Then Stuart cried out, "Backwards — march! steady, men, — keep your faces to the enemy!" and we marched in that way through the timber, delivering our shot-gun fire slowly as we fell back toward our horses. Then mounting, with the skirmishers almost upon us, we retreated, not hurriedly, but at a slow trot, which the colonel would on no account permit us to change into a gallop. Taking us out into the main road he halted us in column, with our backs to the enemy.

"Attention!" he cried. "Now I want to talk to you, men. You are brave fellows, and patriotic ones too, but you are ignorant of this kind of work, and I am teaching you. I want you to observe that a good man on a good horse can never be caught. Another thing: cavalry can *trot* away from anything, and a gallop is a gait unbecoming a soldier, unless he is going toward the enemy. Remember that. We gallop toward the enemy, and trot away, always. Steady now! don't break ranks!"

And as the words left his lips a shell from a battery half a mile to the rear hissed over our heads.

"There," he resumed. "I've been waiting for that, and watching those fellows. I knew they'd shoot too high, and I wanted you to learn how shells sound."

We spent the next day or two literally within the Federal lines. We were shelled, skirmished with, charged, and surrounded scores of times, until we learned to hold in high regard our colonel's masterly skill in getting into and out of perilous positions. He seemed

to blunder into them in sheer recklessness, but in getting out he showed us the quality of his genius; and before we reached Manassas, we had learned, among other things, to entertain a feeling closely akin to worship for our brilliant and daring leader. We had begun to understand, too, how much force he meant to give to his favorite dictum that the cavalry is the eye of the army.

His restless activity was one, at least, of the qualities which enabled him to win the reputation he achieved so rapidly. He could never be still. He was rarely ever in camp at all, and he never showed a sign of fatigue. He led almost everything. Even after he became a general officer, with well-nigh an army of horsemen under his command, I frequently followed him as my leader in a little party of half a dozen troopers, who might as well have gone with a sergeant on the duty assigned them; and once I was his only follower on a scouting expedition, of which he, a brigadier-general at the time, was the commander. I had been detailed to do some clerical work at his head-quarters, and, having finished the task assigned me, was waiting in the piazza of the house he occupied, for somebody to give me further orders, when Stuart came out.

"Is that your horse?" he asked, going up to the animal and examining him minutely.

I replied that he was, and upon being questioned further informed him that I did not wish to sell my steed. Turning to me suddenly, he said, —

"Let's slip off on a scout, then; I'll ride your horse and you can ride mine. I want to try your beast's paces;" and mounting we galloped away. Where or how far he intended to go I did not know. He was enamored of my horse, and rode, I suppose, for the pleasure of riding an animal which pleased him. We passed outside our picket line, and then, keeping in the woods, rode within that of the Union army. Wandering about in a purposeless way, we got a near view of some of the Federal camps, and finally finding ourselves objects of

attention on the part of some well-mounted cavalry in blue uniforms, we rode rapidly down a road toward our own lines, our pursuers riding quite as rapidly immediately behind us.

"General," I cried presently, "there is a Federal picket post on the road just ahead of us. Had we not better oblique into the woods?"

"Oh no. They won't expect us from this direction, and we can ride over them before they make up their minds who we are."

Three minutes later we rode at full speed through the corporal's guard on picket, and were a hundred yards or more away before they could level a gun at us. Then half a dozen bullets whistled about our ears, but the cavalier paid no attention to them.

"Did you ever time this horse for a half-mile?" was all he had to say.

Expeditions of this singular sort were by no means uncommon occurrences with him. I am told by a friend who served on his staff, that he would frequently take one of his aids and ride away otherwise unattended into the enemy's lines; and singularly enough this was one of his ways of making friends with any officer to whom his rough, boyish ways had given offense. He would take the officer with him, and when they were alone would throw his arms around his companion, and say, —

"My dear fellow, you must n't be angry with me, — you know I love you."

His boyishness was always apparent, and the affectionate nature of the man was hardly less so, even in public. He was especially fond of children, and I remember seeing him in the crowded waiting-room of the railroad station at Gordonsville with a babe on each arm; a great, bearded warrior, with his plumed hat, and with golden spurs clanking at his heels, engaged in a mad frolic with all the little people in the room, charging them right and left with the pair of babies which he had captured from their unknown mothers.

It was on the day of my ride with him that I heard him express his views of the war and his singular aspiration for

himself. It was almost immediately after General McClellan assumed command of the army of the Potomac, and while we were rather eagerly expecting him to attack our strongly fortified position at Centreville. Stuart was talking with some members of his staff, with whom he had been wrestling a minute before. He said something about what they could do by way of amusement when they should go into winter-quarters.

"That is to say," he continued, "if George B. McClellan ever allows us to go into winter-quarters at all."

"Why, general? Do you think he will advance before spring?" asked one of the officers.

"Not against Centreville," replied the general. "He has too much sense for that, and I think he knows the shortest road to Richmond, too. If I am not greatly mistaken, we shall hear of him shortly on his way up the James River."

In this prediction, as the reader knows, he was right. The conversation then passed to the question of results.

"I regard it as a foregone conclusion," said Stuart, "that we shall ultimately whip the Yankees. We are bound to believe that, anyhow; but the war is going to be a long and terrible one, first. We've only just begun it, and very few of us will see the end. *All I ask of fate is that I may be killed leading a cavalry charge.*"

The remark was not a boastful or seemingly insincere one. It was made quietly, cheerfully, almost eagerly, and it impressed me at the time with the feeling that the man's idea of happiness was what the French call glory, and that in his eyes there was no glory like that of dying in one of the tremendous onsets which he knew so well how to make. His wish was granted, as we know. He received his death-wound at the head of his troopers.

With those about him he was as affectionate as a woman, and his little boyish ways are remembered lovingly by those of his military household whom I have met since the war came to an end. On one occasion, just after a battle, he

handed his coat to a member of his staff, saying, —

"Try that on, captain, and see how it fits you."

The garment fitted reasonably well, and the general continued, —

"Pull off two of the stars, and wear the coat to the war department, and tell the people there to make you a major."

The officer did as his chief bade him. Removing two of the three stars he made the coat a major's uniform, and the captain was promptly promoted in compliance with Stuart's request.

General Stuart was, without doubt, capable of handling an infantry command successfully, as he demonstrated at Chancellorsville, where he took Stonewall Jackson's place and led an army corps in a very severe engagement; but his special fitness was for cavalry service. His tastes were those of a horseman. Perpetual activity was a necessity of his existence, and he enjoyed nothing so much as danger. Audacity, his greatest virtue as a cavalry commander, would have been his besetting sin in any other position. Inasmuch as it is the business of the cavalry to live as constantly as possible within gunshot of the enemy, his recklessness stood him in excellent stead as a general of horse, but it is at least questionable whether his want of caution would not have led to disaster if his command had been of a less mobile sort. His critics say he was vain, and he was so, as a boy is. He liked to win the applause of his friends, and he liked still better to astonish the enemy, glorying in the thought that his foemen must admire his "impudence," as he called it, while they dreaded its manifestation. He was continually doing things of an extravagantly audacious sort, with no other purpose, seemingly, than that of making people stretch their eyes in wonder. He enjoyed the admiration of the enemy far more, I think, than he did that of his friends. This fact was evident in the care he took to make himself a conspicuous personage in every time of danger. He would ride at some distance from his men in a skirmish, and in every possible way attract

a dangerous attention to himself. His slouch hat and long plume marked him in every battle, and made him a target for the riflemen to shoot at. In all this there was some vanity, if we choose to call it so, but it was an excellent sort of vanity for a cavalry chief to cultivate. I cannot learn that he ever boasted of any achievement, or that his vanity was ever satisfied with the things already done. His audacity was due, I think, to his sense of humor, not less than to his love of applause. He would laugh uproariously over the astonishment he imagined the Federal officers must feel after one of his peculiarly daring or sublimely impudent performances. When, after capturing a large number of horses and mules on one of his raids, he seized a telegraph station and sent a dispatch to General Meigs, then Quartermaster-General of the United States army, complaining that he could not afford to come after animals of so poor a quality, and urging that officer to provide better ones for capture in future, he enjoyed the joke quite as heartily as he did the success which made it possible.

The boyishness to which I have referred ran through every part of his character and every act of his life. His impetuosity in action, his love of military glory and of the military life, his occasional waywardness with his friends and his generous affection for them, — all these were the traits of a great boy, full, to running over, of impulsive animal life. His audacity, too, which impressed strangers as the most marked feature of his character, was closely akin to that disposition which Dickens assures us is common to all boy-kind, to feel an insane delight in anything which specially imperils their necks. But the peculiarity showed itself most strongly in his love of uproarious fun. Almost at the beginning of the war he managed to surround himself with a number of persons whose principal qualification for membership of his military household was their ability to make fun. One of these was a noted banjo-player and ex-negro minstrel. He played the banjo and sang

comic songs to perfection, and *therefore* Stuart wanted him. I have known him to ride with his banjo, playing and singing, even on a march which might be changed at any moment into a battle; and Stuart's laughter on such occasions was sure to be heard as an accompaniment as far as the minstrel's voice could reach. He had another queer character about him, whose chief recommendation was his grotesque fierceness of appearance. This was Corporal Hagan, a very giant in frame, with an abnormal tendency to develop hair. His face was heavily bearded almost to his eyes, and his voice was as hoarse as distant thunder, which indeed it closely resembled. Stuart, seeing him in the ranks, fell in love with his peculiarities of person at once, and had him detailed for duty at head-quarters, where he made him a corporal, and gave him charge of the stables. Hagan, whose greatness was bodily only, was much elated by the attention shown him, and his person seemed to swell and his voice to grow deeper than ever under the influence of the newly acquired dignity of chevrons. All this was amusing, of course, and Stuart's delight was unbounded. The man remained with him till the time of his death, though not always as a corporal. In a mad freak of fun one day, the chief recommended his corporal for promotion, to see, he said, if the giant was capable of further swelling, and so the corporal became a lieutenant upon the staff.

With all his other boyish traits, Stuart had an almost child-like simplicity of character, and the combination of sturdy manhood with juvenile frankness and womanly tenderness of feeling made him a study to those who knew him best. His religious feeling was of that unquestioning, serene sort which rarely exists apart from the inexperience and the purity of women or children.

While I was serving in South Carolina, I met one evening the general commanding the military district, and he, upon learning that I had served with Stuart, spent the entire evening talking of his friend, for they two had been together in the old army before the war. He told

me many anecdotes of the cavalier, nearly all of which turned in some way upon the generous boyishness of his character in some one or other of its phases. He said, among other things, that at one time, in winter-quarters on the plains of the West I think, he, Stuart, and another officer (one of those still living who commanded the army of the Potomac during the war) slept together in one bed, for several months. Stuart and his brother lieutenant, the general said, had a quarrel every night about some trifling thing or other, just as boys will, but when he had said all the petulant things he could, Stuart would lie still a while, and then, passing his arm around the neck of his comrade, would draw his head to his own breast and say some affectionate thing which healed all soreness of feeling and effectually restored the peace. During the evening's conversation this general formulated his opinion of Stuart's military character in very striking phrase.

"He is," he said, "the greatest cavalry officer that ever lived. He has all the dash, daring, and audacity of Murat, and a great deal more sense." It was his opinion, however, that there were men in both armies who would come to be known as greater cavalry men than Stuart, for the reason that Stuart used his men strictly as cavalry, while others would make dragoons of them. He believed that the nature of our country was much better adapted to dragoon than to cavalry service, and hence, while he thought Stuart the best of cavalry officers, he doubted his ability to stand against such men as General Sheridan, whose conception of the proper place of the horse in our war was a more correct one, he thought, than Stuart's. "To the popular mind," he went on to say, "every soldier who rides a horse is a cavalry man, and so Stuart will be measured by an incorrect standard. He will be classed with General Sheridan and measured by his success or the want of it. General Sheridan is without doubt the greatest of dragoon commanders, as Stuart is the greatest of cavalry men; but in this country dragoons are worth a

good deal more than cavalry, and so General Sheridan will probably win the greater reputation. He will deserve it, too, because behind it is the sound judgment which tells him what use to make of his horsemen."

It is worthy of remark that all this was said before General Sheridan had made his reputation as an officer, and I remember that at the time his name was almost new to me.

From my personal experience and observation of General Stuart, as well as from the testimony of others, I am disposed to think that he attributed to every other man qualities and tastes like his own. Insensible to fatigue himself, he seemed never to understand how a well man could want rest; and as for hardship, there was nothing, in his view, which a man ought to enjoy quite so heartily, except danger. For a period of ten days, beginning before and ending after the first battle of Bull Run, we were not allowed once to take our saddles off. Night and day we were in the immediate presence of the enemy, catching naps when there happened for the moment to be nothing else to do, standing by our horses while they ate from our hands, so that we might slip their bridles on again in an instant in the event of a surprise, and eating such things as chance threw in our way, there being no rations anywhere within reach. After the battle, we were kept scouting almost continually for two days. We then marched to Fairfax Court House, and my company was again sent out in detachments on scouting expeditions in the neighborhood of Vienna and Falls Church. We returned to camp at sunset and were immediately ordered on picket. In the regular course of events we should have been relieved the next morning, but no relief came, and we were wholly without food. Another twenty-four hours passed, and still nobody came to take our place on the picket line. Stuart passed some of our men, however, and one of them asked him if he knew we had been on duty ten days, and on picket thirty-six hours without food.

"Oh nonsense!" he replied. "You

don't look starved. There's a corn-field over there; jump the fence and get a good breakfast. You don't want to go back to camp, I know; it's stupid there, and all the fun is out here. I never go to camp if I can help it. Besides, I've kept your company on duty all this time as a compliment. You boys have acquitted yourselves too well to be neglected now, and I mean to give you a chance."

We thought this a jest at the time, but we learned afterwards that Stuart's idea of a supreme compliment to a company was its assignment to extra hazardous or extra fatiguing duty. If he observed specially good conduct on the part of a company, squad, or individual, he was sure to reward it by an immediate order to accompany him upon some unnecessarily perilous expedition.

His men believed in him heartily, and it was a common saying among them that "Jeb never says 'Go, boys,' but always 'Come, boys.' " We felt sure, too, that there was little prospect of excitement on any expedition of which he was not leader. If the scouting was to be merely a matter of form, promising nothing in the way of adventure, he would let us go by ourselves; but if there were prospect of "a fight or a race," as he expressed it, we were sure to see his long plume at the head of the column before we had passed outside our own line of pickets. While we lay in advance of Fairfax Court House, after Bull Run, Stuart spent more than a month around the extreme outposts on Mason's and Munson's hills without once coming to the camp of his command. When he wanted a greater force than he could safely detail from the companies on picket for the day, he would send after it, and with details of this kind he lived nearly all the time between the picket lines of the two armies. The outposts were very far in advance of the place at which we should have met and fought the enemy if an advance had been made, and so there was literally no use whatever in his perpetual scouting, which was kept up merely because the man could not rest. But aside from the fact that the cavalry was made up almost

exclusively of the young men whose tastes and habits specially fitted them to enjoy this sort of service, Stuart's was one of those magnetic natures which always impress their own likeness upon others, and so it came to be thought a piece of good luck to be detailed for duty under his personal leadership. The men liked him and his ways, one of which was the pleasant habit he had of remembering our names and faces. I heard him say once that he knew by name not only every man in his old regiment, but every

one also in the first brigade, and as I never knew him to hesitate for a name, I am disposed to believe that he did not exaggerate his ability to remember men. This and other like things served to make the men love him personally, and there can be no doubt that his skill in winning the affection of his troopers was one of the elements of his success. Certainly no other man could have got so much hard service out of men of their sort, without breeding discontent among them.

George Cary Eggleston.

THE WOODLAND.

Yox woodland, like a human mind,
Hath many a phase of dark and light;
Now dim with shadows wandering blind,
Now radiant with fair shapes of light;

They softly come, they softly go,
Capricious as the vagrant wind, —
Nature's vague thoughts in gloom or glow,
That leave no airiest trace behind.

No trace, no trace; yet wherefore thus
Do shade and beam our spirits stir?
Ah! Nature may be cold to us,
But we are strangely moved by her!

The wild bird's strain, the breezy spray,
Each hour with sure earth-changes rife,
Hint more than all the sages say,
Or poets sing, of death, and life!

For, truths half drawn from Nature's breast,
Through subtlest types of form and tone,
Outweigh what man at most hath guessed,
While heeding his own heart alone.

And midway betwixt heaven and us
Stands Nature, in her fadeless grace,
Still pointing to our Father's house,
His glory on her mystic face!

Paul H. Hayne.

A FOREGONE CONCLUSION.

X.

"DON IPPOLITO has come, signorina," said Nina, the next morning, approaching Florida, where she sat in an attitude of listless patience, in the garden.

"Don Ippolito!" echoed the young girl in a weary tone. She rose and went into the house, and they met with the constraint which was but too natural after the events of their last parting. It is hard to tell which has most to overcome in such a case, the forgiver or the forgiven. Pardon rankles even in a generous soul, and the memory of having pardoned embarrasses the sensitive spirit before the object of its clemency, humbling and making it ashamed. It would be well, I suppose, if there need be nothing of the kind between human creatures, who cannot sustain such a relation without mutual distrust. It is not so ill with them when apart, but when they meet they must be cold and shy at first.

"Now, I see what you two are thinking about," said Mrs. Vervain, and a faint blush tinged the cheek of the priest as she thus paired him off with her daughter. "You are thinking about what happened the other day; and you had better forget it. There is no use brooding over these matters. Dear me! if I had stopped to brood over every little unpleasant thing that happened, I wonder where I should be now? By the way, where were *you* all day yesterday, Don Ippolito?"

"I did not come to disturb you because I thought you must be very tired. Besides, I was quite busy."

"Oh yes, those inventions of yours. I think you are *so* ingenious! But you must n't apply too closely. Now really, yesterday, — after all you had been through, it was too much for the brain." She tapped herself on the forehead with her fan.

"I was not busy with my inventions, madama," answered Don Ippolito, who sat in the womanish attitude priests get from their drapery, and fingered the cord round his three-cornered hat. "I have scarcely touched them of late. But our parish takes part in the procession of Corpus Domini in the Piazza, and I had my share of the preparations."

"Oh, to be sure! When is it to be? We must all go. Our Nina has been telling Florida of the grand sights, — little children dressed up like John the Baptist, leading lambs. I suppose it's a great event with you."

The priest shrugged his shoulders, and opened both his hands, so that his hat slid to the floor, bumping and tumbling some distance away. He recovered it and sat down again. "It's an observance," he said coldly.

"And shall you be in the procession?"

"I shall be there with the other priests of my parish."

"Delightful!" cried Mrs. Vervain. "We shall be looking out for you. I shall feel greatly honored to think I actually know some one in the procession. I'm going to give you a little nod. You won't think it very wrong?"

She saved him from any embarrassment he might have felt in replying, by an abrupt lapse from all apparent interest in the subject. She turned to her daughter, and said with a querulous accent, "I wish you would throw the afghan over my feet, Florida, and make me a little comfortable before you begin your reading this morning." At the same time she feebly disposed herself among the sofa cushions on which she reclined, and waited for some final touches from her daughter. Then she said, "I'm just going to close my eyes, but I shall hear every word. You are getting a beautiful accent, my dear, I know you are. I should think Goldoni

must have a very smooth, agreeable style; has n't he now, in Italian?"

They began to read the comedy; after fifteen or twenty minutes Mrs. Vervain opened her eyes and said, "But before you commence, Florida, I wish you'd play a little, to get me quieted down. I feel so very flighty. I suppose it's this sirocco. And I believe I'll lie down in the next room."

Florida followed her to repeat the arrangements for her comfort. Then she returned, and sitting down at the piano struck with a sort of soft firmness a few low, soothing chords, out of which a lulling melody grew. With her fingers still resting on the keys she turned her stately head, and glanced through the open door at her mother.

"Don Ippolito," she asked softly, "is there anything in the air of Venice that makes people very drowsy?"

"I have never heard that, madamigella."

"I wonder," continued the young girl absently, "why my mother wants to sleep so much."

"Perhaps she has not recovered from the fatigues of the other night," suggested the priest.

"Perhaps," said Florida, sadly looking toward her mother's door.

She turned again to the instrument, and let her fingers wander over the keys, with a drooping head. Presently she lifted her face, and smoothed back from her temples some straggling tendrils of hair. Without looking at the priest she asked with the child-like bluntness that characterized her, "Why don't you like to walk in the procession of Corpus Domini?"

Don Ippolito's color came and went, and he answered evasively, "I have not said that I did not like to do so."

"No, that is true," said Florida, letting her fingers drop again on the keys.

Don Ippolito rose from the sofa where he had been sitting beside her while they read, and walked the length of the room. Then he came towards her and said meekly, "Madamigella, I did not mean to repel any interest you feel in

me. But it was a strange question to ask a priest, as I remembered I was when you asked it."

"Don't you always remember that?" demanded the girl, still without turning her head.

"No; sometimes I am suffered to forget it," he said with a tentative accent.

She did not respond, and he drew a long breath, and walked away in silence. She let her hands fall into her lap, and sat in an attitude of expectation. As Don Ippolito came near her again he paused a second time.

"It is in this house that I forget my priesthood," he began, "and it is the first of your kindnesses that you suffer me to do so, your good mother, there, and you. How shall I repay you? It cut me to the heart that you should ask forgiveness of me when you did, though I was hurt by your rebuke. Oh, had you not the right to rebuke me if I abused the delicate unreserve with which you had always treated me? But believe me, I meant no wrong, then."

His voice shook, and Florida broke in, "You did nothing wrong. It was I who was cruel for no cause."

"No, no. You shall not say that," he returned. "And why should I have cared for a few words, when all your acts had expressed a trust of me that is like heaven to my soul?"

She turned now and looked at him, and he went on. "Ah, I see you do not understand! How could you know what it is to be a priest in this most unhappy city? To be haunted by the strict espionage of all your own class, to be shunned as a spy by all who are not of it! But you two have not put up that barrier which everywhere shuts me out from my kind. You have been willing to see the man in me, and to let me forget the priest."

"I do not know what to say to you, Don Ippolito. I am only a foreigner, a girl, and I am very ignorant of these things," said Florida with a slight alarm. "I am afraid that you may be saying what you will be sorry for."

"Oh never! Do not fear for me if

I am frank with you. It is my refuge from despair."

The passionate vibration of his voice increased, as if it must break in tears. She glanced towards the other room with a little movement or stir.

"Ah, you need n't be afraid of listening to me!" cried the priest bitterly.

"I will not wake her," said Florida, calmly, after an instant.

"See how you speak the thing you mean, always, always, always! You could not deny that you meant to wake her, for you have the life-long habit of the truth. Do you know what it is to have the life-long habit of a lie? It is to be a priest. Do you know what it is to seem, to say, to do, the thing you are not, think not, will not? To leave what you believe unspoken, what you will undone, what you are unknown? It is to be a priest!"

Don Ippolito spoke in Italian, and he uttered these words in a voice carefully guarded from every listener but the one before his face. "Do you know what it is when such a moment as this comes, and you would fling away the whole fabric of falsehood that has clothed your life—do you know what it is to keep still so much of it as will help you to unmask silently and secretly? It is to be a priest!"

His voice had lost its vehemence, and his manner was strangely subdued and cold. The sort of gentle apathy it expressed, together with a certain sad, impersonal surprise at the difference between his own and the happier fortune with which he contrasted it, was more touching than any tragic demonstration.

As if she felt the fascination of the pathos which she could not fully analyze, the young girl sat silent. After a time, in which she seemed to be trying to think it all out, she asked in a low, deep murmur: "Why did you become a priest, then?"

"It is a long story," said Don Ippolito. "I will not trouble you with it now. Some other time."

"No; now," answered Florida, in English. "If you hate so to be a

priest, I can't understand why you should have allowed yourself to become one. We should be very unhappy if we could not respect you,—not trust you as we have done; and how could we, if we knew you were not true to yourself in being what you are?"

"Madamigella," said the priest, "I never dared believe that I was in the smallest thing necessary to your happiness. Is it true, then, that you care for my being rather than that? That you are in the least grieved by any wrong of mine?"

"I scarcely know what you mean. How could we help being sorry and shocked by what you have said to me?"

"Thanks; but why do you care whether a priest of my church loves his calling or not,—you, a Protestant? It is that you are sorry for me as an unhappy man, is it not?"

"Yes; it is that and more. I am no Catholic, but we are both Christians"—

Don Ippolito gave the faintest movement of his shoulders.

—"and I cannot endure to think of your doing the things you must do as a priest, and yet hating to be a priest. It is terrible!"

"Are all the priests of your faith devotees?"

"They cannot be. But are none of yours so?"

"Oh, God forbid that I should say that. I have known real saints among them. That friend of mine, of whom I once told you, became such, and died an angel fit for Paradise. And I suppose that my poor uncle is a saint, too, in his way."

"Your uncle? A priest? You have never mentioned him to us."

"No," said Don Ippolito. After a long pause he began abruptly, "We are of the people, my family, and in each generation we have sought to honor our blood by devoting one of the race to the church. When I was a child, I used to divert myself by making little figures out of wood and pasteboard, and I drew rude copies of the pictures I saw at church. We lived in the house where

I live now, and where I was born, and my mother let me play in the small chamber where I now have my forge; it was anciently the oratory of the noble family that occupied the whole palace. I contrived an altar at one end of it; I stuck my pictures about the walls, and I ranged the puppets in the order of worshipers on the floor; then I played at saying mass, and preached to them all day long.

"My mother was a widow. She used to watch me with tears in her eyes. At last, one day, she brought my uncle to see: I remember it all far better than yesterday. 'Is it not the will of God?' she asked. My uncle called me to him, and asked me whether I should like to be a priest in good earnest, when I grew up? 'Shall I then be able to make as many little figures as I like, and to paint pictures, and carve an altar like that in your church?' I demanded. My uncle answered that I should have real men and women to preach to, as he had, and would not that be much finer? In my heart I did not think so, for I did not care for that part of it; I only liked to preach to my puppets because I had made them. But I said, 'Oh yes,' as children do. I kept on contriving the toys that I played with, and I grew used to hearing it told among my mates and about the neighborhood that I was to be a priest; I cannot remember any other talk with my mother, and I do not know how or when it was decided. Whenever I thought of the matter, I thought, 'That will be very well. The priests have very little to do, and they gain a great deal of money with their masses; and I shall be able to make whatever I like.' I only considered the office then as a means to gratify the passion that has always filled my soul for inventions and works of mechanical skill and ingenuity. My inclination was purely secular, but I was as inevitably becoming a priest as if I had been born to be one."

"But you were not forced? There was no pressure upon you?"

"No, there was simply an absence, so far as they were concerned, of any

other idea. I think they meant justly, and assuredly they meant kindly by me. I grew in years, and the time came when I was to begin my studies. It was my uncle's influence that placed me in the Seminary of the Salute, and there I repaid his care by the utmost diligence in study. But it was not the theological studies that I loved, it was the mathematics and their practical application, and among the classics I loved best the poets and the historians. Yes, I can see that I was always a mundane spirit, and some of those in charge of me at once divined it, I think. They used to take us to walk, — you have seen the little creatures in their priest's gowns, which they put on when they enter the school, with a couple of young priests at the head of the file, — and once, for an uncommon pleasure, they took us to the Arsenal, and let us see the shipyards and the museum. You know the wonderful things that are there: the flags and the guns captured from the Turks; the strange weapons of all devices; the famous suits of armor. I came back half-crazed; I wept that I must leave the place. But I set to work the best I could to carve out in wood an invention which the model of one of the antique galleys had suggested to me. They found it, — nothing can be concealed outside of your own breast in such a school, — and they carried me with my contrivance before the superior. He looked kindly but gravely at me: 'My son,' said he, 'do you wish to be a priest?' 'Surely, reverend father,' I answered in alarm, 'why not?' 'Because these things are not for priests. Their thoughts must be upon other things. Consider well of it, my son, while there is yet time,' he said, and he addressed me a long and serious discourse upon the life on which I was to enter. He was a just and conscientious and affectionate man; but every word fell like burning fire in my heart. At the end, he took my poor plaything, and thrust it down among the coals of his scaldino. 'It made the scaldino smoke, and he bade me carry it out with me, and so turned again to his book.

"My mother was by this time dead, but I could hardly have gone to her, if she had still been living. 'These things are not for priests!' kept repeating itself night and day in my brain. I was in despair, I was in a fury to see my uncle. I poured out my heart to him, and tried to make him understand the illusions and vain hopes in which I had lived. He received coldly my sorrow and the reproaches which I did not spare him; he bade me consider my inclinations as so many temptations to be overcome for the good of my soul and the glory of God. He warned me against the scandal of now attempting to withdraw from the path marked out for me. I said that I never would be a priest. 'And what will you do?' he asked. Alas! what could I do? I went back to my prison, and in the course of years I became a priest.

"It was not without due warning that I took one order after another, but my uncle's words, 'What will you do?' made me deaf to these admonitions. All that is now past. I no longer resent nor hate; I seem to have lost the power; but those were days when my soul was filled with bitterness. Something of this must have showed itself to those who had me in their charge. I have heard that at one time my superiors had grave doubts whether I ought to be allowed to take orders. My examination, in which the difficulties of the sacerdotal life were brought before me with the greatest clearness, was severe; I do not know how I passed it; it must have been in grace to my uncle. I spent the next ten days in a convent, to meditate upon the step I was about to take. Poor helpless, friendless wretch! Madamigella, even yet I cannot see how I was to blame, that I came forth and received the first of the holy orders, and in their time the second and third.

"I was a priest, but no more a priest at heart than those Venetian conscripts, whom you saw carried away last week, are Austrian soldiers. I was bound as they are bound, by an inexorable and inevitable law.

"You have asked me why I became

a priest. Perhaps I have not told you why, but I have told you how — I have given you the slight outward events, not the processes of my mind — and that is all that I can do. If the guilt was mine, I have suffered for it. If it was not mine, still I have suffered for it. Some ban seems to have rested upon whatever I have attempted. My work, — oh, I know it well enough! — has all been cursed with futility; my labors are miserable failures or contemptible successes. I have had my unselfish dreams of blessing mankind by some great discovery or invention; but my life has been barren, barren, barren; and but for the kindness that I have known in this house, and that would not let me despair, it would now be without hope."

He ceased, and the young girl, who had listened with her proud looks transfigured to an aspect of grieving pity, fetched a long sigh. "Oh, I am sorry for you!" she said, "more sorry than I know how to tell. But you must not lose courage, you must not give up!"

Don Ippolito resumed with a melancholy smile. "There are doubtless enough temptations to be false under the best of conditions in this world. But something — I do not know what or whom; perhaps no more my uncle or my mother than I, for they were only as the past had made them — caused me to begin by living a lie, do you not see?"

"Yes, yes," reluctantly assented the girl.

"Perhaps — who knows? — that is why no good has come of me, nor can come. My uncle's piety and repute have always been my efficient help. He is the principal priest of the church to which I am attached, and he has had infinite patience with me. My ambition and my attempted inventions are a scandal to him, for he is a priest of those like the Holy Father, who believe that all the wickedness of the modern world has come from the devices of science; my indifference to the things of religion is a terror and a sorrow to him which he combats with prayers and penances. He starves himself and goes cold and faint

that God may have mercy and turn my heart to the things on which his own is fixed. He loves my soul, but not me, and we are scarcely friends."

Florida continued to look at him with steadfast, compassionate eyes. "It seems very strange, almost like some dream," she murmured, "that you should be saying all this to me, Don Ippolito, and I do not know why I should have asked you anything."

The pity of this virginal heart must have been very sweet to the man on whom she looked it. His eyes worshiped her, as he answered her devoutly, "It was due to the truth in you that I should seem to you what I am."

"Indeed, you make me ashamed!" she cried with a blush. "It was selfish of me to ask you to speak. And now, after what you have told me, I am so helpless and I know so very little that I don't understand how to comfort or encourage you. But surely you can somehow help yourself. Are men, that seem so strong and able, just as powerless as women, after all, when it comes to real trouble? Is a man?"

"I cannot answer. I am only a priest," said Don Ippolito coldly, letting his eyes drop to the gown that fell about him like a woman's skirt.

"Yes, but a priest should be a man, and so much more; a priest"—

Don Ippolito shrugged his shoulders.

"No, no!" cried the girl. "Your own schemes have all failed, you say; then why do you not think of becoming a priest in reality, and getting the good there must be in such a calling? It is singular that I should venture to say such a thing to you, and it must seem presumptuous and ridiculous for me, a Protestant—but our ways are so different." . . . She paused, coloring deeply, then controlled herself, and added with grave composure, "If you were to pray"—

"To what, madamigella?" asked the priest, sadly.

"To what!" she echoed, opening her eyes full upon him. "To God!"

Don Ippolito made no answer. He let his head fall so low upon his breast

that she could see the sacerdotal tonsure.

"You must excuse me," she said, blushing again. "I did not mean to wound your feelings as a Catholic. I have been very bold and intrusive. I ought to have remembered that people of your church have different ideas—that the saints"—

Don Ippolito looked up with pensive irony.

"Oh, the poor saints!"

"I don't understand you," said Florida, very gravely.

"I mean that I believe in the saints as little as you do."

"But you believe in your Church?"

"I have no Church."

There was a silence in which Don Ippolito again dropped his head upon his breast. Florida leaned forward in her eagerness, and murmured, "You believe in God?"

The priest lifted his eyes and looked at her beseechingly. "I do not know," he whispered.

She met his gaze with one of dumb bewilderment. At last she said: "Sometimes you baptize little children and receive them into the church in the name of God?"

"Yes."

"Poor creatures come to you and confess their sins, and you absolve them, or order them to do penances?"

"Yes."

"And sometimes when people are dying, you must stand by their deathbeds and give them the last consolations of religion?"

"It is true."

"Oh!" moaned the girl, and fixed on Don Ippolito a long look of wonder and reproach, which he met with eyes of silent anguish.

"It is terrible, madamigella," he said, rising. "I know it. I would fain have lived single-heartedly, for I think I was made so; but now you see how black and deadly a lie my life is. It is worse than you could have imagined, is it not? It is worse than the life of the cruelest bigot, for he at least believes in himself."

"Worse, far worse!"

"But at least, dear young lady," he went on piteously, "believe me that I have the grace to abhor myself. It is not much, it is very, very little, but it is something. Do not wholly condemn me!"

"Condemn? Oh, I am sorry for you with my whole heart. Only, why must you tell me all this? No, no; you are not to blame. I made you speak; I made you put yourself to shame."

"Not that, dearest madamigella. I would unsay nothing now, if I could, unless to take away the pain I have given you. It has been more a relief than a shame to have all this known to you; and even if you should despise me" —

"I don't despise you; that is n't for me; but oh, I wish that I could help you!"

Don Ippolito shook his head. "You cannot help me; but I thank you for your compassion; I shall never forget it." He lingered irresolutely with his hat in his hand. "Shall we go on with the reading, madamigella?"

"No, we will not read any more to-day," she answered.

"Then I relieve you of the disturbance, madamigella," he said; and after a moment's hesitation he bowed sadly and went.

She mechanically followed him to the door, with some little gestures and movements of a desire to keep him from going, yet let him go, and so turned back and sat down with her hands resting noiseless on the keys of the piano.

XI.

The next morning Don Ippolito did not come, but in the afternoon the postman brought a letter for Mrs. Vervain, couched in the priest's English, begging her indulgence until after the day of Corpus Christi, up to which time, he said, he should be too occupied by his visits of ordinary.

This letter reminded Mrs. Vervain that they had not seen Mr. Ferris for

three days, and she sent to ask him to dinner. But he returned an excuse, and he was not to be had to breakfast the next morning for the asking. He was in open rebellion. Mrs. Vervain had herself rowed to the consular landing, and sent up her gondolier with another invitation to dinner.

The painter appeared on the balcony in the linen blouse which he wore at his work, and looked down with a frown on the smiling face of Mrs. Vervain for a moment without speaking. Then, "I'll come," he said gloomily.

"Come with me, then," returned Mrs. Vervain.

"I shall have to keep you waiting."

"I don't mind that. You'll be ready in five minutes."

Florida met the painter with such gentleness that he felt his resentment to have been a stupid caprice, for which there was no ground in the world. He tried to recall his fading sense of outrage, but he found nothing in his mind but penitence. The sort of distraught humility with which she behaved gave her a novel fascination.

The dinner was good, as Mrs. Vervain's dinners always were, and there was a compliment to the painter in the presence of a favorite dish. When he saw this, "Well, Mrs. Vervain, what is it?" he asked. "You need n't pretend that you're treating me so well for nothing. You want something."

"We want nothing but that you should not neglect your friends. We have been utterly deserted for three or four days. Don Ippolito has not been here, either; but he has some excuse; he has to get ready for Corpus Christi. He's going to be in the procession."

"Is he to appear with his flying machine, or his portable dining-table, or his automatic camera?"

"For shame!" cried Mrs. Vervain, beaming reproach. Florida's face clouded, and Ferris made haste to say that he did not know these inventions were sacred, and that he had no wish to blaspheme them.

"You know well enough what I

meant," answered Mrs. Vervain. "And now, we want you to get us a window to look out on the procession."

"Oh, *that's* what you want, is it? I thought you merely wanted me not to neglect my friends."

"Well, do you call that neglecting them?"

"Mrs. Vervain, Mrs. Vervain! What a mind you have! Is there anything else you want? Me to go with you, for example?"

"We don't insist. You can take us to the window and leave us, if you like."

"This clemency is indeed unexpected," replied Ferris. "I'm really quite unworthy of it."

He was going on with the badinage customary between Mrs. Vervain and himself, when Florida protested, —

"Mother, I think we abuse Mr. Ferris's kindness."

"I know it, my dear — I know it," cheerfully assented Mrs. Vervain.

"It's perfectly shocking. But what are we to do? We must abuse *somebody's* kindness."

"We had better stay at home. I'd much rather not go," said the girl, tremulously.

"Why, Miss Vervain," said Ferris gravely, "I'm very sorry if you've misunderstood my joking. I've never yet seen the procession to advantage, and I'd like very much to look on with you."

He could not tell whether she was grateful for his words, or annoyed. She resolutely said no more, but her mother took up the strain and discoursed long upon it, arranging all the particulars of their meeting and going together. Ferris was a little piqued, and began to wonder why Miss Vervain did not stay at home if she did not want to go. To be sure, she went everywhere with her mother; but it was strange, with her habitual violent submissiveness, that she should have said anything in opposition to her mother's wish or purpose.

After dinner, Mrs. Vervain frankly withdrew for her nap, and Florida

seemed to make a little haste to take some sewing in her hand, and sat down with the air of a woman willing to detain her visitor. Ferris was not such a stoic as not to be dimly flattered by this, but he was too much of a man to be fully aware how great an advance it might seem.

"I suppose we shall see most of the priests of Venice, and what they are like, in the procession to-morrow," she said. "Do you remember speaking to me about priests, the other day, Mr. Ferris?"

"Yes, I remember it very well. I think I overdid it; and I could n't perceive afterwards that I had shown any motive but a desire to make trouble for Don Ippolito."

"I never thought that," answered Florida, seriously. "What you said was true, was n't it?"

"Yes, it was and it was n't, and I don't know that it differed from anything else in the world, in that respect. It is true that there is a great distrust of the priests amongst the Italians. The young men hate them — or think they do — or say they do. Most educated men in middle life are materialists, and of course unfriendly to the priests. There are even women who are skeptical about religion. But I suspect that the largest number of all those who talk loudest against the priests are really subject to them. You must consider how very intimately they are bound up with every family in the most solemn relations of life."

"Do you think the priests are generally bad men?" asked the young girl shyly.

"I don't, indeed. I don't see how things could hang together if it were so. There must be a great basis of sincerity and goodness in them, when all is said and done. It seems to me that at the worst they're merely professional people — poor fellows who have gone into the church for a living. You know it is n't often now that the sons of noble families take orders; the priests are mostly of humble origin; not that they're necessarily the worse for that; the

patricians used to be just as bad in another way."

"I wonder," said Florida, with her head on one side, considering her seam, "why there is always something so dreadful to us in the idea of a priest."

"They *do* seem a kind of alien creature to us Protestants. I can't make out whether they seem so to Catholics, or not. But we have a repugnance to all doomed people, have n't we? And a priest is a man under sentence of death to the natural ties between himself and the human race. He is dead to us. That makes him dreadful. The spectre of our dearest friend, father or mother, would be terrible. And yet," added Ferris, musingly, "a nun is n't terrible."

"No," answered the girl, "that's because a woman's life even in the world seems to be a constant giving up. No, a nun is n't unnatural, but a priest is."

She was silent for a time, in which she sewed swiftly; then she suddenly dropped her work into her lap, and pressing it down with both hands, she asked, "Do you believe that priests themselves are ever skeptical about religion?"

"I suppose it must happen now and then. In the best days of the church, it was a fashion to doubt, you know. I've often wanted to ask our friend Don Ippolito something about these matters, but I did n't see how it could be managed." Ferris did not note the change that passed over Florida's face, and he continued. "Our acquaintance has n't become so intimate as I hoped it might. But you only get to a certain point with Italians. They like to meet you on the street; maybe they have n't any indoors."

"Yes, it must sometimes happen, as you say," replied Florida, with a quick sigh, reverting to the beginning of Ferris's answer. "But is it any worse for a false priest than for a hypocritical minister?"

"It's bad enough for either, but it's worse for the priest. You see, Miss Vervain, a minister does n't set up for

so much. He does n't pretend to forgive us our sins, and he does n't ask us to confess them; he does n't offer us the veritable body and blood in the sacrament, and he does n't bear allegiance to the visible and tangible viceregent of Christ upon earth. A hypocritical parson may be absurd; but a skeptical priest is tragical."

"Yes, oh yes, I see," murmured the girl, with a grieving face. "Are they always to blame for it? They must be induced, sometimes, to enter the church before they've seriously thought about it, and then don't know how to escape from the path that has been marked out for them from their childhood. Should you think such a priest as that was to blame for being a skeptic?" she asked very earnestly.

"No," said Ferris, with a smile at her seriousness, "I should think such a skeptic as that was to blame for being a priest."

"Should n't you be very sorry for him?" pursued Florida still more solemnly.

"I should, indeed, if I liked him. If I did n't, I'm afraid I should n't," said Ferris; but he saw that his levity jarred upon her. "Come, Miss Vervain, you're not going to look at those fat monks and sleek priests in the procession to-morrow as so many incorporate tragedies, are you? You'll spoil my pleasure if you do. I dare say they'll be all of them devout believers, accepting everything, down to the animalcula in the holy water."

"If you were that kind of a priest," persisted the girl, without heeding his jests, "what should you do?"

"Upon my word, I don't know. I can't imagine it. Why," he continued, "think what a helpless creature a priest is in everything but his priesthood—more helpless than a woman, even. The only thing he could do would be to leave the church, and how could he do that? He's *in* the world, but he is n't *of* it, and I don't see what he could do with it, or it with him. If an Italian priest were to leave the church, even the liberals, who distrust him now, would de-

spise him still more. Do you know that they have a pleasant fashion of calling the Protestant converts apostates? The first thing for such a priest would be exile. But I'm not supposably the kind of priest you mean, and I don't think just such a priest supposable. I dare say if a priest found himself drifting into doubt, he'd try to avoid the disagreeable subject, and, if he could n't, he'd philosophize it some way, and would n't let his skepticism worry him."

"Then you mean that they have n't consciences like us?"

"They have consciences, but not like us. The Italians are kinder people than we are, but they're not so just, and I should say that they don't think truth the chief good of life. They believe there are pleasanter and better things. Perhaps they're right."

"No, no; you don't believe that, you know you don't," said Florida, anxiously. "And you have n't answered my question."

"Oh yes, I have. I've told you it was n't a supposable case."

"But suppose it was."

"Well, if I must," answered Ferris with a laugh. "With my unfortunate bringing up, I could n't say less than that such a man ought to get out of his priesthood at any hazard. He should cease to be a priest, if it cost him kindred, friends, good fame, country, everything. I don't see how there can be any living in such a lie, though I know there is. In all reason, it ought to eat the soul out of a man, and leave him helpless to do or be any sort of good. But there seems to be something, I don't know what it is, that is above all reason of ours, something that saves each of us for good in spite of the bad that's in us. It's very good practice, for a man who wants to be modest, to come and live in a Latin country. He learns to suspect his own topping virtues, and to be lenient to the novel combinations of right and wrong that he sees. But as for our insupposable priest — yes, I should say decidedly he ought to get out of it by all means."

Florida fell back in her chair with an aspect of such relief as comes to one from confirmation on an important point. She passed her hand over the sewing in her lap, but did not speak.

Ferris went on, with a doubting look at her, for he had been shy of introducing Don Ippolito's name since the day on the Brenta, and he did not know what effect a recurrence to him in this talk might have. "I've often wondered if our own clerical friend were not a little shaky in his faith. I don't think nature meant him for a priest. He always strikes me as an extremely secular-minded person. I doubt if he's ever put the question whether he is what he professes to be, squarely to himself — he's such a mere dreamer."

Florida changed her posture slightly, and looked down at her sewing. She asked, "But should n't you abhor him if he were a skeptical priest?"

Ferris shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, I don't find it such an easy matter to abhor people. It would be interesting," he continued musingly, "to have such a dreamer waked up, once, and suddenly confronted with what he recognized as perfect truthfulness, and could n't help contrasting himself with. But it would be a little cruel."

"Would you rather have him left as he was?" asked Florida, lifting her eyes to his.

"As a moralist, no; as a humanitarian, yes, Miss Vervain. He'd be much happier as he was."

"What time ought we to be ready for you to-morrow?" demanded the girl in a tone of decision.

"We ought to be in the Piazza by nine o'clock," said Ferris, carelessly accepting the change of subject; and he told her of his plan for seeing the procession from a window of the Old Procuratie.

When he rose to go, he said lightly, "Perhaps, after all, we *may* see the type of tragical priest we've been talking about. Who can tell? I say his nose will be red."

"Perhaps," answered Florida, with unheeding gravity.

XII.

The day was one of those which can come to the world only in early June at Venice. The heaven was without a cloud, but a blue haze made mystery of the horizon where the lagoon and sky met unseen. The breath of the sea bathed in freshness the city at whose feet her tides sparkled and slept.

The great square of St. Mark was transformed from a mart, from a *salon*, to a temple. The shops under the colonnades that inclose it upon three sides were shut; the caffès, before which the circles of idle coffee-drinkers and sherbet-eaters ordinarily spread out into the Piazza, were repressed to the limits of their own doors; the stands of the water-venders, the baskets of those that sold oranges of Palermo and black cherries of Padua, had vanished from the base of the church of St. Mark, which with its dim splendor of mosaics and its carven opulence of pillar and arch and finial rose like the high-altar, ineffably rich and beautiful, of the vaster temple whose inclosure it completed. Before it stood the three great red flag-staffs, like painted tapers before an altar, and from them hung the Austrian flags of red and white, and yellow and black.

In the middle of the square stood the Austrian military band, motionless, encircling their leader with his gold-headed staff uplifted. During the night a light colonnade of wood, roofed with blue cloth, had been put up around the inside of the Piazza, and under this now paused the long pomp of the ecclesiastical procession—the priests of all the Venetian churches in their richest vestments, followed in their order by *facchini*, in white sandals and gay robes, with caps of scarlet, white, green, and blue, who bore huge painted candles and silken banners displaying the symbol or the portrait of the titular saints of the several churches, and supported the canopies under which the host of each was elevated. Before the clergy went a company of Austrian soldiers, and behind the *facchini* came a long array of

religious societies, charity-school boys in uniforms, old paupers in holiday dress, little naked urchins with shepherds' crooks and bits of fleece about their loins like John the Baptist in the Wilderness, little girls with angels' wings and crowns, the monks of the various orders, and civilian penitents of all sorts in cloaks or dress-coats, hooded or bareheaded, and carrying each a lighted taper. The corridors under the Imperial Palace and the New and Old Procuratie were packed with spectators; from every window up and down the fronts of the palaces, gay stuffs were flung; the startled doves of St. Mark perched upon the cornices, or fluttered uneasily to and fro above the crowd.

The baton of the band leader descended with a crash of martial music, the priests chanted, the charity-boys sang shrill, a vast noise of shuffling feet arose, mixed with the foliage-like rustling of the sheets of tinsel attached to the banners and candles in the procession: the whole strange, gorgeous picture came to life.

After all her plans and preparations, Mrs. Vervain had not felt well enough that morning to come to the spectacle which she had counted so much upon seeing, but she had therefore insisted the more that her daughter should go, and Ferris now stood with Florida alone at a window in the Old Procuratie.

"Well, what do you think, Miss Vervain?" he asked, after the burst of sound had softened a little, and their senses had somewhat accustomed themselves to it; "do you say now that Venice is too gloomy a city to have ever had any possibility of gayety in her?"

"I never said that," answered Florida, opening her eyes upon him in amazement.

"Neither did I," returned Ferris, "but I've often thought it, and I'm not sure now but I'm right. There's something extremely melancholy to me in all this. I don't care so much for what one may call the deplorable superstition expressed in the spectacle, but the mere splendid sight and the music

are enough to make one shed tears. I don't know anything more affecting except a procession of lantern-lit gondolas and barges on the Grand Canal. It's phantasmal. It's the spectral resurrection of the old dead forms into the present. It's not even the ghost, it's the corpse, of other ages that's haunting Venice. The city ought to have been destroyed by Napoleon when he destroyed the Republic, and thrown overboard — St. Mark, Winged Lion, Bucefaut, and all. There is no land like America for true cheerfulness and light-heartedness. Think of our Fourth of Julys and our State Fairs. Selah!"

Ferris looked into the girl's serious face with twinkling eyes. He liked to embarrass her gravity with the solution of his antic speeches, and enjoyed her endeavors to find an earnest meaning in them, and her evident trouble when she could find none.

"I'm curious to know how our friend will look," he began again, as he arranged the cushion on the window-sill for Florida's greater comfort in watching the spectacle, "but it won't be an easy matter to pick him out in this masquerade, I fancy. Candle-carrying, as well as the other acts of devotion, seems rather out of character with Don Ippolito, and I can't imagine his putting much soul into it. However, very few of the clergy appear to do that. Look at those holy men with their eyes to the wind! They are wondering who is the *bella bionda* at the window here."

Florida listened to his persiflage with an air of sad distraction. She was intent upon the procession as it approached from the other side of the Piazza, and she replied at random to his comments on the different bodies that formed it.

"It's very hard to decide which are my favorites," he continued, surveying the long column through an opera-glass. "My religious disadvantages have been such that I don't care much for priests or monks, or young John the Baptists, or small female cherubim, but I do like little charity-boys with voices of pins and needles and hair cut *à la* dead-rabbit. I should like, if it were con-

sistent with the consular dignity, to go down and rub their heads. I'm fond, also, of *old* charity-boys, I find. Those paupers make one in love with destitute and dependent age, by their aspect of irresponsible enjoyment. See how briskly each of them topples along on the leg that he has n't got in the grave! How attractive likewise are the civilian devotees in those imperishable dress-coats of theirs! Observe their high coat-collars of the era of the Holy Alliance: they and their fathers and their grandfathers before them have worn those dress-coats; in a hundred years from now their posterity will keep holiday in them. I should like to know the elixir by which the dress-coats of civil employees render themselves immortal. Those penitents in the cloaks and cowls are not bad, either, Miss Vervain. Come, they add a very pretty touch of mystery to this spectacle. They're the sort of thing that painters are expected to paint in Venice — that people sigh over as so peculiarly Venetian. If you've a single sentiment about you, Miss Vervain, now is the time to produce it."

"But I have n't. I'm afraid I have no sentiment at all," answered the girl ruefully. "But this makes me dreadfully sad."

"Why that's just what I was saying a while ago. Excuse me, Miss Vervain, but your sadness lacks novelty; it's a sort of plagiarism."

"Don't, please," she pleaded yet more earnestly. "I was just thinking — I don't know why such an awful thought should come to me — that it might all be a mistake after all; perhaps there might not be any other world, and every bit of this power and display of the church — *our* church as well as the rest — might be only a cruel blunder, a dreadful mistake. Perhaps there is n't even any God! Do you think there is?"

"I don't *think* it," said Ferris gravely, "I *know* it. But I don't wonder that this sight makes you doubt. Great God! How far it is from Christ! Look there, at those troops who go before the

followers of the Lamb: their trade is murder. In a minute, if a dozen men called out, 'Long live the King of Italy!' it would be the duty of those soldiers to fire into the helpless crowd. Look at the silken and gilded pomp of the servants of the carpenter's son! Look at those miserable monks, voluntary prisoners, beggars, aliens to their kind! Look at those penitents who think that they can get forgiveness for their sins by carrying a candle round the square! And it is nearly two thousand years since the world turned Christian! It is pretty slow. But I suppose God lets men learn him from their own experience of evil. I imagine the kingdom of heaven is a sort of republic, and that God draws men to him only through their perfect freedom."

"Yes, yes, it must be so," answered the girl, staring down on the crowd with unseeing eyes, "but I can't fix my mind on it. I keep thinking the whole time of what we were talking about yesterday. I never could have dreamed of a priest's disbelieving; but now I can't dream of anything else. It seems to me that none of these priests or monks can believe anything. Their faces look false and sly and bad — *all* of them!"

"No, no, Miss Vervain," said Ferris, smiling at her despair, "you push matters a little beyond — as a woman has a right to do, of course. I don't think their faces are bad, by any means. Some of them are dull and torpid, and some are frivolous, just like the faces of other people. But I've been noticing the number of good, kind, friendly faces, and they're in the majority, just as they are amongst other people; for there are very few souls altogether out of drawing, in my opinion. I've even caught sight of some faces in which there was a real rapture of devotion, and now and then a very innocent one.

Here, for instance, is a man I should like to bet on, if he'd only look up."

The priest whom Ferris indicated was slowly advancing toward the space immediately under their window. He was dressed in robes of high ceremony, and in his hand he carried a lighted taper. He moved with a gentle tread, and the droop of his slender figure intimated a sort of despairing weariness. While most of his fellows stared carelessly or curiously about them, his face was downcast and averted.

Suddenly the procession paused, and a hush fell upon the vast assembly. Then the silence was broken by the rustle and stir of all those thousands going down upon their knees, as the cardinal-patriarch lifted his hands to bless them.

The priest upon whom Ferris and Florida had fixed their eyes faltered a moment, and before he knelt his next neighbor had to pluck him by the skirt. Then he too knelt hastily, mechanically lifting his head, and glancing along the front of the Old Procuratie. His face had that weariness in it which his figure and movement had suggested, and it was very pale, but it was yet more singular for the troubled innocence which its traits expressed.

"There," whispered Ferris, "that's what I call an uncommonly good face."

Florida raised her hand to silence him, and the heavy gaze of the priest rested on them coldly at first. Then a light of recognition shot into his eyes and a flush suffused his pallid visage, which seemed to grow the more haggard and desperate. His head fell again, and he dropped the candle from his hand. One of those beggars who went by the side of the procession, to gather the drippings of the tapers, restored it to him.

"Why," said Ferris aloud, "it's Don Ippolito! Did you know him at first?"

W. D. Howells.

RECENT LITERATURE.¹

THERE are three objects, easily conceived, which might at this day move a competent hand to undertake the composition of a new biography of the founder of the Christian religion. That method might be chosen to introduce or recommend to the world a particular view of the nature, character, or career of this person, or of the sense of his teachings. Such a work might also aim to establish an original theory of the literary sources from which most of our knowledge of him is drawn, to correct or supersede those sacred books called the Gospels of the New Testament. Or it might simply endeavor to regather the materials and recast the form of the familiar narrative, to invest it with whatever fresh attractions the genius of the writer or his researches in the various departments of modern scholarship should be able to supply; and so to strengthen or vitalize the current Christian belief, in men who hold it already. In other words, we might take up a life of Jesus reasonably expecting to find it constructed in the interest of dogmatic theology, of philosophical and historical criticism, or of the religious edification of Christendom as it now is. In the world of purely scientific inquiry and speculative thought either of the two former lines of effort would undoubtedly be regarded as the more important. Whether it is a

harder test of intellectual power, however, to achieve a great success in either of those than in the latter, is at least doubtful. Any novel attempt at the telling of so old a story, in which we do not feel a touch of signal strength, must be insignificant if not impertinent. A critical analysis of the poetry of Homer would be an easier enterprise than a paraphrase of the Iliad. On the history or geology of Palestine ten men might venture to make treatises where one would dare to paint the landscape seen eastward from Mount Lebanon.

Being an honest clergyman of the church of England, and putting a simple construction on his ordination vows, Dr. Farrar writes of course as an unquestioning believer in the canonical Scriptures. Having gained a considerable English reputation for classical and general scholarship in his Cambridge fellowship, and earning a still greater celebrity as a preacher of uncommon breadth of mind and richness of style, he became generally known to readers of religious literature in this country through his Halsean Lectures of 1870. According to the terms of the foundation, his business before the university at that time was to defend the dogmatic thesis of the divinity of Christ. His treatment of the subject proved at once his independence of routine methods, his impatience of both scholastic

¹ *The Life of Christ.* By FREDERIC W. FARRAR, D. D., F. R. S., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Master of Marlborough College, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. Manet Immuta Fides. In two Volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1874.

Alexander the Great. A Dramatic Poem. By AUDREY DE VERE. London: Henry S. King & Co. 1874.

A Daughter of Bohemia. A Novel. By CHRISTIAN REID. Author of *Valerie Aylmer*, *Morton House*, *Nina's Atonement*, etc. With Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1874.

The Moon: Considered as a Planet, a World, and a Satellite. By JAMES NASMYTH, C. E., and JAMES CARPENTER, F. R. A. S. London: John Murray. 1874.

The Land of the White Elephant: Scenes and Scenes in Southeastern Asia. A Personal Narrative of Travel and Adventure in Farther India, Embracing the Countries of Burma, Siam, Cambodia, and Cochinchina. (1871-2.) By FRANK VINCENT, JUN. With Map, Plans, and Numerous Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1874.

Principles of Mental Physiology. By WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, M. D., LL. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1874.

Essays in Military Biography. By CHARLES CORNWALLIS CHESNEY, Colonel in the British Army and Lieutenant Colonel in the Royal Engineers. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1874.

The Marine Mammals of the Northwestern Coast of North America, Described and Illustrated: together with an Account of the American Whale-Fishery. With 27 lithographic plates and numerous woodcuts. By CHARLES M. SCAMMON, Capt. U. S. Revenue Marine. San Francisco: John H. Carnaby & Co. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1874.

Modern Doubt and Christian Belief. A Series of Apologetic Lectures addressed to Earnest Seekers after Truth. By THEODORE CHRISTIE, D. D., University Preacher and Professor of Theology at Bonn. Translated chiefly by the Rev. H. N. WILTHECHT, Ph. D., and edited by the Rev. T. L. KINGSBURY, M. A., Vicar of Easton Royal and Rural Dean. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1874.

Journal of Social Science: containing the Transactions of the American Association. Number VI. July, 1874. New York: Published for the American Social Science Association, by Hard and Houghton; The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass. 1874.

Eruvonn Researches. By ISAAC TAYLOR, M. A., Vicar of Holy Trinity, etc. London: Macmillan & Co. 1874.

processes and technical phraseology, the moral intensity of his convictions, and the amplitude of his reading. As is indicated by the title of the volume, *The Witness of History to Christ*, he inverted the old order of the argument, and undertook by a luminous exposition of what the personal force of the Son of Mary has accomplished for society and for individual man, of its tremendous conflict with the Judaic and ethnic orders of life, and its constructive energy as a creator of the Western civilization, to throw upon the deniers of its divine origin the burden of accounting for this immense phenomenon. It was a demonstration, therefore, not of inspired texts or sacred pneumatology, but of historical fact. The authority for the highest claim ever set forth for a being in human form is sought not so much in the assertions of disputed oracles, as on the solid ground of admitted events and an existing Christendom. Christ's divine sonship is inferred from Christianity; the creed from what the living subject of the creed has done; the supernal origin of the head of the church from his mastery over men. Here are a Christian age and world. Where did they come from?

Evidently, however, this representation of the case would be incomplete without some view of the person himself. How do we know that this force, which has wrought so magnificently "through the ages all along," is not impersonal, after all? Granted that it was deific, was it incarnate? Was the man of Nazareth anything more to his system than Confucius, Brahm, Odin, to theirs? Besides, to make out a case for Christianity, the original person of Christendom must be identified with the Christ of the four evangelists. If Christian teaching points to European and American civilization, including its roll of heroes and saints, with one hand, it points quite as confidently to the witness of the New Testament with the other. Moreover, the same teaching insists emphatically on faith in the person as the very substance and characteristic of the religion. It has also declared, and never more boldly than in these later days, that a spiritual apprehension of what Jesus was and did is far more to men every way than merely to accept what he said. Dr. Channing was not alone among apologists in affirming that Jesus Christ was the Son of God because he said so, — said so, that is, *being such as he was*. His personal character is the fundament-

al matter. Our author is fairly obliged, therefore, by the logical exigencies of his former position, to supplement the testimony of history with the testimony of biography. What was first in the order of time is second in the order of thought. Do the sketches of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John harmonize into the self-consistent and verifiable portrait of a divine man?

Whoever wants to see the affirmative of the proposition maintained with intellectual ability, with manliness of spirit, with singular candor, with a ready command of a large share of the appropriate learning, with an eloquence so fascinating that if it were not sustained by an indisputable sincerity, it would sometimes almost alarm the understanding into an attitude of jealous self-protection, and yet with the steady impression of a straightforward narration rather than with dialectical ingenuity or colorings of fancy, may well consult the pages of Dr. Farrar. That he should handle acknowledged difficulties with the absolute critical freedom of Strauss and Renan is precluded by the conditions we have mentioned. He frankly avows that he approaches them with a bias of reverence for the old record engendered by ancestral traditions, by the studies of a lifetime, by an unspeakable gratitude. One certainly would not look to a disciple so enthusiastically loyal and so deliberately pledged, for the destructive energy of the *Leben Jesu* or the brilliant audacity of the *Vie de Jésus*. But with this single abatement, we are obliged to confess that our author encounters the hard points of his subject with a freedom from prejudice that is unexpected and remarkable. A writer at once so thoroughly persuaded and so undogmatic is as refreshing as he is rare, in theological or any other science. Whether from a consciousness of security in the main issue, or from a transparent clearness of moral vision, he throws away with a prodigal hand the most tempting opportunities for trick and subterfuge, over-statement and fallacious explanation. In relation, for example, to the doubt of a census of the Roman empire by Augustus, in the governorship of Quirinus, after arraying very carefully all the classical authorities that can throw light on both sides of the question, and while evidently believing that the correctness of St. Luke is established, he yet takes pains to add: "I may observe in passing that although no error has been proved, and, on the contrary, there is much

reason to believe that the reference is perfectly accurate, yet I hold no theory of inspiration which would prevent me from frankly admitting, in such matters as these, any mistake or inaccuracy which could be shown really to exist." So in reference to the star of the wise men. Kepler's calculation, and afterwards Ideler's, offered to the rationalists a hint which they were not likely to waste, in fixing a conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn, in the constellation Pisces,—three conjunctions, in fact,—upon the year A. U. C. 747. What more likely than that the quick eye of the astrological Persians should see in that extraordinary stellar glory the presage of some terrestrial revolution? or that the superstition of later times should transform the coincidence into a miracle, and weave it into a beautiful Oriental legend to adorn the birth-scene at Bethlehem? But then comes a plodding British astronomer, Professor Pritchard, who goes over all the calculations, compares every item of the celestial phenomena with the lucid particulars of St. Matthew's account, and proves that in half a dozen different respects the planets and the story refuse to conform. Here was a capital chance for a triumphant slur at the scientific skeptics; and it is good to see with what exemplary reserve and moderation Dr. Farrar declines to indulge in that little luxury. Coming to the prolific question as to who were "the brethren of our Lord," we see the same unprofessional independence of judgment; he finds no basis for Jerome's opinion that they were sons of Mary and Alphaeus; none for the Epiphaniau notion that they were sons of Joseph by a former marriage, traditional in Palestine and in the Apocryphal gospels; none for the *del paphevia* doctrine so jealously guarded by the Roman Catholic *cultus*; he gives his reasons on each count. And yet he concludes, with characteristic and admirable liberality, "Each person can form upon that evidence a decided conviction of his own, but it is too scanty to admit of any positive conclusion in which we may expect a general acquiescence." After a fine analysis of the moral elements of the temptation, discriminating the various hypotheses that have prevailed, from Origen to Schleiermacher, and having dismissed with something like impatience the damaging pretense of a false orthodoxy that this Son of man went through only a dramatic semblance of being tempted, preserving his sinlessness only by a *non posse peccare*, he

says of the various expositions, "Each must hold the view which seems to him most in accordance with the truth; but the one essential point is that the struggle was powerful, personal, intensely real,—that Christ, for our sakes, met and conquered the tempter's utmost strength." The same largeness of sight, the same tolerance of diverse exegetical conclusions, prevails throughout.

It is not to be understood that these catholic principles imply a feeble faith in the gospel as a whole, or in the authenticity of the writings where it is recorded. They imply rather that the faith is too strong to be dependent upon accidents. One of the lessons that the Christian world learns slowly, but is surely learning, is that the stability of the Christian system is not owing to its human outworks; that men may not the less be believers, or believers to less purpose, because, in the vastness and complicity of mental relations, they are patient of those who believe less; and that personal orthodoxy may rest on firm foundations of both learning and spiritual insight, without raising the subordinate and shifting and possibly perishable fabrics of well-meant interpretation into the rank of primary and eternal verities. Dr. Farrar would scout any imputation that he doubts the supernatural character of Christ's public ministry. But, unlike most English apologists, he appears to believe the miracles because he believes in the person rather than in the person because he believes the miracles. Seeing, he might say, that a soul of such height and depth as the soul of Jesus of Nazareth has lived on the earth, it is not extra-natural but the most natural thing conceivable that the ordinary sequence of events should give way before it, that the customary course of physical events should be at some points broken up, that the apparent limits of the possible should yield and retire, to make room for so majestic and glorious a guest, and to allow the new order of life to settle into its place. That certain disorders, or even regularities, on the natural plane should seem to be upset at such a crisis of the race is what might be expected. The wonder is that anybody should suppose the upsettings are the grandest feature of the occasion. Nothing is plainer than that, all along, the wonder-worker regarded them as quite secondary evidences of his divinity, rather pitying than praising the minds that mistook them for the real and higher marvel.

The author's method, then, is not so much the method of the blind partisan as of the open-eyed, generous, and loving learner. If we could say it without disrespect to theological science, or the organizing idea of the church, we should say it is not so much the method of the theologian or the ecclesiastic as of illuminated common-sense and a divine philosophy. Adopting the four great recitals as genuine, constructing no artificial attempt at a technical "harmony," raising no debate over the main drift of the story, the writer aims to bring out into full light everything that can give that story reality and life. He would make the reader feel, by a power of evidence that is constantly pressing up from within the subject itself, that the story *must* be true. A stamp of verisimilitude is put upon the parts of an irresistible, self-evidencing impression of veracity in the living whole. About forty years ago, Dr. Furness, of Philadelphia, turned attention in this direction very effectively in his *Jesus and his Biographers*. Many men now no longer young remember the eagerness of delight with which this charming book refreshed their spirits. With singular subtilty of perception and beauty of touch it brought out the truth-to-nature of the familiar incidents that transpired eighteen hundred years ago between Bethlehem and the coasts of Tyre. To not a few youthful students it formed a kind of epoch in their religious and intellectual life. Dr. Furness overshadowed the external evidence with the internal. Dr. Farrar goes far to obliterate the old distinction between the two, altogether making us forget our critical apparatus, informing the history with vital breath, and solving the question of inspiration in our consciousness. Here is the naturalness of the supernatural; or rather, so to speak, the humanness of the superhuman, the divineness possible in man.

With what felicity this is accomplished, the reader must be persuaded by reading. Around the entire course of the biographic current, as it sweeps on unbroken, are grouped and gathered all the resources of a comprehensive culture, of literary art, of archaeology and psychology, of Greek fable, German erudition, and English poetry, of knowledge gleaned from libraries, from travel, from the open fields where the great teacher walked. To render himself more sure of his geographical and topographical materials, the author journeyed through Palestine. To leave no nook unexplored

where an item of information could possibly be hid, he has gone well aside, right and left, from the beaten paths of research. An Oriental allegory, a Syrian flower, a Homeric allusion, an erudite comment, a fugitive shadow in the mysterious scenery of feeling or imagination, is not too remote to serve his plan. To minds of ordinary compass, the surprises of this sort will be almost as numerous as the pages, and many Biblical scholars will charge themselves with negligence for having overlooked the variety and wealth of illustration capable of being brought to interpret those three-and-thirty years of solitary toil and suffering, which made it a new thing for men to live, and changed the face of the world. Take as a specimen of the manner a single paragraph, correcting a prevalent notion that this unprecedented character had its nurture and its home in an obscure corner of the earth:—

"The scene which lay there [at Nazareth] outspread before the eyes of the youthful Jesus was indeed a central spot in the world which he came to save. It was in the heart of the land of Israel, and yet,—separated from it only by a narrow boundary of hills and streams,—Phœnicia, Syria, Arabia, Babylonia, and Egypt lay close at hand. The isles of the Gentiles and all the glorious regions of Europe were almost visible over the waters of that western sea. The standards of Rome were planted on the plain before him; the language of Greece was spoken in the towns below. And however peaceful it then might look, green as a pavement of emeralds, rich with its gleams of sunlight and the shadows which floated over it from the clouds of the latter rain, it had been for centuries a battle-field of nations. Pharaohs and Ptolemies, Emirs and Arsacids, Judges and Consuls, had all contended for the mastery of that smiling tract. It had glittered with the lances of the Amalekites; it had trembled under the chariot-wheels of Sesostris; it had echoed the twanging bowstrings of Sennacherib; it had been trodden by the phalanxes of Macedonia; it had clashed with the broad-swords of Rome; it was destined hereafter to ring with the battle-cry of the Crusaders and thunder with the artillery of England and France. In that plain of Jezreel, Europe and Asia, Judaism and Heathenism, Barbarism and Civilization, the Old and the New Covenant, the history of the past and the hopes of the present, seemed all to meet. No scene of deeper significance for the des-

tinies of humanity could possibly have arrested the youthful Saviour's gaze."

The value of the work is weightier than the value of fine writing. In the wide warfare of religious thought which wrenches and tosses the mind of Christendom, if there is any one fixed point that promises to be yet a centre of unity for these distracted elements, it is undoubtedly to be found in the living person to whom this Christendom is due. About specific doctrines or statements of doctrine, about ritual and organization, about symbols and discipline, about the inspiration of documents and the shaping of institutions, the contention will be prolonged much beyond our time. The phases of controversy shift, and ancient landmarks vanish. But the interest in what pertains to the Son of man himself gives no token of decline. Who he was, what he did, by what power he wrought, how to account for him, what shall explain his supremacy, are questions which seize and master the strongest thinkers and ripest scholars as inevitably as ever. All the lines that have run out from him converge to him again. Rationalism cannot let him alone. Any church separating itself from him is a church unbuilding and denying itself; and therefore every reform in Christian theology, Christian service, and Christian charity, must begin with the life of Christ.

—Mr. De Vere's *Alexander the Great* is a poem that one can hardly read without a deepened and widened sense of the best phase of Alexander's character; but we cannot promise the reader that he will be much moved by any part of the drama, or rise from it with a vivid impression of any situation; it is not strongly pervaded with the atmosphere of the time or place; neither its Greeks nor its Persians possess you with a profound feeling of their national or personal traits. The poem is the contemplation and development of Alexander as an intensely proud, only half-conscious force; he is himself aware that he does not wholly grasp the meaning and purpose of himself; he hardly rises above the instinct of conquest, and scarcely wins a glimpse of the truth that his transitory empire is to be succeeded by the eternal Greek dominion of the human mind. The poet is resolved that we shall believe little to Alexander's discredit except his arrogance; he will have nothing to do with the theory that Philotas died unjustly and Alexander died drunk, and as history always leaves one the choice

of several stories, he may be very right in this. The fine qualities of Alexander which he continually turns to the light are his prevailing magnanimity, his unselfishness, his wisdom in the treatment of conquered peoples. It was perhaps not his intention to produce strong situations or stirring effects; at any rate he has not done so; one does not easily separate his impressions of the drama from his impressions of the agreeable essay on Alexander's character which introduces the drama. On the large canvas appear Greek, Persian, Indian, Babylonian, Tyrian, Jew; cities fall, empires cease, and all the great aspects of Alexander's conquering march through the East are shown; but all is too dim, too resolutely subdued. If a poem moves, elevates, and possesses the reader, then this drama, which interests him and keeps his curiosity gently alive (and no more than that) to the end, can hardly be called a poem, with all its virtues of sane, pure English, beauty of diction, temperance, and decency of argument. Yet it has passages of subtle poetry in it, which leave a pleasant trace in the brain, as where Ptolemy says of the near-seen hills, that they are Nature's

"Delphic vein, suggesting meanings
Which or she cannot or she will not speak,
Yearnings unutterable, or at least unuttered,
Vexatious and disquieting."

Something of the delicate grace of such a fancy as this is bestowed upon the idealization of Arsinoe, the daughter of Darius, whose love-affair with Hephæstion, Alexander's friend, is palely traced through the larger story; she has a very maidenly sweetness of soul that fitly expresses itself. The character of Arsinoe is a strain of poetry which we cannot give; but here is a touch of the sort of wisdom which we are losing sight of in these hard days of science and fact:—

Alexander. What thinks of omens Ptolemy, our wisest?

Ptolemy. Sir, than the skeptics I am skeptic more:

They scoff to boast their wit: I scoff at them.
Sir, Reason rules but in her own domain,
Beyond whose limits just, her Yea and Nay
I hold for equal weights in equal scales
That rest in poise. Of things beyond the sense,
As spirits, ghosts, auguries, and mystic warnings,
Reason says naught; their sphere and ours are diverse:

We know not if at points they interest;
If—casual, or by laws—their inmates touch.
Our world's a part, and not a whole; its surface
We pierce at points; the depths remain unknown.
Sir, in these labyrinths there be frenzies twain,
Unreasoning each, whereof the proudest errs
From Reason's path most far.

Alexander. Reason but walks
Secure in footprints of Experience old,
Whose testimony is diversely reported.
Protemy. The affirmative experience is strong;
The negative is naught, and breeds us nothing.

— We are innocent of any intention of blaming covertly, when we say that *A Daughter of Bohemia* is a sensational novel. That term is used to bring discredit to a book, very much as the expression of the fact that a man has a good heart is taken for silent condemnation of his head, character, temper, disposition, intentions, and generally everything with which his fellow-men come in contact. In this instance, however, we mean nothing more than that there are some rather unusual incidents in the novel, and that the reader's interest lies with them possibly more than, or at least quite as much as, with the delineation of the characters. There is no harm in this; what the reader wants is to be taken out of himself, and that result we are pretty sure will follow with any one who takes up this novel. The author, Christian Reid, has already written a number of novels, but this one, in our opinion, is much better than any of them. They all seemed to show a certain amount of cleverness nearly hidden under a mass of fine language, of easy writing but hard reading. Those who take up *A Daughter of Bohemia* will know what we mean if they will look at its illustrations, so-called, which are perfectly in keeping with the previous stories of our author, but which in their sensationalism — we here use the word not in praise — and mock elegance are unworthy of this really interesting novel.

The scene of the novel is laid in the South. The characters are for the most part Southerners — the young woman engaged to the young man, the chattering widow, the peaceful Mr. and Mrs. Middleton: not that there is anything specially Southern about them; they are like well-bred people the world over. The other characters are Captain Max Tyndale and Miss Norah Desmond; the last named is the daughter of Bohemia. We shall give no analysis of the story; it well deserves reading, not only for its plot, but also for the clever manner in which it is told, and, in great measure, for the excellent way in which the characters, and particularly the women, are drawn. Leslie Graham, with her amiable, affectionate, honest nature, is well described, and in excellent contrast is Norah — good, too, but in another way.

The writer has done one thing well which

is an important part of the novelist's art: she sets before us a great many threads, keeps them perfectly distinct, and understands when to drop one and begin telling us about another without any confusion. If the adjectives which still abound in Miss Reid's novels could be cut out with an unsparing hand, and Norah could have referred less to Bohemia and to herself as a Bohemian, we should have been glad. We have more cause to be glad, however, in the nearer approach to life which this novel shows. It will repay reading. We shall hope for something still better from a writer who shows such ingenuity in devising and keeping hidden her plot, and such admirable knowledge of character as is to be seen in Leslie and Norah. She has written an interesting book of its kind.

— In the preface to their elaborate volume on *The Moon*, the authors give the reasons which have led to its preparation, and they modestly say that "a long course of reflective scrutiny of the lunar surface . . . convinced us that there was yet something to be said about the moon that existing works on astronomy did not contain."

When we consider that each of these gentlemen has been employed in observations upon the moon for nearly thirty years (Mr. Nasmyth at his private observatory and Mr. Carpenter at the Royal Observatory at Greenwich), it is indeed credible that they together might say something of importance in regard to the subject of their study.

They have wisely limited the scope of their work, only giving passing references to lunar topography (which has been thoroughly treated by Lohrman, Beer, Mädler, and Schmidt) and to the moon's motions, and devoting almost their entire work to the subject of volcanic energy as exhibited on the lunar surface.

The phenomena of volcanic action they have endeavored to explain by referring to a very few natural laws, all of which are well known, and they have further endeavored to connect the present condition of the satellite with that vast nebula assumed as a starting-point by Laplace in his *Exposition de la Système du Monde*.

In order to make their arguments conclusive to the general reader, it was necessary that he should see with his own eyes the craters, valleys, and mountain forms of which they speak; and this end they have accomplished in the most marvelous way. With extraordinary patience they have

laboriously drawn, over and over again, portions of the lunar surface, selecting always those portions which were most favorably situated for the purpose, and after thirty years of drawing, comparison, re-drawing, and renewed comparison, they have arrived at what they consider a just representation of certain portions of the moon's surface. In order to present their sketches in the most advantageous way, these gentlemen have actually constructed models in relief from their drawings, and have photographed them with the real sunlight to make their shadows for them. How marvelously accurate their photographs are only an astronomer can appreciate; it is as if the real crater itself were in the telescope.

The gigantic labor of modeling their patterns once accomplished, their task became easy; and it is no exaggeration to say that the owner of this book sees the lunar craters, with all their complexity, much better than many astronomers. Lunar photography has never been equal to an enlarged photograph of single craters, but the labors of these gentlemen show that any want in that direction can now be filled. It requires just the qualities and abilities which they have shown.

In their Plate III., they give a copy of one of De la Rue's photographs of the full moon; it is to be regretted that they did not obtain one from Rutherford, of New York, such a one, for example, as is given in Proctor's Moon, in order that their illustrations of lunar scenery might all be of equal excellence. It is perhaps characteristic of an English book on any topic, that all American progress in the same direction should be unknown, but we wish simply to call the attention of American readers to the fact that Dr. G. W. Draper, of New York, produced daguerreotypes of the moon some time before De la Rue, "the father of celestial photography," and to remind them that the lunar photographs of Mr. Lewis Rutherford and of Dr. Henry Draper are still entirely unrivalled by English, or indeed by any foreign work of like kind.

On page 59 of their work, the authors divide the lunar features into four classes: *craters, mountain chains, smooth plains, and bright radiating streaks*. By the aid of their photographic copies of the models, they are enabled to study these intelligently and in a way easy to be followed by the reader, and they arrive at conclusions in regard to the process of formation of these various

classes of lunar scenery which must be acknowledged as rational and consistent, if not absolutely final.

The radiating streaks they have carefully studied by means of glass globes which were subjected to an internal strain, and a photograph of one of these globes exhibits in a very striking way the peculiarities of these bright streaks on the moon.

In all of their reasoning, the authors are careful to fortify themselves by actual experiment where experiment is possible, and to explain in the very fullest way their position by excellently chosen wood-cuts. They discuss carefully the evidences of change in the lunar surface (and incidentally of change in nebulae), and it is a fact to be noted that these two careful observers are of opinion that no change in the moon's crust has yet been established.

On the whole, this work is one of the best which has ever appeared on a similar subject, and it thoroughly fulfills its object. The reason for its excellence is plain, and it conveys an absolute moral. The authors are thoroughly familiar with their subject by long and valuable study, and therefore their opinions are of the highest value.

—It is not every traveler whose paths lie in so strange and comparatively little known regions as those which Mr. Vincent visited, and which he mysteriously calls the Land of the White Elephant; and no one who has made this journey can fail to have something interesting to say about it, though how near one can come to being an exception to this statement, Mr. Vincent, we regret to say, is not far from showing. Burma, Siam, Cambodia, and Cochinchina form a list at the head of a book which is sure to tempt many readers, but in this case they will find within less to entertain them than is to be wished. Some of the accounts of the author's interviews with the kings of the countries he visited are tolerably interesting, but in general there are too many particulars about the bills of fare, too many *minutes* of the journey, and too little is said about the broadly-marked peculiarities of the people among whom he traveled. It reads like a dull diary. The title of the book is rather misleading; it is well known that the Buddhists believe that in a white elephant there may be sojourning the soul of Buddha in one of his countless transmigrations. He is supposed to prefer the purer and rarer white to the ordinary color of the

animal; and hence the kings of Siam and other countries where Buddhism prevails are always on the lookout for the white elephant. Our author saw two at Bangkok. "These are kept," he says, "fastened to stout posts, in large sheds, and covered in the same manner as those I saw at Mandalay, which belonged to the King of Ava. The first animal whose stable we entered was quite small, and possessed few of the peculiar characteristics of a dark cream albino, excepting perhaps the eyes. . . . In another shed we saw a larger and also whiter elephant, its body having the peculiar flesh-colored appearance termed 'white.' The one referred to at Mandalay he says was "a male of medium size, with white eyes and a forehead and ears spotted white, appearing as if they had been rubbed with pumice-stone or sand-paper, but the remainder of the body was 'black as a coal.' He was a vicious brute, chained by the forelegs in the centre of a large shed, and was surrounded by the adjuncts of royalty—gold and white cloth umbrellas, an embroidered canopy above, and some bundles of spears in the corners of the room."

Although in a literary point of view the value of the book is but slight, the illustrations are of merit. They are taken with considerable care from photographs, and are numerous enough to make the volume worthy of attention. Especially interesting are the views of the ruins of Angkor.

—Truly, if to have the path well lighted were all, this would be a generation of mighty characters. Dr. Carpenter's treatise on the Principles of Mental Physiology might almost be classed among books of edification, so constantly are the applications of physiological laws to moral culture insisted on by the learned author. But what can good maxims do, when even good resolutions, as we all know, are no equivalent for those *acts* of volition on whose constant repetition the formation of character depends? The actual instants of temptation are the only ones in which that useful work can proceed; they alone, as a German pedagogue has well expressed it, form the fulcrums upon which the lever of the moral will may rest, while the man lifts himself up. Dr. Carpenter, while believing fully in the nervous conditions of mental action, yet holds to the principle of free-will; and one of the main themes of his book is to trace how acts and thoughts originally voluntary become, by the force of habit, automatic, by the aptitude of the or-

ganization to *grow* to the modes in which it has been much exercised, and probably to transmit to its offspring the same tendency. This is very fully done. There is also a very good account of various morbid states, based mainly on Braid's researches into hypnotism and "electro-biology," which Dr. Carpenter was, we believe, the first scientific man of repute to estimate at their value. It may be that he overvalues them now, for in the running polemic against Spiritualism which seems to be the second great purpose of the book, he relies on them principally and on Faraday's table-moving-detecting apparatus; which latter, if we are rightly informed, may now be called an obsolete weapon. The student proper either of psychology or of physiology will find nothing that is new in the work. But clergymen and educators will find it a valuable treatise, alike for its multitudinous facts and its practical deductions; while the style merits commendation in this day of slouchy familiarity, for its sustained polish and refinement.

—Colonel Chesney's *Essays* are of especial interest to us Americans, because he devotes much space to a subject which is of very great importance to us, our last war; and, while he treats this with all the respect it deserves, but which it has not always won from European critics, the value of the praise which both the North and the South get is enhanced by the frequent proofs the author gives of his qualification for the task. He is a military writer who is clear, and owing to the fact that he omits what are merely professional details, he is very entertaining.

There are four essays in this volume devoted to this country; they deal with General Grant's military life, the life of General Lee, the work done by the navy in the war, more especially at the capture of New Orleans, and Colonel's Dahlgren's cavalry raid. All of these subjects, or rather the first three,—the pages on Colonel Dahlgren are few and of a different sort,—are carefully written, enthusiastically but with accuracy. General Grant, for instance, gets full credit for all that he did, and at the same time he is not spared sharp criticism for his obstinacy in the Wilderness, which cost the army so many lives. The testimony of an intelligent foreigner is valuable in this matter because in this country one's opinion on either side of the matter is—or perhaps, more properly, was—nothing more than an announcement

of the speaker's side in politics. Colonel Chesney says: "Grant's mode of assault, made 'along the whole line,' and without any reserve, was contrary to all the tactical rules of theory or practice. There is, indeed, an exception in one important case, when the enemy is decidedly worn out, and shaken by previous events. So Wellington ordered his general charge at Waterloo when the Prussian shock had shattered the French right flank, and made Napoleon's battle a hopeless struggle. So Radetsky, acting on the same instinct of genius, threw all his front line suddenly on the exhausted Italians at Novara, ere Hesse, his more methodical chief of staff, could array the reserves for a final assault. Grant had no such motive for his battle. The troops he attacked were not the ill-led swaggerers whose indecision at Fort Donelson had been patent to his observant glance, nor the wearied stragglers whose officers stayed to plunder with them at Pittsburg. They were veterans, war-hardened to suffering and danger, confident in their general, feeling themselves invincible on the defensive, and making up by their priceless value as individual soldiers for their want of discipline and numbers."

General Lee has a great many pages devoted to him; with foreigners he is naturally enough a greater favorite, if not indeed the greatest favorite of all the leaders on either side. His reluctance to leave the army of the United States, a matter which has received a different explanation from that here given, his long success with inferior means, his stout upholding of what was sure to be the beaten side, and his final defeat, all combine to set him in a light which wins from other people more sympathy than he can get nowadays from us. The article gives an admirable exposition of his brilliant career, and makes an interesting pendant to that on Grant.

The chapter on the navy recounts the successes of that branch of the service in the Mississippi, and is most admirable reading. When the history of the whole war is written in that manner by one as familiar with the subject, as fair-minded, as impartial yet as enthusiastic, an admirable work will be done. Those who find the events of the war getting confused in their memory, or those who were too young to get more than vague information at the time, will find this volume an excellent means of instruction. No one, however, will fail to get pleasure from it.

The remainder of the volume is very interesting. The essay on Lord Cornwallis treats of the life of that general after his return from this country, and of his great services in India. That on De Fezensac's diary exposes the condition of the grand army, setting right many of the readily-formed misconceptions of those who are inclined to exaggerate the discipline of the French army under Napoleon. That on Von Brandt does very nearly the same thing: the main difference being that it describes the state of affairs in Spain, though at about the same time, namely, that of the First Empire. Colonel Chesney says of Fezensac's *Souvenirs* and the memoirs of Von Brandt, that they "throw more light upon the details of the grand army, and upon the working of the system which all but enslaved the world, than had been shed by all the national histories and official biographies with which Europe has been deluged these sixty years past," and the gist of these Colonel Chesney has managed to extract. The volume is, on the whole, most admirable.

—In no department of Mammalogy is there a greater dearth of accurate biographical and general information than in that relating to those species whose home is the oceanic waters and their shores,—the members of the order Pinipedia and Cetacea, or the seals, whales, porpoises, dolphins, and their numerous allies. Captain Scammon's work on the Marine Mammals of the Northwestern Coast and the American Whale-Fishery is hence a particularly welcome contribution to this department of science, and one whose value cannot be easily overestimated. In this volume of something over three hundred quarto pages we have the results of many years of observation and study by one who brings to his work the experience of a practical whaler,—whose profession has necessarily given him the best of opportunities for becoming familiar with the objects he describes,—and the enthusiasm, skill, and intelligence of a careful naturalist. He has hence given us not only a very detailed history of all the species of the Pacific waters which are pursued by the adventurous whalers, but also full descriptions of those of less commercial importance, with biographical notes and lithographic figures from original drawings of nearly all the species described. Numerous tables of measurements further increase the scientific value of the work.

The task here attempted is by no means an easy one, and if there are gaps in the histories of some of the species, we have still to thank Captain Scammon's assiduous labors that they are not more frequent and greater. A moment's reflection is sufficient to recall the difficulties of the undertaking, favorable opportunities for observing the habits of these aquatic monsters being rare and brief. The author says, in referring to this point, that his own experience "has proved that close observation for months and even years may be required before a single new fact in regard to their habits can be obtained." This, he says, has been particularly the case with the dolphins (whose history in many instances he has been able to give but very imperfectly), while "many of the characteristic actions of the whale are so secretly performed that years of ordinary observation may be insufficient for their discovery."

The work is divided into three parts, besides containing a lengthy "Appendix." The first part is devoted exclusively to the Cetaceans, or the whales, porpoises, dolphins, etc., and occupies about one third of the volume, giving very full accounts of the habits, distribution, migrations, and modes of capture of the species (California gray whale, bowhead or great polar whale, the right whale, sperm whale, etc.) which possess the greatest commercial importance. These chapters must possess great interest for the general reader as well as the naturalist; and they show that even these unwieldy creatures indulge in gambols and possess a great degree of sagacity. The whales soon learn the danger they are in from human foes, and display great cunning in eluding pursuit, often obliging their pursuers to adopt new methods of attack, and weapons effective at a greater distance than those previously used. As their game has become scarcer and more wary, the whalers have had to employ the bomb-gun and bomb-lances in place of the hand-lances and harpoons of earlier days.

The California gray whale is not only one of the most important of the larger whales, but also one of the most dangerous to attack; to which latter fact the name "devil-fish," often applied by the whalers to this animal, is a significant allusion. These whales are said to pass the summer in the Arctic Ocean and Okhotsk Sea. "In October and November," says our author, "the California grays appear off the coast

of Oregon and Upper California, on their way back to their tropical haunts, making a quick, low spout at long intervals; showing themselves but very little until they reach the smooth lagoons of the lower coast, where, if not disturbed, they gather in large numbers, passing and repassing into and out of the estuaries, or slowly raising their colossal forms midway above the surface, falling over on their sides as if by accident, and dashing the water into foam and spray about them. At times, in calm weather, they are seen lying on the water quite motionless, keeping one position for an hour or more. The first season in Scammon's Lagoon, coast of Lower California, the boats were lowered several times for them, we thinking that the animals when in that position were dead or sleeping; but before the boats arrived within even shooting distance they were on the move again.

"About the shoals at the mouth of one of the lagoons, in 1860, we saw large numbers of the monsters. It was at the low stage of the tide, and the shoal places were plainly marked by the constantly foaming breakers. To our surprise we saw many of the whales going through the surf where the depth of water was barely sufficient to float them. We could discern in many places, by the white sand that came to the surface, that they must be near or touching the bottom. One, in particular, lay for a half hour in the breakers, playing, as seals often do in a heavy surf; turning from side to side with half-extended fins, and moved apparently by the heavy ground-swell which was breaking; at times making a playful spring with its bending flukes, throwing its body clear of the water, coming down with a heavy splash, then making two or three spouts, and again settling under water; perhaps the next moment its head would appear, and with the heavy swell the animal would roll over in a listless manner, to all appearance enjoying the sport intensely."

The manner of pursuing and capturing the California gray whale, as well as of the other large species, is described with considerable detail, from which we learn that the method varies with different localities and at different seasons. In making the passage between their northern and southern feeding-grounds the whales have the habit of keeping near the shore. The whaling parties take advantage of this, and lie in wait for them in the thick beds of

kelp, watching for a good chance to shoot the whales as they pass; this method being called "kelp whaling." The first year or two that this method of capture was practiced, says Captain Scammon, "many of the animals passed through or along the edge of the kelp, where the gunners chose their own distance for a shot. This method, however, soon excited the suspicions of these sagacious creatures. At first, the ordinary whale-boat was used, but the keen-eyed 'devil-fish' soon found what would be the consequence of getting too near the long, dark-looking object, as it lay nearly motionless, only rising and falling with the rolling swell. A very small boat—with one man to scull and another to shoot—was then used, instead of the whale-boat. This proved successful for a time, but, after a few successive seasons, the animals passed farther seaward, and at the present time the boats usually anchor outside the kelp. The mottled fish being seen approaching far enough off for the experienced gunner to judge nearly where the animal will 'break water,' the boat is sculled to the place, to await the 'rising.' If the whale 'shows a good chance,' it is frequently killed instantly, and sinks to the bottom, or receives its death-wound by the bursting of the bomb-lance. Consequently, the stationary position or slow movement of the animal enables the whaler to get a harpoon into it before sinking. To the harpoon a line is attached, with a buoy, which indicates the place where the dead creature lies, should it go to the bottom. Then, in the course of twenty-four hours, or in less time, it rises to the surface, and is towed to the shore, the blubber taken off and tried out in pots set for that purpose upon the beach."

After a few years, Captain Scammon tells us, the whales learned to avoid these beds of kelp, which had proved to them such fatal regions, and made wide deviations in their courses in order to practice their favorite sport among the rollers at the mouths of the lagoons they passed in their journeys; but even here they were followed with the deadly harpoon and still more destructive bomb-lance.

Each species seems to have not only its peculiar habits and places of resort, but different methods of pursuit have to be adopted to secure them, the account of which occupies a large portion of the first part of the work.

Part II. is devoted to the Pinnipedia, or

seals, and contains very full accounts, including much new matter, of the sea-elephant, walrus, sea-lion, and the fur seal of the Pacific coast, as well as of the sea-otter, which latter seems to have been inadvertently included among the Pinnipedia.

The third part is devoted to a History of the American Whale-Fishery, the author treating the subject statistically and chronologically, as well as describing the modes of capture, the weapons and implements of the chase, and the hardships, dangers, and excitements attending the prosecution of one of the most daring and successful of marine enterprises, and one in which our hardy seamen have taken so conspicuous a part. The chapter on the Life and Characteristics of American Whalers, though simply written, has all the fascination of a romance, being a record of courage, fortitude, and danger, of reverses and successes. The following, from our author's account of "lagoon whaling," shows the risks connected with this daring enterprise. "A cow with a young calf is usually selected, so that the parent animal may be easily struck; yet the race is sometimes so prolonged as nearly to exhaust the boat's crew; and when at last the creature lags, so that her tired offspring may keep near, thereby presenting the opportunity to the 'harpooner' to thrust effectively with his weapon, the murderous blow often causes the animal to recoil in its anguish, and give a swoop of its ponderous flukes, or a toss of its head, which, coming in contact with the boat, produces a general wreck, and more or less injury to the men. In the winter of 1856, we were whaling about the *esteros* of Magdalena Bay, when, in attacking sixteen whales, two boats were entirely destroyed, while the others were staved fifteen times; and out of eighteen men who officered and manned them, six were badly jarred, one had both legs broken, another three ribs fractured, and still another was so much injured internally that he was unable to perform duty during the rest of the voyage. All these serious casualties occurred before a single whale was captured. However, after a few days' rest, while the boats were being repaired and new ones fitted to take the place of those destroyed, the contest with the 'devil-fish' was again renewed and with successful results. Several whales were taken without accident, and no other serious casualty occurred during the season."

The Appendix is taken up largely with

a systematic catalogue of the Cetacea of the North Pacific Ocean, prepared by Mr. W. H. Dall, of the U. S. Coast Survey, with especial reference to Captain Scammon's work. To this Captain Scammon has added a glossary of whalemens' phrases, and a list of "stores and outfits" of a first-class whaleman for a Cape Horn voyage.

While Captain Scammon's work is written with scientific precision and clearness, he has not burdened his pages with discussions of nomenclature and synonymy, neither is there a tendency in his descriptions to sensational effect. The typographical appearance of the work is neat and attractive, and the illustrations are commendably executed.

— Even Goethe could say that the only real and the deepest theme of the world's and of man's history, to which all other subjects are subordinate, is the conflict between faith and unbelief. It is admitted on all hands that since the French Revolution, or within the last fifty or eighty years, there has occurred in the theological circles of Germany a very noticeable reaction against rationalism. The sifting which scholarly faith has undergone in Germany in the last hundred years has undoubtedly been the severest to which it was ever subjected; but the result has been that Christianity in the nineteenth, as in every previous century of its history, has vindicated its intellectual supremacy.

Professor Christlieb's vigorous *Apologetic Lectures on Modern Doubt and Christian Belief* unquestionably exhibit justly the theological tendencies of the best modern German scholarship; and are thus, for any reader who occupies Goethe's point of view as to history, an interesting contribution to the study of the signs of the times.

If, instead of following the division which this work makes of the causes of the power of rationalism into the historical, the philosophical, the ecclesiastical, the political, the social, and the ethical, we summarize its definite statements of facts on this branch of the topic, we may say that the sources of the power of skepticism in Germany in the last century have been fragmentary presentations of Christianity in the spirit of earnestness without science or of science without earnestness; maladroit organization of the German state church in the use of compulsory confessions of faith at the confirmation legally required of the whole population, whether believing

or unbelieving, and in the absence of the familiar American and English distinction between the converted and unconverted, and a consequently stagnant church life; moral, intellectual, and social contagion from France; the demoralization arising in Germany from its having been the principal theatre of European wars; support by the church of popularly odious absolutism in politics; German university life, in its peculiar limitations and stimulations of free discussion; state aid to rationalistic organizations; Roman Catholicism in South Germany; the overthrow of several celebrated German systems of philosophy; and the doctrinal unrest of the age in most, from the organization of new facts in many departments of thought. In view of these causes it is not surprising, nor to a scholar's faith is it intellectually annoying, that skepticism has had power in Germany, and that it yet retains abundant influence among those slightly educated in respect to Christianity.

As to Professor Christlieb's proof that rationalism is far less powerful now in Germany than fifty or eighty years ago, we shall find his more important facts, though not his order of discussion, if we notice that in the German universities the rationalistic lecture-rooms are now empty and the evangelical crowded, while fifty or eighty years ago the rationalistic were crowded and the evangelical empty; that histories of the rise, progress, and decline of Rationalism in the German universities have been appearing for the last fifteen years in the most learned portions of the literature of Germany; that such teachers as Tholuck, Julius Müller, Dörner, Twisten, Ullmann, Lange, Rothe, and Tischendorf, most of whom began their professorships with great unpopularity in their universities, on account of their opposition to rationalistic views, are now particularly honored on that very account; that the attitude of the general government at Berlin has destroyed the force of many of the political causes of disaffection with the state church; that the victory at Sedan, and the achievement of German unity, diminish the chances of demoralization from European wars and by contagion from France; and that, in the field of exegetical research, while rationalism has caused the discovery of many new facts and the adoption of a new method, the naturalistic theory by Paulus, the mythical theory by Strauss, the tendency theory by Bauer, and

the legendary by Renan, have been so antagonistic to each other as to be successively outgrown both by Christian and by rationalistic scholarship. Strauss's last work, *The Old Faith and the New*, was regarded in Germany, even by his friends, as weak; while the mythical theory, as every scholar knows, did not outlive its author; and the Tübingen school itself has now no existence at Tübingen.

"The proposal," says Professor Christlieb, to "implore the divine blessing and assistance on the deliberations of the Frankfort Parliament was received with shouts of derisive laughter." But "for the last thirty years, in spite of all hostilities, a truly Christian science has begun victoriously to lead the way, by new and deeper exegetical researches; by historical investigation; by pointing out the remarkable harmony existing between many new archaeological, ethnological, and scientific discoveries. In the pulpits of by far the greater number of the German churches, and in the theological faculties of most of the universities, it has so completely driven unbelief out of the field, that the latter has been compelled to retire in a great measure into the divinity schools of adjacent countries—Switzerland, France, Holland, Hungary. When compared with these and other countries, Germany shows that unbelief has a greater tendency to insinuate itself into and to make its permanent abode among half educated rather than thoroughly educated communities."

As the German language is far richer than the English in connectives formed by inflected words, an involved sentence is far clearer in German than in English, so that a certain awkwardness of style is apt to characterize English imitations of the German literary manner; but this fault, which is the chief one of the present translation, results from its faithful literalness.

—The sixth number of the *Journal of the American Social Science Association* contains sufficient proof of the need for the existence of a society which shall give its best attention to those serious problems of public interest which demand careful study, as well as proof that there are men and women willing and able to devote themselves to these public matters without looking to political success as their reward. This volume of the reports of their doings shows that their range of interests is wide, and that they do their work with thoroughness is guaranteed by the fact that so pro-

found and careful a thinker as Mr. David A. Wells deals with taxation, that so good an authority as Professor Sumner of Yale College discusses finance, and that so distinguished a scientific man as Professor B. Peirce of Harvard treats the important question of ocean laws for steamers. Mr. Gamaliel Bradford is the author of a paper on financial administration in which he tells once more the familiar story of the misfortune the country labors under from the inefficiency of Congress, and from the gross incompetence of the secretaries of the treasury. The remedy that he advocates is one that he has before presented to the public, but, so far as we know, it has never received the honor of an opposing argument. It is "the conversion of the nominal into the real head of the finances, the admission of the secretary of the treasury to the floor of Congress with the right and duty of taking part in debate, and subjection to what the French call *interpellation*." The advantages and practicability of this reform he sets in a strong light.

Professor Sumner has a similar subject, it will be noticed, but without proposing a definite remedy he shows, with the clearness of one who fully understands his subject, the unwisdom of the doctrine of protection, and of the legal tender act. These two essays and that of Mr. Wells are of great importance at present. The association certainly is not what is called behind the times. Mr. Willard C. Flagg's paper on the Farmers' Movement in the Western States takes up a timely subject, but the treatment of it is not conspicuous for clearness. He quotes from Froissart and La Bruyère extracts which show the sufferings of the agricultural classes in former days, when "certain wild animals, both male and female, scattered about the country, livid and wasted by the sun, bend over the soil, which they scratch and dig up with invincible perseverance. . . . At night they retire to their dens, where they feed on black bread, water, and roots," etc., etc. This description even the liveliest imagination would find hard to apply to the prominent members of the granges, even "allowing for differences in civilization." Mr. Flagg finds that the farmers suffer from various causes: "the wealth of the country, although the product of the labor of our industrial classes, in great measure, does not remain in the hands of these classes, but accumulates in the hands of a relatively small number of non-producers;" few farmers are legisla-

tors, and legislation is consequently shaped to further the interests of the legislators; patent rights and protective tariffs do mischief and keep up prices; and owing to vicious legislation an unusually large proportion of the population is engaged in trade and other non-productive employments. The remedy proposed is very vague, but the "fight is to be war to the knife with the semi-legalized but unjust privileges of chartered monopolies." "The time draws nearer when the cunning of the hand shall be directed by the brain of the worker, and not by the beck of the task-master." We hope it may also escape the beck of the demagogue. "And that means a more equal division of profits, a more pleasant life for the laborer, and a simpler and more republican life for those who would thrive by others' toil." These generalities do not even glitter, and certainly it will be hard for even the most intelligent leaders of the farmers' movement to get a hearing so long as they indulge in merely such vague threatenings. That even those "who would thrive by others' toil" should be compelled by legislation to "lead a simpler and more republican life" sounds like anything but wisdom, and displays gross ignorance of political economy. The discussion of the paper, though brief, was more sensible.

The other papers are interesting; they treat of different matters. There is one on Pauperism in the City of New York, which shows the injurious tendency of indiscriminate charity; one on the Reformation of Prisoners, which is a subject exciting more and more interest in the public mind; one on the Deaf Mute College in Washington; and one on the Protection of Animals, that deals with those animals eaten by man, and the ill effects of the treatment they receive.

It will be seen that this is a very interesting number, that it treats exactly the sort of subjects in which every one is interested and in which a wise and beneficent government would take the lead. It so happens that our government, from ignorance and selfishness, is behind the best intelligence of the country, and it is to be hoped that the sincerity and faithfulness of the association will overcome the prejudice so commonly felt against men who have knowledge of any specialties, and that the public will learn so much from these and similar efforts that at last some vague knowledge of the real wants of the country will work its way downwards even to the level of the politician's intelligence.

—For a considerable time now, those who are under the fascination of Etruscan mystery have heard, and been saying to each other, "Wait for Corssen's book;" and his translations, only known in private as yet, have received the approbation of some of the most learned Italian *sarans*, themselves no careless or ignorant judges of a problem from the solution of which the primitive history of Italy must take its complexion. Mr. Taylor, in a single passage of his opening chapter, sums up the study and its result so far as is now known to the public: "Fortunately we possess ample monumental records written in the Etruscan language, but they have hitherto successfully defied all attempts at interpretation. Now that the Assyrian and Egyptian records have been read, these Etruscan inscriptions present the only considerable philological problem that remains unsolved. But that it remains unsolved has not been from want of pains. A vast amount of ingenuity and of erudition has been wasted in attempts to explain the inscriptions by the aid of various Aryan, Semitic, and Turanian languages; Latin, Greek, Oscan, Hebrew, Phœnician, Arabic, Ethiopic, Chinese, Coptic, and Basque have all been tried in turn. Sir W. Betham believed the Etruscan to be a Keltic dialect. Dr. Donaldson and the Earl of Crawford have attempted to show that it is Gothic. Mr. Robert Ellis has expended much ingenuity and learning in the attempt to prove its Armenian affinities. Dr. Steub maintains that it is a Rhto-Romansch speech.

"It may safely be affirmed that none of these attempts have been regarded as satisfactory by any person except their authors."

Whether the sentence which our author has pronounced, and which doubtless embodies the verdict of philologists in general, may or may not be extended to his own attempt as well, we shall not be long in knowing from the pen of the recognized master of Etruscan studies, Corssen himself; but that need not prevent us from noting the nature of the difficulties which beset the question, or the important results which an authoritative solution of it will lead to. The discovered Etruscan inscriptions are either monumental or votive; the tomb and the articles consigned to it, either the dedicatory inscription or the isolated characterizing words needed to explain the object of the offering, being almost the only remains of a great civilization which can

guide us to a conclusion as to the origin of it and the ethnic relation of the masters of Italy in the twilight of history. Standing on the threshold of the tolerably-known we look back and find ourselves in presence of a mighty race—wonderful in art and all the evidences of old and ripe civilization; irresistible on the land as at sea; wise in peace as well, with a confederation of powers and freedom from the common ambition of kings which no ancient nation beside seems ever to have been capable of. No foundation for conjecture exists as to the time when they began to be great, but one datum of tolerable value may be given which will show how hopeless chronology is. There have been found on Monte Albano some sepulchral urns, of which Mr. Taylor says, in following his argument on the tumulus as an evidence of ethnic relationship: "Perhaps the most singular and striking proof that the tumulus is only a survival of the tent is supplied by the small cinerary urns which have been found at Albano (close to Tusculum), two of which are in the British Museum. They are of immense antiquity, and are probably older than any other sepulchral remains of Italy." These urns are found, it is said, under volcanic deposit. Now the whole *Agro Romano* is formed by the action of the group of volcanoes of which Monte Albano is the crown, and the various craters on the mountain are now lakes or their filled-up beds—the lakes of Nemi and Albano still remaining, while that of Aricia has become an enormous fertile plain. A temple of Diana, which stood in ancient times on the shore of the lake of Nemi at the edge of an alluvial flat then filling the upper end of the original lake, is now only some hundreds of feet from the water, while the Lake of Albano, which was tapped by Etruscan miners at the time of the siege of Veii, has scarcely diminished in size by all the washings of these centuries since the making of the tunnel. The topmost crater is a plain which served as the camp of observation for Hannibal in his war against Rome, and has evidently been a lake. No tradition remains even of a time when these volcanoes were active, and the whole civilization of historical and even mythical Italy has been marked on the great plain of volcanic ashes which has displaced the sea about it. If we admit that the position of these urns is what is claimed, how many ages must have elapsed since those ashes fell on them! But even if

we cannot maintain this datum we have another equally significant.

Of all the literature of Etruria not a trace remains, save a few words preserved by Roman and Greek writers, while Roman jealousy studiously destroyed all documents and inscriptions that might have commemorated the greatness of the older civilization. The alphabet, too, was derived from the Greek, not directly from the Phœnician, indicating that the language had been without letters until the time, comparatively recent, when communication was had with Greece.

The philological problem involved in the identification of the Etruscans is quite such as might be expected from these indications of antiquity. Corssen, it is claimed by those who have seen his translation, will prove that their language was an Italic dialect, and that therefore their civilization must have been developed on the spot, which is what we should on independent grounds conclude, all the technical peculiarities being such as we have never been able to find except where communication with Etruria was not easy.

But Mr. Taylor has taken comprehensive ground in the examination of the question. Comparative philology is, as he says, "the most powerful, the most precise, and, within its proper limits, the most certain of all methods. But valuable as the method is, it has its limitation and its dangers." Thus we know that in France alone changes have occurred which would, without historical explanation, utterly baffle the comparative philologist. The Roman invaded it and imposed his language; the Northman invaded it and lost his, like the Teutonic invaders on the other side. This theory of Mr. Taylor is based on what he considers a sure ground—that which he designates as "comparative psychology, or comparative phrenology"—the comparison of mental peculiarities and distinctions; and the first important indication of the ethnic affinities of the Etruscans is found in their similarity to certain Turanian tribes in their religious beliefs, and especially in their tomb-building. This point he develops at great length, maintaining that all the great tomb-builders have been Turanian:—

"But there have been three great civilized tomb-building races; one in Africa—the Egyptians; one in Asia—the Lydians and Syrians; and one in Europe—the Etruscans. The question arises, Were these three cultured nations of the same race as

the semi-savage Turanian tribes who form the pre-Aryan substructure of Western Europe, and who constitute the existing population of Northern Asia? This question must, I think, be answered in the affirmative."

If an analogy of this kind could be erected into a positive and unassailable argument, it must be admitted that Mr. Taylor has done more than any one hitherto to suggest a final solution of this vague question; but the value of this analogy is dependent on the truth of the assumption that the Etruscans, Lydians and Syrians, and Egyptians are Turanian, for if they be not, then it is provable that tomb-building need not be an inherited ethnical tendency. The argument is weakest where we want most strength.

The author then goes on to establish the same analogy between the Etruscans and the "Ugric or Altaic—the tribes of Finns, Tartars, Mongols, Samojeds, and Tunguses who people the inhospitable regions of Northern Asia," as to their pontifical system, their law of inheritance, type of body and mind, their art, migratory and warlike character, and religious beliefs. He assumes that, skillful builders as the Etruscans were, "there is not a vestige left of a single Etruscan temple, or of a single Etruscan palace. Their constructive powers, and the resources of their decorative arts, were lavished on their tombs." This is very far from an exact statement of what is known. The Etruscan high-priest was a "pontifex," not a tomb-builder, and we know enough to assert that the Etruscans were, like the Romans after them, eminent engineers, bridge and wall and castle builders, while one of the temple orders in use in Rome was known as the Tuscan, and preserved as derived from Etruria. That there should be no remains of any temple built by the Etruscans is not singular when we know that there is none of Roman construction prior to the conquest of Etruria.

In the character of Etruscan art as compared with the Turanian, Chinese, and Japanese, Mr. Taylor is most fortunate, and a comparison of the religious beliefs certainly brings out some striking and interesting resemblances; and the coincidences in the mythologic nomenclature are certainly very remarkable, while no less can be said of the comparison with the ex-

ternal ethnical characteristics, assuming that we know those of the Etruscans.

The author's general conclusion is that the population of Etruria was composed of two Turanian migrations, one, the earlier (and finally subjugated by the second), from the European or Finnic branch, while the second or conquering was from the Asiatic or Tartaric branch, thus forming two castes, the first including the Sabines, Marsi, etc., and probably the Pelasgi, while the latter was the Rascenic. Apart from the philological affinities, the amount of testimony he brings to bear to prove his hypotheses must make the question still more puzzling and mysterious if they cannot be maintained; but no question of myths or observances—even of national customs—will stand against philological affinities when these are, as with the Etruscan, free from all suspicion of an invading influence.

The same physical causes may possibly develop the same myths, and to a certain extent similar religious beliefs and observances, without any community of origin of those myths or observances, but the roots of a language cannot be controlled by any such casual or natural coincidences; and Mr. Taylor's great erudition and admirably scientific method will not make us less anxious to hear Corssen's solution, to which the leading philologists look as likely to envelop all that can be known from our present material.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.¹

What will be sure to add to the tardy recognition in Europe of the importance of our late civil war is the publication of the *Histoire de la Guerre Civile en Amérique*, the work of the Comte de Paris. Two volumes have appeared, and, judging from the completeness with which the author has performed this part of his task, the statement that they are to be followed by six others is very easy of belief. At present, we in this country would perhaps do better to collect and arrange the material at our disposal than to hasten to anticipate the task of posterity, and, while most of the principal actors are still living, to renew half-forgotten dissensions. Some perspective is needed for a fair view. In the present case, however, merely local distance

¹ All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schoenhof and Moeller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston.
Histoire de la Guerre Civile en Amérique. Par

M. LE COMTE DE PARIS, ancien Aide de Camp du Général MacClellan. Tomes I., II. Paris: Michel Lévy 1874.

and difference of interests secure greater impartiality than we should be able to give to the war, unless we were absolutely apathetic about it; and if we should write about it in that mood, whom should we get to read our history? The Comte de Paris is not absolutely impartial; it is very easy to see his affection for his former brothers-in-arms, but we fancy that no one of those to whom he was once opposed can feel dissatisfied with the admiration he expresses for their bravery and energy. He condemns their leaders, it is true, but so have events, and he gives a fair statement of the causes that brought about the war, and of the general condition of the country at the time of its outbreak.

The first volume, which brings us down no further than to the time immediately succeeding the first battle of Bull Run, contains a very complete account of what had been done by our army in the war of the Revolution, in that of 1812, in the Mexican war, and in the monotonous struggles with the Indians. He shows clearly the defects of our system, which experience had made so plain to us ten years ago, and gives full credit to the redeeming virtues of West Point, where the seeds of military training were kept alive in the face of the opposition of demagogues who were unwarned by history, of which they were ignorant, to set the proper value on the training which they enviously despised. The Mexican war is treated of at considerable length, since it shows very clearly the character of many of the leaders of the later war, as well as the faults and merits of the rank and file. In addition to this, we have the discussion of the political causes of the war, which the writer justly sees arose from the conflict between slavery and freedom. All the history of the winter before the war is told; we have once more an account of those uneasy days when we were so uncertain of the tragedy awaiting us, or, at the best, making vague preparations against some mysterious evil. Then follows the description of the beginning of the war, with the long treacheries of Buchanan's cabinet leading up to it, and of the consequences it called forth in both North and South. There is, too, a full account of the preparations made by both sections of the country, and, what is so important for understanding some of the peculiarities of the war, a very complete account of the geography of the country. None of this is told in a wearisome way. The author has

an exceedingly clear style, and his familiarity with his subject enables him to keep free from obscurity even when he is unraveling the intricacies of the relation borne by the troops raised in different States to the Federal authorities. To us this part of his subject is sufficiently familiar, but for the public for which the book is written it will, of course, be absolutely new. The distinctions he draws between the different qualities of the Northern and Southern armies will be readily assented to; he sees very clearly those faults in our troops which led to the first defeats of the North, and states them plainly; they were, in his view, a lack of the "collective courage" which experienced armies have, and which by no means implies the absence of individual courage; the need of discipline, ignorance of the proper way of marching, etc., etc. A very readable account is given of the battle of Bull Run, and its consequences.

In the second volume the narration goes on almost without interruption. It includes the operations in Missouri, the battle of Ball's Bluff, the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, the battle of Shiloh, and the operations of the navy against Port Royal and in Burnside's expedition to Roanoke Island. There is also a description of the fight between the Merrimac and the Monitor. The limit of the volume is the account of MacClellan's preparations for the unfortunate campaign of 1862. We shall leave it to professional critics to discuss the questions that are sure to arise about the author's treatment of the differences of opinion between President Lincoln and General MacClellan. There are at the end of this volume some tolerably clear indications of the author's having made up his mind between these two in favor of his former commander, and in the next volume we may perhaps find that his complaints of the interference of the government will be even more frequent. This is a matter in which it is not easy at present for us in this country to form an impartial opinion. It is with the majority a part of their political faith to lay all the blame of the early defeats of the army of the Potomac on the shoulders of the general who commanded it. He is accused of culpable weakness or disgraceful treachery, while his upholders, as is the case with the author of this history, maintain that his plans were rendered abortive by the timidity of the government, the necessity

for unfolding them to non-military officials, and the interference of those in authority. History, however, is not written in the same way that political principles are formed, especially in the way they are formed in times of great excitement, and the Comte de Paris is likely to set in its strongest light whatever can be said on the opposite side. In judging the book the critic will have much to do to keep his previously formed notions from poisoning his opinion of it, if he differs from the author. Leaving this matter, however, for completer discussion when the third or fourth volumes shall have appeared, it is impossible now not to praise the history. It is written in a singularly clear style, and every page shows great care in the preparation of the materials. The account of the different campaigns is remarkably lucid; the dull skirmishes, which those who took no part in them have nearly forgotten, are put down without tiresome pedantry as well as without any attempt merely to provide entertaining reading. To the unprofessional reader this is remarkably well done, but quite as well done is the more difficult task performed of explaining the causes of the war and of giving the reader a fair notion of all those particulars we know so well and which are so little understood by foreigners. The fact that the war was one fought by troops who had had no previous training, that the regular army was but a small part of the vast forces that acquired skill only by severe experience, made the history of what was done read like a something which could have no interest to officers who felt sure of having trained levies to command. The fate of the French armies in the war of 1870, however, has shown that even in Europe it may be the citizens on whom the duty of defense finally rests, as it rested with us in the beginning. Hence the Comte de Paris does well to offer to his countrymen the account of what was done by armies which, like their own, were raised from civil life. To be sure, in our war the opposing troops were equally inexperienced, and each learned lessons from its own defeats, while the unrelaxing grip of the Germans gave the French no breathing-

time to repair their errors. We were more equally matched in that respect. That General Von Moltke, that man of few words, should on the rare occasion of opening his mouth have called our armies rabbles, and have said that their experience was unprofitable, would seem to be probably not more than half true. If indeed it was said, which is a very unimportant matter and not sufficient cause for eternal hatred of the German race, we may be tolerably certain that it was corrected by remarks which have not yet found their way into the American daily newspapers. It cannot be denied that there is much to be learned from the history of our war. There is the eternal lesson of the need of trained men to do hard work in life; that is what the war is supposed to have taught us, but such lessons are more readily set than learned; and, besides that, there are to be noticed the incidental advantages of an army like that of the North, composed of skilled men who were able to turn their hands to almost any of the obstacles that stand in their path. The purely military part of the war is full of instruction, and the wonderful deeds of the navy are certainly deserving of record and close study. At the beginning we find a long list of the errors to be avoided, and as we get further on we find the account of the successes which only deserve imitation.

These two volumes deserve to be read by every one; they contain a cool, temperate, and, so far as we can judge, an accurate account of the war. We can certainly warrant them to be fascinating reading, and it is a real joy to lay one's hands on a serious book which bears proof of so patient research and so generous enthusiasm, and which shows so agreeable a union of instruction and entertainment. If we are not mistaken it will be for a long time the classic history of the war. The succeeding volumes will be very welcome, and we can look forward with pleasant expectation to a history of so important a period of our country's experience, from so able a pen. We have always been discontented with the slight appreciation and comprehension the war found in Europe; now we can make that complaint no more.

ART.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

SIR,—Many loose statements reflecting upon the conduct of the National Academy of Design have of late appeared in the journals of the day, which on account of their ephemeral and local nature have not been thought worthy of denial; but since these statements have crystallized in a more enduring and more widely circulated form in the columns of *The Atlantic*, and as the Academy and its officers are thereby injured in the public estimation, a refutation becomes imperative; and I trust that your sense of justice, and your interest in art and in the Academy, will cause you to make the needful correction by the publication of this letter.

The writer of the Art article in your June number states, that "the artists themselves had so long neglected the interests of their own institution, that it was on the very verge of bankruptcy;" that "they had wasted in bickerings the time that should have been used in hard work;" that "there were very few of them who accomplished, in any given year, either all the work they could have done, or work of as good quality as they were able to produce," etc. Now, as a matter of fact and figures, the Academy has never been on "the verge of bankruptcy." Its entire debt is only \$35,000, while its real estate and other property are worth at a low valuation at least \$400,000. Surely such a condition does not look like bankruptcy.

Of this indebtedness, the sum of \$20,000 was contracted in the erection of the building, and the balance, of \$15,000, has been incurred for the support of the schools, which are entirely free, and open to all comers, with no distinction on account of age, sex, color, or religion. They have involved an expenditure of nearly \$18,000 during the past three years, and the admissions during these years were,

175	students in 1871-72
196	" " 1872-73
214	" " 1873-74.

The business affairs have always been well managed, and I doubt if any other institution in the country, with so little public aid, can show so good a record of public service.

Then I assert that no artist has "wasted in bickerings the time that should have been used in hard work."

A few years ago there were differences of opinion respecting the government of the Academy and the policy that should be pursued; but no more personal feeling was engendered than always accompanies radical changes in the government of all institutions; certainly much less than has been exhibited of late in some religious conventions. During the whole of this time, each individual artist pursued the even tenor of his way, working as earnestly and as diligently in any given year as during that just passed, and, making due allowance for improvement, each one has produced as much and as good work. The mistake consists in supposing that the Academy exhibitions contain all of the pictures, or even all of the good ones, produced during the year. The majority of the pictures painted are sold during the season, and the owners are generally averse to sending them to the Academy to serve as the butts of the small wit of the critics.

Until the present exhibition the public has never regarded the Academy as a place where pictures could be purchased; although as many good works have every year been exhibited and returned unsold, as have been sold during this season. So instead of sending their unsold pictures to the Academy, the artists have generally preferred to retain them in their own studios, or to send them to some dealer's collection, where there were chances of sale, and where they were sure of considerate treatment from the press.

As one instance of this discrimination of the critics, take Benson's picture of *The Strayed Maskers*, which during its exhibition at the Century and Union League clubs and at Mr. Avery's rooms, some four months since, was universally praised; and now the same picture on the walls of the Academy is as generally condemned.

"What drugs, what charms, what conjurations, and what mighty magic" have the dealers won these critics with?

The idea of the average American art critic in regard to his functions seems to be that he is to write a spicy article, and that a picture is to be used merely as a

warp upon which to weave his woof of wit.

To the ignorant, all art is a sealed book, and the true critic in his relation to the public should stand as the interpreter of the artist's work, teaching not by the faults but by the virtues of the pictures before him.

Artists are not generally either idiots or knaves; and it is not to be presumed that they devote months of earnest work either to idiotic driveling or to dishonest charlatanism, but that they have something to say that they think worth the telling; and the critic should be qualified both by nature and education to read this meaning and to make it known, and to interest the public in the study of pictures. Merely to point out the imperfections of a work of art is hardly the way to interest the public in its good qualities, which most art work has to a greater or less degree, if one can but see it from the artist's stand-point.

If the critic has the requisite knowledge and wishes to instruct the artist, surely his first and only lesson should not be one of ridicule and abuse, but rather of friendly appreciation. In this way will the critic become the friend of the artist and the instructor of the public.

An Academician.

NEW YORK, July 1, 1874.

Whoever else may have been guilty of making "loose statements reflecting upon the conduct of the National Academy of Design," we hope to convince the writer of the above letter, and our readers in general, that we at least are innocent of intention to misrepresent the Academy's affairs. We made no statement concerning its pecuniary condition in the article of which our correspondent complains, which was not founded on information derived directly both from members of the Academy and from persons outside — not "dealers," but gentlemen interested in art and in the welfare of the Academy. Nor were our informants, in saying what they did, moved by any desire to harm the Academy, any more than we were in repeating what they said. Yet, while we admit that, supposing the statement of *An Academician* to be correct, we certainly have been guilty of a technical error, and regret that we should even by so much have misrepresented the facts, we are disposed to believe we have not done the Academy so serious an injury by our mis-

statement as our correspondent has done it by his truth-telling. The Academy has been in existence nearly fifty years. During that time what has it done for the advancement of the fine arts among us? Leaving out of view the first half of its existence when it was struggling, and when it was no doubt doing all that could fairly be expected of it, if it paid the expenses of its yearly exhibition, let us ask what it has done during the latter half, when, according to *An Academician*, it has been rich and prosperous. It has held a yearly exhibition which during the last twenty years had steadily declined in interest and value, until at last it had come to be almost entirely neglected by the public. The exhibition of the present year has a history of its own, which our correspondent no doubt knows perfectly well, and which explains its exceptional merit and its exceptional pecuniary success. There can be no doubt, however, that in their zeal to encourage a tardy but welcome repentance, the critics of all the journals went to the limits of complaisance; for the exhibition would hardly have received in cold blood the praises that were bestowed upon it in a mood of enthusiasm. So much for the exhibitions: and now, what else has the Academy done for public education? During the last four years it has put forth for the first time a serious effort to make the schools of art connected with it something more than a mere name. It is only within that time that they have been worth anything to anybody. And even now their continued improvement and progress are put in jeopardy by the foolish face of praise with which their performances are contemplated by the artists and the public. It is only a few days ago that we heard an artist of considerable talent, who was at one time a high officer of the Academy, declare that the drawings of the pupils were fully equal to those of any of the great art schools of Europe, whether it were the École des Beaux Arts in Paris, or the Academy at Düsseldorf, or the Royal Academy in London. When such things are said by people who ought to know better, what wonder that buncombe gets talked by the reporters in the newspapers? Under the intelligent direction of Mr. Wilmarth, the schools are making reasonable progress, but how can they ever equal such a school as that of the Beaux Arts until they have the splendid opportunities it enjoys, in its corps of professors and

teachers, in the coöperation of the best artists of the country, and the criticism of a body of men trained peculiarly for its work? This yearly exhibition, and the foundation laid for good schools, is the sum total of what the Academy has done for the public education in art. Let us now glance at what it might have done. About ten years ago the Academy erected a building of considerable architectural pretension, which has been paid for by the contributions of individuals exchanging their money for the right to certain privileges in the Academy—season tickets to the exhibitions, tickets to the receptions, the right to send pupils to the schools, etc., etc. This building has never been made of any use to the public proportioned to its cost or to its possibilities. The Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts and Goupil's Gallery have done more for the education of the public than the Academy has done in all its forty-odd years. Yet, if there had been any intelligent understanding of its own capabilities, or of its own duties, any generosity or largeness of view, the National Academy might have done nearly all that has been done by these two institutions (for Goupil's Gallery is an institution); nay, it might even have rendered the Metropolitan Museum unnecessary.

An Academician assures us that the Academy is very rich and owes very little money. Yet, with all its means, it has had no money to expend on pictures and statues for the establishment of a permanent gallery; it has no library worth consulting; it gives no lectures that are of any value (the interesting lectures of Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins had merely a superficial relation to art); it has no scholarships, gives no prizes, and does nothing for the support or aid of young students with small means. In short, it does nothing for art but what we stated in the beginning—it keeps up a yearly exhibition, and it has made a beginning of supporting a free school of art.

We submit that, if the statement of An Academician be true, the inertness and inefficiency of the Academy would have justified much harsher language than we employed. But we have no desire to be harsh, nor do we incline to hold the Academy to any greater responsibility than the facts will warrant. The truth is, that, without being "idiots or knaves," the artists here represent, as they do in every country, the average condition of intelli-

gence and education in the community. We shall not blame them for not being geniuses, for not being, in intelligence and farsightedness, head and shoulders above the crowd. Their views have been the views of the society in which they have moved. In New York to be fashionable is to be successful. The artists have desired to be successful, and they have done all that in them lay to be fashionable. As a body, they have taken a mercantile view of their profession, and have used all their influence in a blind hostility to foreign art, merely as such, to subject art and artists in America to the bigotry of protection, to bring into the field of culture the jealousies and rivalries of trade. But in acting thus the artists of New York merely reflected their surroundings, and set in a new light the low-water state of culture in America.

All that we have said on the shortcomings of the Academy has been said on the understanding that our correspondent's statements are to pass unchallenged. If the Academy be as rich as he reports it, is it not a shame that it does no more than it does for our art education?

But, in reality, is it so rich? It has a debt of only \$35,000, and it has real estate and other property valued at \$400,000; a low valuation, it is said. But whence is its income derived? How does it pay the interest on its debt, its taxes, and its current expenses? What interest-bearing capital has it; what rents, what stocks; what productive business? And if an institution has only a property which is a bill of expense while it remains unsold, and which if sold will deprive the institution of its home,—alienate its buildings, shut up its collections, and cause it to become a bank investment and nothing more,—what is the use of quarrelling about the terms in which this condition of things is reported?

We repeat it: we are not responsible for the word "bankruptcy;" it had been freely used in conversations by members of the Academy, and was freely used in general talk over its affairs; and after all, was it practically so far from the truth as our correspondent would have it appear?

On the other subjects broached by An Academician we do not greatly care to enter. We agree with him that criticism should be real appreciation, and not mere detraction or fault-finding; but it is pretty certain that artists will never acknowledge the competency of critics except when the

critics praise them, and we long ago learned never to waste words in trying to defend our honesty of intention or our fitness for our work, against unbelievers.

Unfortunately for our correspondent's case, the bickerings, jealousies, and intrigues that have disturbed the harmony of New York studios, and that explain the short-comings of the Academy and the poverty of the exhibitions, are so much a matter of notoriety in art-circles that we need not waste words in establishing our case. Nor do we believe with An Academician that our artists have done every year as much work and as good work as they

are capable of. Looking at the exhibition, visiting the studios, frequenting the dealers' galleries, and in general making out to see what is produced in the year, and finding the result so meagre in quantity and thin in quality, we declared that the artists could do much more work, and far better work, if they would improve their time, would work more in seclusion and give up their social and "society" aims altogether. We think our remark more favorable, more complimentary if the reader will, to the artists than that of their would-be defender. At any rate, we said what we did because we believed it to be true.

EDUCATION.

A GERMAN pamphlet containing the text of the new Prussian scheme of common-school instruction furnished the subject for some observations in the May Atlantic, wherein the superiority of the Prussian method of treating the branches of elementary education was pointed out. A translation of this valuable document, in regard to which many inquiries have been made, will soon be published, and it will doubtless attract much attention among American teachers, as being the latest official statement of the objects, aims, and methods of that system of popular education which is generally conceded to be, on the whole, the best in the world. The most interesting, and perhaps the most important part of this scheme is that which relates to the training of teachers. In Prussia, sooner than elsewhere, it was understood that to have good teachers it is necessary to organize special institutions for their professional education. With us it is too often taken for granted that a reformed programme means a reformed system of education. In Prussia, when an improvement is attempted, either in the matter or form of instruction in the schools, the reform begins with the normal schools. Hence, to understand Prussian education it is necessary to study the history of the development of the Prussian normal schools. Professor Stowe and Mr. Mann described the Prussian system of training teachers as it existed forty years ago, when the aim was less to train the future school-master for the technical work

of teaching children of from eight to fourteen to read, write, and cipher, than to give him a complete mental culture. The normal school of that period was a university on a small scale, with its single faculty of *Pädagogik*, and the normal teacher was a professor, giving his courses of logic, *Pädagogik*, *Didaktik*, *Methodik*, anthropology, or psychology. There was too much theoretical lecturing, and not enough practical teaching of the elementary branches and training in the art of school-keeping. The results of this system proved unsatisfactory, and a sounder educational theory at length proscribed both its aim and its method. The reaction against it, however, being greatly intensified by political considerations, was carried too far. The scientific furniture of the old school was discarded, little attention was paid to general culture, and the forming and development of the understanding were too much ignored. The reactionary *Regulative* of 1854 did not allow the teaching of systematic pedagogy even in a popular form, prescribing in its place "the art of school management," and limiting the matters taught in the lessons very nearly to the standard of the course in the elementary school. The teaching of method as a separate branch was no longer permitted, and as a part of school management it was to be introduced only so far as necessary to explain the connection between the various parts of elementary teaching, and the relation in which each part stands to the objects of the school and to the edu-

cation it is designed to give. Physics, the favorite branch of the old teachers, was turned out of doors, and *Heimathskunde*, or observation of the phenomena of our own neighborhood, was substituted for it, while general history was supplanted by "history of our fatherland." In teaching German, the "so-called classical literature" of Germany was absolutely prohibited, even for private reading, and in its place a select library, chiefly compilations of modern writers, was ordered for the normal school. Learning by rote was largely substituted for the formal exercise of the understanding, and "instead of knowledge the object proposed to the student was the acquisition of the technical facilities which the children were to learn from him." It is easy to imagine the sort of school-master formed by this system of training. He had too little culture and knowledge, and hence too little intellectual independence. With limited power of comprehending principles, he was necessarily confined to a mechanical routine. In technical skill, within a narrow range, no doubt he excelled; but in educating power, in the capacity to form character, and to inspire his pupils with a worthy ambition, he was sadly deficient. The reform evidently went too far, and overshot the mark. But in the history of Prussian education we do not find a repetition of unsuccessful experiments, and out of all this experience wisdom has been learned. The new reform, as presented in the *Regulative* of the minister of instruction, contained in the pamphlet under consideration, seems to have avoided both the former extremes, and to have hit the golden mean. The new programme is characterized by a wise moderation. It is proportionate in all its parts. It makes due provision for both general culture and technical skill. In theory and practice it is equally balanced. One advantage is as little as possible sacrificed to another.

Every normal school is to have organically connected with it two practice schools, one graded and the other ungraded. The course of instruction continues three years, the pupils of each year constituting a class. It is the object of the lowest class to bring under uniform training and work students whose previous preparation has been different. They are to be taught to arrange and supplement their knowledge, and to reproduce it independently. In this grade, the students have no connection with the practice schools. In the second class, the students receive such extension of their knowl-

edge as they will require in their subsequent work as teachers. In the practice schools, they listen to the exercises of the teachers, in which, at intervals, they render assistance, and make trials independently in teaching. In the first class, where the course is concluded, the pupils are especially instructed with reference to their future self-culture. Besides, they undertake, under the guidance and oversight of the principal and instructors of the practice schools, continuous instruction in the same. In this practice they are to be occupied not less than six nor more than ten hours a week, and the programme must be so arranged that no pupil will leave the training seminary without having had an opportunity to practice the teaching of all the essential branches prescribed for the common schools. In the Prussian seminaries for teachers the practicing school is the point round which the whole of the instruction turns. And herein they are vastly superior to our American normal schools, which are rarely provided with any practicing school at all. Hence our normal schools are too theoretical. Like the Prussian normal schools of forty years ago, they are aiming too exclusively at general culture, and not enough at practical skill. They send out pupils largely imbued with good principles, but lamentably deficient in the technical skill they need in the school-room. Under the head of "Pedagogy," in the new scheme, the following are the requirements:—

"Lowest class, two hours a week. The students are instructed in the essential points with regard to the history of education and instruction, by means of sketches of the most prominent men, of the most agitated periods, of the most interesting and successful improvements in the sphere of the common school. An introduction to the principal works of pedagogical literature, especially those of the period since the Reformation, will serve to supplement and illustrate the above sketches. The reading is to be so arranged that the discussion of some pedagogical question will naturally be suggested by it. And this discussion is to be conducted in such a way that the students will learn to comprehend intelligently and independently the contents of a more or less lengthy treatment.

"Middle class, two hours. In general, on the subjects of education and instruction (Instruction, Form of Instruction, Educa-

tion by Instruction), including what is necessary in logic and psychology.

"Upper class, three hours. In particular, on the mode of teaching (Method). Office of the school. Administration of the school. More extended duties of the teacher and his self-improvement. The students are made acquainted with the general regulations regarding common-school instruction current in the department for which they are being directly prepared. The principal of the school of practice treats of the observations made by himself in reference to the work of the pupils in the same, and such as have been communicated to him by the instructors in the different departments."

Within the limits of this judicious outline the director of each normal school is to arrange a particular programme for instruction in this branch in his institution, which must be submitted for approval to the minister of instruction. And so of all the other required subjects of instruction, namely, religion, German, history, arithmetic, geometry, algebra, natural history, physics, chemistry, geography, drawing, writing, gymnastics, music; the French, English, or Latin language; gardening, and silk-culture. The information which the students receive in all these branches is to be in its form a sample of that which they will later have to impart as teachers. The courses on German and music are especially elaborate and comprehensive. To the former are given five hours a week during the first two years, and two during the third; and to the latter the same in the lower classes, and three hours in the highest. The reason why so much time is devoted to music is that the seminary has to form not only the teacher of singing for the school, but the organist and the precentor for the church. The course in this branch therefore comprises not only singing and harmony, but instruction on the violin, piano, and organ.

This scheme of normal training is preceded by a detailed statement of the qualifications requisite for admission to the normal seminary, with specific directions as to the examination of candidates, and followed by the revised regulations respecting the examination of teachers for the different grades of common schools.

All educational interests centre in the teacher, and the test of every system of education is found in its provisions for securing competent teachers. Here is the

weak point in the systems in our several States. Nowhere is there anything like adequate provision either for educating professionally a supply of teachers, or for duly testing their qualifications. In this general lack of the necessary means of securing skillful teachers, is found the chief cause of the unsatisfactory results of our schools, especially those outside the cities and larger villages. In our efforts to supply this deficiency we shall do well to avail ourselves of the results of the experience of that country which has always been foremost in this matter, and especially of the results embodied in this new scheme.

— This edition of a part of Virgil¹ belongs to the new series prepared by Messrs. W. F. and J. H. Allen, and J. B. Greenough. But we believe we are not wrong in attributing the chief share in the work before us to Professor Greenough.

Frequent regrets have been expressed of late that the funds devoted by private and public generosity to the purposes of college education have been frittered away among a large number of small and often weak institutions all over the country, instead of being concentrated in a small number of strong ones. For precisely similar reasons we regret that the advancing scholarship of our country is spending itself on a great variety of school books traversing a limited ground, so that every year sees one or more arithmetics, readers, geographies, Ciceros, coming from the publishing houses of various cities, no one of each kind so transcendently better that it must absorb the whole demand for new text-books on its subject. It is perfectly natural that each publisher should wish to have his "series" outstrip that of his rival. But it is hard to see how he will further this end by turning the attention of the editors he secures to the very same classics which have already been treated with considerable success elsewhere, and which, from the nature of the case, give scope for little more than selection and rearrangement of the investigations of European scholars. If by any conceivable joining of forces, such scholars as Professor Greenough of Cambridge and Professor Chase of Haverford could have supplemented and not conflicted with each other, we believe that Virgil and Cicero would both have been better edited than they are in either the Boston or the Phil-

¹ *The Poems of Virgil*. Vol. I. Containing the Pastoral Poems and Six Books of the *Æneid*. Boston: Ginn Brothers

adelphia "series," — not that Professor Chase ought to be charged with the faults of the Philadelphia Cicero.

If we believed that the multiplication of Virgils would forever banish such farragos as "Cooper," we should hail every new one. But we regret to see how even teachers who aim as high as Mr. Greenough often continue the old practice of furnishing pupils with a translation of the poet's puzzling phrases, without showing the reasons for selecting English so far from the Latin in looks. Hence it comes that boys are jumped, so to speak, over Virgil, and leave it loudly asserting that the last books of the *Æneid*, over which they were carried two hundred lines a lesson, are easy — easier than Cicero's Orations; when every scholar, the longer he studies them, finds it harder to translate them, or, rather, to account for his translation. We would point to the translations of this edition of *Æn.* I. 543, II. 85, III. 429, as likely to give more trouble than help in the next case where the same words occurred, though saving dictionary work at the moment. One great, perhaps the greatest, practical use of classical study is now recognized by all good teachers to be the cultivation of the analytical faculty, by compelling boys to melt down, as it were, the vocabulary and idioms of the ancient languages, and recast the matter into those of their own — a process sadly unnerved by a profusion of ready-made translations, even if they are as succinct and elegant as Mr. Greenough's. One case where we seem to see this fault is the second half of his note on *Æn.* II. 460; the first half is a most capital illustration from a real and noted building; it had occurred to us many years ago, but we have never noticed it before in print.

As a case where Mr. Greenough for the first time for a century (since Heyne, 1767) explains a passage rightly, we would point to his note on *Æn.* VI. 567, which we earnestly commend to teachers who still wallow in the absurdity of calling *castigatque audique a hysteron proteron*.

It was to be expected from Mr. Greenough's Grammar that he would give boys a considerable taste of comparative philology. We own to great fears as to the value of this study. Not that it will not

interest young pupils; on the contrary, we know by experience that it often interests them so much to consider what the prehistoric Aryans probably said, that they get hazy on what the historic Mantuan did say. One youth, who was rather a dab at Grimm's law, told his teacher that Horace, *Odes* I. xvi. 4, referred to the Emperor Hadrian. A somewhat similar remark might be made as to the introduction of recent theories on Roman Antiquities, which are so alien to what Virgil supposed to be true that they may sometimes puzzle students who are in the elements.

We regret that Mr. Greenough has followed Ribbeck's text. On *Æn.* IV. 436 he confesses the absurdity of Ribbeck's *monte*, — no worse, by the way, than Schrader's *sorte* or Burmann's *forte*, — but why does he recognize, in his note on *Æn.* III. 705, the preposterous *relis*, which neither Ribbeck nor Mr. Greenough dare to make supersede *ventis* in the text, to which our present editor's excellent note accurately though unconsciously applies? On *Æn.* II. 445 we think the evidence for *tota* very weak.

The typographical execution is generally excellent; but we notice an awkward blunder in the note to *Æn.* II. 98.

— The History of Germany¹ is the latest that has appeared in Mr. Freeman's historical course for schools, and it bears a close resemblance to the rest in its merits and in its one possible fault, that of too great compression. Like many text-books these may be better for teachers than for scholars, since they give hardly more than brief outlines; but great pains have been taken to make the outlines correct, and in that respect they excel most of their rivals. They cannot be too warmly praised if they are used by good teachers, who are able to fill up the arid record by copious explanations and illustrations, and it is too much to ask of a text-book that it shall fully take the place of an intelligent teacher. What is particularly good in most of the books of this series is the discreet omission of idle facts which only burden the memory, and the presentation of the history as an organic whole and not a mere succession in time of disconnected incidents. We know none of the same pretensions which are better.

¹ *History of Germany*. By JAMES SMEE, M. A. Edited by EDWARD A. FREEMAN, D. C. L. Edition

adapted for American Readers. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1874.

